THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded by Benjamin Franklin in 1728

Volume 195, Number 4

JULY 28, 1923

5 cts.

10c. in Canada

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"A VACANCY IN THE DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR"

Painted by Edw. V. Brewer for Cream of Wheat Company

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How soon will long trousers become *old fashioned?*

Long trousers once were "the latest style." A hundred years ago, the young bloods introduced the fashion. Older and more conservative men dressed "sensibly" in knee breeches, refusing to wear "those *silly* long pantaloons."

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We make it possible for merchants who sell our clothes to grow in this way It's a law of growth We like to believe that our own business has grown by it

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

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Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President
C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
P. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A°D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

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Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Columbus, O., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., Saginaw, Mich., Des Moines, Ia., Galveston, Tex., Portland, Ore., Milwaukee, Wis., and St. Paul, Minn.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 196 | 5c. THE COPY 10c. in Canada | PHILADELPHIA, PA., JULY 28, 1923 | $2.00 THE YEAR by Subscription | Number 4

A Calm Review of a Calm Man

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

NO PRESIDENT is a hero to his politicians. He is a producer to them. Nor is any President a hero to the other party's politicians. He is a usurper to them. Consequently, as the public view of a President—any President—is largely influenced by what is printed about him, and as what is printed about him is largely influenced by the politicians, the popular esteem, or disesteem, of the man who occupies the White House has these three fundamental sources: Applause contrived to make him produce; censure because he has not produced; and general opprobrium because he is in a position to keep the opposition out of the fruits of production—each and all entirely bogus as opinion formers.

Of course the public adds to these earlier induced impressions improvements of the public's own in the way of personal derogations or exaltations, long-distance judgments, and finalities based on lack of information and understanding. It is a fixed habit of the public mind to condemn in crude generalities whatever it does not comprehend, especially what it does not comprehend as to public men. Wherefore we find, and have found always in our politics, the comprehensive appraisement of those who disagree with the narrow and conventional public view as crooks, fools or cranks. A minor but classic illustration was the early case of Colonel Roosevelt, when he first began to appear before the people as President. He came to them, in his public appearances, with gnashing teeth and flailing arms, and it was new stuff. Consequently those who did not agree with him, and those who opposed him politically, and those who did not understand the great virility of the man, concluded that as he was different in his presentations from other public men they had seen he was either drunk or crazy. Those opinions were tenaciously held by many Americans, and are, to some extent, yet.

Colonel Roosevelt was neither drunk nor crazy. He was Roosevelt. Being Roosevelt, he was different. Being different, the public, to a large extent, used the conventional public criterion. The public, in this regard, measured him with the public yardstick. Taft was fat and jolly. Hence he was lazy. Wilson was thin and reserved. Hence he was intellectually aristocratic. McKinley was assassinated. Hence he was apotheosized. Cleveland was gruff and obstinate. Hence he was dangerously opinionated. Every rich man is a predacious plutocrat. And so on.

A curious obsession of the public mind is that although a President is, necessarily, a creation of politics, and himself political, both in origin and in office, he has no business to be a politician after he becomes President. The people have a sort of vague idea that the election of a citizen to the Presidency should metamorphose that citizen from the active state of party politics to the epicene state of nonpartisanship; whereas, there is nothing so political as the Presidency, and the better politician a President is the better President he will be. Witness Lincoln.

This public view gives rise to a situation that works two ways against the President: If he is a politician he offends all who belong to the opposition party; if he is a nonpolitical he offends all who belong to his own party. The office of President of the United States is the most powerful, dignified and important political position in the world. Also, it is the position that brings to the incumbent of it the keenest realization of the plight of those who hold high place—the plight of being damned if they do and damned if they don't.

It is interesting to note that these popular assays of our Presidents are national and not sectional. Though it is true that the small-towners are somewhat suspicious of a city man who is elected President, and the city men contemptuous, in a way, of the small-towner who gets to the White House, the misjudgment of every President is catholic. The small-towners fail to understand the small-towner, and the city men do not comprehend the city man. Harding is a small-town man. Yet there is more misapprehension concerning Harding among the small-towners than there is among those of his critics who dwell urbanly, save among a certain noisy section who dwell urbanly in the editorial rooms of various daily newspapers. But both urbanly and suburbanly there is plenty.

Harding came into office with an enormous plurality. He was a result, not a cause. Any other man nominated at Chicago in 1920 by the Republicans would have come into office on the same sort of landslide—almost any other man, that is. To be precise, any other man of the same general repute and standing of Harding, of whom there are many.

Mr. Harding is now in the third year of his term. He has been President for two years and three months as this is written. The beginning of the latter half of a President's term is the lowest ebb of his political and official fortunes. The novelty of him has worn off, and the mischances of him are in high relief, as is the fate of every man who attains high place. There can be no complaint over that. It has been the lot of all official mankind since the dawn of time, because criticism lingers and censure persists long after acclaim has died down the winds. It goes with the job.

Harding is a small-town man, typically. In many of his manifestations there are similars in every small town.

One would think that there would be a wider national understanding of what he has done, and why, because even with the great growth of the cities we remain a nation of small towns, and the political understanding of the small-town man—and the psychical and physical understanding, also—is surer than those of the city dwellers. Which is not so flattering as it may seem, inasmuch as the country dwellers do not get very far in such appraisements.

Criticisms Conflicting and Ill-Considered

ONE of my occupations is keeping in as close touch as may be not only with the various demonstrations of political thought and action in the United States and elsewhere, and the reactions of the people to politics and politicians, but also to have an eye on politicians themselves. In moving about the country recently I found that dissatisfaction and criticism of Harding had three general sources: Those who want something different and think they know what it is; those who want something different and know specifically what it is; and those who just want. The first class are the vast numbers who felt that the turning out of Wilson and the putting in of Harding would bring the taxless dawning of a new economic day; the second class are the politicians, and the third class the complaining remainder of the proletariat.

Of these, the first class are dissatisfied; the second class are malignant, and the third class are psittacine—mere parrots of what they hear others say. These criticisms and censures range from mild disapproval to extreme denunciations; from complaints that he plays golf when he should be working to loud accusations that he has sold out America to an infamous clique of international bankers.

It is not the lot of any President to please everybody. Any President who can please 10 per cent of his constituents when he is in office has done well. As time goes on it is usually discovered that the constituents didn't know whether they were pleased or not, and the general average of gratification advances in exact ratio to the retreat of the criticized President into historical perspective.

However, Mr. Harding is still President, and in view of the widespread criticism of him I made some investigations which ranged from inquiries across the country from California to Massachusetts, on ranches and farms and in factories and public places—even to the South Portico of the White House on a warm evening in June—to probings into exactly what is biting the opponents of the President in his own party.

Naturally in their political aspects these inquiries did not extend to Democrats, because Democrats would criticize anyhow; but in their economic aspects they did extend to Democrats, because, economically, Democrats and Republicans are in the same boat, save in the case of those Republicans who are on the Federal pay roll. As is usually the case, there was not much specific. It was mostly generalization, and embraced high taxes, high cost of living, indolence, golf, abandonment of our traditional policy of isolation, easy-going, subservience to Congress, lack of force, lack of grasp of essential questions, truckling to the money devil and the international bankers, favoring capital against labor, favoring labor against capital, opposition to progressive doctrines, having his picture taken too many times, making too many speeches, not making enough speeches, lack of dignity, inaccessibility, putting personal friends and fellow townsmen in office, not selecting big men for important posts, playing politics, vetoing the bonus, advocating the ship subsidy, not working hard enough for the ship subsidy, trying to sneak into the League of Nations, not joining the League of Nations, favoring the strikers in the coal and railroad strikes, favoring the employers in the coal and railroad strikes, helping the farmers, not helping the farmers, and so on.

The most interesting American human document that can be imagined would be a frank revelation by a President of exactly what he conceived the Presidency to be before he actually took up its duties, and what he found the Presidency to be while he held the office. No such document has ever been written, nor ever will be, because though the forethought would no doubt be commonplace and patriotic enough, the real experience of the incumbent would be so sensationally a revelation of opportunisms, expediencies, limitations, impositions, selfish motives, projected loot, political malfeasances, impeding precedents, bargainings, compromises, misunderstandings, intrigues, trickeries, and, most of all, unending criticisms, censures and abuse, that it would not only make the confessions humiliating to the writer but also destructive to the essential pride the people take in the great office of the Presidency itself.

Presidents Do Their Best

THIS is exactly as true of a premiership of Great Britain as it is of the Presidency, and of any chief political administrative office in any country in the world. However, this does not prevent the continual striving for the place, the continual ambition to hold it; nor does it absolve the holder from the effort of maintaining himself in the place as long as he is able. Every President who went out of office said he was glad to go. But no President was glad to go. They all hated going. Power is the most desired attribute of humankind. And the power of the Presidency, however enveloped in limitations, is the greatest official power that these times know.

Thus the actualities of the situation work against the altruisms of the new incumbent. He has the power of decision, which is the greatest attribute of the Presidency, but he soon finds that his decisions must be political in almost every instance. The President who can and does attain a certain measure of philosophy and work out his problems as dictated by the most advantageous angles of the situation will be the most useful President, for a President who holds stiffly to his individual views and predilections brings not only party disaster but national discomfort or worse.

An interesting phase of the Presidency is the fact that though every President makes the utmost effort to be considered individual in all his decisions and operations, no President has ever been more than slightly so, because the Presidency is rather a standardized institution in its political operations, which are its chief operations, and limitations of action, although not apparent to the public, are rigidly restrictive of the occupant of the White House.

It is a just assumption that every President is as good a President as he can be. Some are more partisan than others,

(Continued on Page 73)

TRYING TO GET IT

THE LEASE HOUNDS

By George Pattullo

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

THE big Kelly gusher was running wild. Every effort to get it under control with a Christmas tree had failed, and for a week it had been spraying the country round about for half a mile with thirty thousand barrels of oil a day. No wonder Kelly was drunk and aimed to stay that way.

All the adjacent swamp was black and glistening. Ben and the Big Un could hear the monster booming as they neared Smackover Creek on a wagon, and once a shift in the wind mottled their faces. The road wound tortuously through the swamp, following the erratic rut made by the first pioneer, whose mules had picked the way, he being full of corn liquor at the time, and sleepy. A lot of life's beaten paths have had no better origin.

The road was full of root bumps and deep holes; even in the best stretches it was nothing better than a bog; but neither the four-mule team nor the buck nigger who drove them seemed to consider it difficult, and when the Big Un remarked, as he rolled a cigarette, that it was a right good road for an oil-field road, the driver assented. The driver had an unhealed gash running from his partially closed left eye down to the corner of his mouth—a souvenir of a little love affair.

Of course it was raining. It can rain harder in rural Arkansas than in any other section of the United States, except in parts of Louisiana. After the thick black clouds have been disgorging for a couple of hours, the hardy citizens of those parts will cock an eye upward and hazard a conjecture that it sure do look like rain. Ten hours later they may admit it is raining, and at the end of a continuous downpour of a day and a night they even concede that it was a right nice shower.

They Set Out Toward Varden. It Involved Some Wading and Very Heavy Going

"Four months from now," observed Gober in his gentle tones, "you won't be able to draw your breath good, account of the dust." He was perched on a soap box, a dilapidated suitcase between his knees. The Big Un sat on the tail of the wagon, swinging his legs.

It was like twilight, there amid the trees. Huge gray-black masses were boiling in the sky and just as they came in sight of the crossing two vivid forks of lightning licked downwards and a crashing peal of thunder rocked the world. Next moment a geyser of flame belched toward heaven.

"She's hit! The Kelly's afire, Big Un!"

"She is, sure enough," said the Big Un, surveying the marvel. "Gee, that bird's had hard luck."

The driver glanced ahead uneasily. "Git along, mules," he cried, cracking his rawhide.

At the point where they struck it, Smackover Creek is little more than a trickle for a portion of the year, but now it was out of its banks, and four feet of water swirled sluggishly through the trees. On top of the current floated a thick coating of oil.

As teams were apt to bog down here at any season, an enterprising individual had built a toll bridge by laying down pine boughs. His sign read: TOLE BRIDGE, 15 cents a team. $1 for boilers.

"Is she all right?" demanded Ben.

"You can make it if you get a move on," replied the toll keeper, but he did not look at the river; his gaze was toward the roaring volcano on the Kelly lease. "You fellers'd best lose no time though. And say, boy—be sure to keep in line with that there cypress."

"Yassuh."

The driver swung his whip with a crack like a pistol shot and the mules gingerly waded into the stream.

"I'd ought to charge that guy boiler prices," yelled the tollkeeper, when he saw the Big Un on the tailboard, but they had other things to worry about.

The mules were now up to their necks in the water and beginning to snort. The driver kept them skillfully in line with the cypress, however, and they found fairly firm footing.

"If she gets any deeper," remarked Ben, "they'll have to swim. And they can't do it and pull this load."

From the bank behind them the toll keeper was yelling directions.

"Look out! Whip 'em up! Whip 'em up!" he bawled suddenly.

There was such affright in his voice that all three glanced upstream. Bearing down on them was a wall of fire—the oil on the water had been set ablaze by the gusher.

The driver stood up and lashed at the mules. They needed no urging. Maddened by the impending danger, they tugged and plunged. One of them went under.

"We're goners now," said Ben gently, but the mule rose straight up on its hind legs, and by a miracle of skill the driver swung it back onto the bridge.

Midway of the stream the fire was close upon them. The mules lurched wildly, and Ben tossed his arms upward and went over the side into the water. Without a second's hesitation the Big Un jumped in after him. The Big Un couldn't swim, but he never thought of that. He grabbed Ben by the hair and raised him up and, the Big Un, being six feet four inches, stood well above water.

"Hang on and I'll carry you, sucker," he cried.

He bent his mighty bulk against the current and started to wade out, with Ben, half drowned, clinging to his neck. Meanwhile, the team had struggled out on the bank and the Big Un made a bee line for the spot. But before he could reach it the burning oil had caught them. The Big Un heaved Ben to his shoulders and fought his way out. He was painfully burned on chest and back, and his face and eyebrows were singed.

"Prod up them mules," he panted, dumping his pal into the wagon. "The trees are afire now too. We'd best git out of this."

Smackover Creek was burning for nearly a mile. The drenched trees blazed like tinder, the stream itself was a low-writhing flame. The nigger laid on with his rawhide and they headed for a clearing where one of the big production companies had a warehouse and storage tanks. The wagon leaped and jolted, and Ben lay on the floor, unconscious.

"I reckon he hit his head on somethin'," opined the Big Un. "Anyhow, he got a sure-enough wallop. Look at that lump."

By the time they reached the warehouse Gober had revived and seemed none the worse; but the Big Un was beginning to suffer. Blocker, the company manager, wanted to send to town for a doctor, but the Big Un snorted at the idea. So the two ate supper at the warehouse and were given beds for the night.

"Well, how do you feel now?" inquired Blocker at breakfast.

The Big Un grunted. His blisters pained him and he had a slight fever, but the way he went after the eggs and hot cakes seemed to hold a ray of hope, and after watching him awhile the boss decided that the Big Un would last out the day.

"Have some more hot cakes, big boy," suggested Ben. "You gotta keep up your strength."

"Don't mind if I do," replied the Big Un gratefully.

"And here's half a dozen aiggs you haven't eat yet."

"I wouldn't choose any more, thanks."

Gober rolled a cigarette and remarked that the prospects looked fine for the spring corsetin' in Arkinsaw.

"Spring corsetin'?" exclaimed the company's card keeper, so surprised that he choked on his coffee.

"Sure. I reckon you're a furriner, ain't you, son?"

"Yeh. I'm from Alabama."

"Then you wouldn't know nothin' about it, of course."

"What the Sam Hill is it, this here spring corsetin'?"

"You've seen 'em break broncs on a ranch, ain't you?" inquired Ben lazily.

The card keeper replied that he had, but he was growing uneasy.

"Well, this is an annual event, too, you might say. In two or three counties, way out in the sticks, they round up all the young gals every spring and pen 'em in a corral."

"Aw, go on," cried the card keeper. "What the hell!"

"Naughty, naughty!" continued Ben evenly. "They do, sure enough. If you don't believe me, ask Joe Simmons—he wouldn't lie to you any more'n I would. It's a

solemn fact, gentlemen. Me and Joe attended a round-up once. They done penned a couple hundred maybe. There was three or four married ladies on hand for busters, and a lot of older gals to help 'em."

"I'd like to see one," said Blocker.

"It does credit to your taste, sir. We found it a pleasing sight."

He paused and seemed disposed to drop the subject. Nobody said a word. Finally the card keeper could stand the suspense no longer. "What do they pen 'em for?"

"Didn't you hear me say it was the spring corsetin'? Well, that's what it was. A few was reg'lar outlaws and give a lot of trouble, but most of 'em was right gentle. The only real trouble they had, you might say, was with a black-maned gal from out an alligator swamp. She was a fine big sixteen-year-old, as wild as an antelope, and the minute she felt the harness I knowed that hell'd be poppin'."

"How?"

"Well, when they was puttin' the corset on her she stood too quiet and kept rollin' her eye back. And then all of a sudden the boss married lady tightened up on the cinch and that gal give a squeal and jumped clean over a eight-foot fence. And they never did catch her neither. No, sir, she was gone."

"Aw, you make me sick!" said the card keeper.

"You boys want a job?" asked Blocker suddenly.

"What kind of job?"

The company manager looked at the field superintendent; Mistrot passed the query on to the pipe-line foreman.

"I could use a good stabber and a lazy-board man," said the latter.

"No-o-o. I don't reckon me and the Big Un want a job right now. We been roughneckin' for five years now and we're about through."

His friend glanced at him in amazement. "Why, Ben!" he protested.

"I mean it, big boy. That duckin' yesterday sure cured me of the oil game. It's a dog's life, that's what it is. You work like a nigger and live up to your neck in mud and water, and stick at it in all kinds of weather, and get busted up or killed maybe. And what for? Five dollars a day, or six, if you're lucky. And then the big comp'nies take to fightin' among themselves, and cuttin' the price of crude, and first thing you know, work is shut down and you've got to drift again. No, sir, we're through. There's easier ways of earnin' a livin' and we aim to try 'em."

"But roughneckin' is a nice safe job," ventured the Big Un. "You don't have to worry none about your meals."

"Yeh, but look how soft the lease hounds have it. They make good money, too, Big Un, and live in swell hotels and don't even have to git their feet wet. And all you need to be a lease hound is to own a few maps and a nerve."

"I ain't so sure of that," answered the Big Un. "You used to could start out in the oil business on a shoestring, but nowadays ——"

"Shucks, they still do it. Sure they do. Why, all any ribbon clerk needs to be an oil man is a leather coat and a pair of trench boots."

"Ain't it the truth?"

"Let's give it a trial, Big Un. A lease hound has the softest thing I know of. That ain't work a-tall."

Blocker and the field superintendent grinned at each other. "Maybe you'll be back at the old job later," suggested the former.

"Not us. We'll buzzard round a while, and first thing you know we'll have a stake and get goin' big."

"I hope so. Anyhow, you'll still be in the oil game. Once an oil man, always. It's a disease."

"Dad burn it, that's so, too," exclaimed the Big Un sadly, little dreaming that some day he would be worried half to death over his midiron shots.

In such a fashion did the two friends decide to strike out into a fresh field.

"Drycheck Charlie done rolled up seven dollars to seventy thousand," said Ben hopefully, as they were walking into town.

"Yeh, but Drycheck's in jail."

"And why? Because he went too fur—that's why. He'd of been jake, only he got greedy. The pore fish skinned a lot of ignorant farmers outn their land, Big Un, and then went back for more. Can you beat it? Maybe he repented overlookin' the fam'ly stove. No wonder they landed him! We'll play this game different from him. Leasin' is a legit'mate business, and that's the way we'll play it."

"Sure we will. But a feller's got to step lively too."

They speedily decided there was absolutely no opening for their talents in Smackover. That field was well developed; the big companies owned most of the acreage, and what was left commanded prices a mile high. No shoestring deals were possible, and they had neither the capital nor the connections for operation there.

"Let's hit over into Nevada County and round there," Ben proposed. "The rock hounds say that'll be a field soon."

So they spent the morning cracking at ducks in a shooting gallery and getting their tintypes taken out in the middle of Broadway, dressed in borrowed leather coats

The Two Watched From Their Hiding Place Until He Returned

and carrying borrowed map cases so as to look like real lease hounds. Then they boarded a late train and headed for virgin country.

"We've made a right good start," opined the Big Un, surveying their tintypes with deep satisfaction.

"Not bad, but we spent a dollar ninety. We got to play mighty chinchy for a while, Big Un."

"Oh, well, something'll turn up. You wait, Ben. I got a feeling we'll knock 'em over."

"Where do you feel it most?"

"That's all right too. You see if we don't."

They had thirty-five dollars between them—all that was left of their pay—and no prospects. But the glory of this land of opportunity is the unbeatable hope it inspires; no man is broke with five dollars to his name, and the worthy pair did no worrying. They got off a train at Prescott and took a room for the night at the best hotel.

The place was crowded with oil scouts. A small well had recently been brought in and a number of wildcat tests were going down in various parts of the county. Rumors ran rife, so the advance guards of the oil hosts were swarming to the region like flies to honey. Among them were several land men for important production companies.

They sat around a gas stove and talked acreage and close-in stuff and long and short forties and all the gossip going the rounds, whilst the rain thundered on the roof, and a scarred, one-eyed bulldog prowled about, seeking peace from fleas. It wasn't new talk to either of them, but they listened attentively because now they must master all the patter and learn the ins and outs of the leasing business. The Big Un felt a certain trepidation—he didn't even know how to read a map—but he looked as wise as a white owl at midday and examined blue prints and nodded sagely at the right moments, so nobody suspected he was a novice.

"Wonder how Clyde's feeling?" asked a land man in a pause.

The question raised a laugh.

"Who's Clyde?" queried Gober.

"Clyde Odom. What? You don't know ol' Clyde?"

"There was a Clyde Odom with my outfit overseas."

"This one's land man for the Great Southwestern."

"Yeh? What ails him?"

"Soused. Been drunk for a week, so they put him to bed last night."

"Huh-huh. Too bad," murmured Ben. "This white mule is p'ison."

In a little while he got up from his chair and approached the landlord. "What's the number of Mr. Odom's room?"

"Number 6—end of the hall."

In the dim bedroom he found a flushed wild-eyed man tossing in bed as he battled grimly with ferocious craving. It was plain to Gober that he hovered on the verge of delirium tremens.

"Hello, Clyde."

"Hello." There was no recognition in his stare.

"Last time I seen you was when me and you did K. P. together in Germany. Remember? We went A. W. O. L. to Coblenz."

"Well, if it isn't Ben Gober! How're you, you little ——" A steadier look, as of returning sanity, came into his eyes.

"Fine. You ain't changed much, hey, Clyde?"

The man in bed said solemnly, "Gober, I'd give ten years off my life, and all the money I ever expect to make, if I could be sure I'd never do this again."

"Then why don't you quit it?"

"Why don't I? Say, you don't think I enjoy this, do you?"

"Sure. Or you wouldn't do it."

"Why, it's no fun! A few drinks sort of depress me—honest they do—and then I've got to have more. And next thing you know, I'm stewed and nothing'll put the fires out but more of the rotten stuff."

"It all depends on how hard a man wants to quit."

"Aw, cut out the preachin'. I'm sick. Can't you see?"

He turned over with his face to the wall. Then suddenly he sat up and cried excitedly, "Say, you just came in time. This is lucky! You can save my job for me, Ben."

"How come?"

"They sent me here a week ago to get that Carraway land, but Old Man Carraway wasn't home and then I got drunk. Four sections, Ben, and not all in one block. Here, where the hell's that map? I'll show you. Look! This is it, and they want it bad. And here I've been hidin' in this place like a rat, stewed all the time."

"You tell me what to do, and I'll sure enough bring home the bacon, old-timer."

Odom was clawing his map excitedly. Now a cunning expression crept over his face.

"Say," he whispered, "did you happen to notice whether a tall thin guy was downstairs?"

"A feiler with spectacles?"

"That's him. Sort of sits off by himself and never says much."

"He got off the train with us."

"Then we can beat him yet. That's Marr, land man for the Bull Bayou. Sure he didn't go out tonight?"

"He's down there now. I heard him order a car for seven o'clock in the mornin' though."

"Then you start tonight."

Ben listened to the rain drubbing on the roof and thought of the roads he was likely to strike, but made no protest. All he said was, "How about money?"

"I've got plenty. Anyhow, I've got enough. And here's the company's order to close with Old Man Carraway. You ought to be able to buy that stuff for ten dollars, Ben, but I've got authority to go twenty-five if we have to. So crack down on it."

With the aid of the map he carefully explained to Gober what he wanted done, and thirty minutes later Ben descended to the lobby.

"Ready for bed, Big Un?"

"What's eatin' you?" demanded the Big Un, who was much impressed with the conversation and wanted to stay longer.

"Need a li'l' help with a friend."

The Big Un immediately rose and followed him into the corridor.

"You go out the back way and hire me a flivver," said Gober.

"You surely don't aim to go nowheres tonight, do you?"

"I want that jitney here in half an hour. We got a long ride ahead of us, Big Un, so you'd best rustle up a slicker somewhere."

"But what's it all about? Where're we headin', and who's going to pay for this flivver?"

"It'll be paid for all right. You tell the driver he'll get something special if he steps on her."

Grumbling, the Big Un departed on his mission. The garages he visited were dark and he picked up some new hints in profanity when he roused the owners, but at last he persuaded a driver to undertake the job. It was midnight when they set out, and raining harder than ever.

"Who're you fixing to stick up tonight?" inquired the driver cheerfully, as they splashed through the mud.

"All you got to do is to put us in Varden before daylight, son."

"Well, if you're hijackers, I don't want to know nothin' about it."

"Don't git too fresh, kid," retorted the Big Un. "I reckon that's a joke, ain't it?"

"You never can tell these days."

"Well, me and my partner, we're in the leasin' business," said the Big Un majestically, and derived from the other's silence his first thrill of importance.

They tore through the slush at twenty miles an hour, with Ben and the Big Un hanging on for dear life. The driver paid not the slightest heed to holes or washouts.

"The only way is to hit 'em on the nose," he explained, and he did so.

They bumped and rocketed, and careened and jolted, and all the time the engine racing like mad. Once the driver did betray sufficient interest in them to turn his head and inquire, "Still with us?" but after that he drove harder than ever. They plowed through water up to the running board, they pulled out of a bog which would have engulfed most cars. The water boiled, and steam was hissing from the radiator cap, but the driver did not even slow down.

"It don't matter," he declared. "She runs good when she's hot."

They crossed a creek in flood over a corduroy bridge which teetered under them. The water completely covered it.

"You guys know how to swim?" asked the driver. "It's good night if I miss this ol' bridge."

The rain changed to hail, swept by a biting wind. Ben couldn't see his hand in front of his face.

"The road's good like this most of the ways," said the driver. "But there's a mean piece about a couple of miles this side of Varden."

Just before they reached the mean piece the flivver began to run askew.

"Flat tire."

"Well, let's change it," cried Ben, out of temper with the jolting.

"Ain't got a jack."

"Maybe we can raise her up and put a log under."

"Ain't got a spare."

"What have you got?"

"Nothin'. Generally always I don't need nothin' —she goes good."

They went ahead with the tire flat, but at a slower gait.

"Here's the place now," announced the driver, slowing down to let his lights play on a sea of muck. "You guys take a long breath and hang on."

Suddenly he threw the throttle wide open and hit the mud with a roar. They plunged and bucked, drove forward, slowed down and shuddered, smashed through again, and then, right in the middle of the mean piece, the engine quietly died – died without so much as a cough or rolling up its eyes.

"That's right queer," was the driver's comment. "Sounds like she ain't got no gas." He inspected the tank. "Sure enough, she ain't."

"Say, kid, what have you got anyhow?"

"I give her some oil only yesterday."

"Do you always start out this way? No jack—no wrench—no gas—nothin' but some balin' wire?"

"I generally always git there," replied the driver resentfully. "Somebody comes along."

"Well, it's a cinch nobody's goin' to come along at this hour, so I reckon we get out here and walk, Big Un."

"Gee, I hate walkin'. My feet always kill me."

They left the driver sitting in his car and set out toward Varden. It involved some wading and very heavy going, but they made the crossroads before dawn.

"Fine town, this is. Nothin' but a store."

"Well, let's wake him up and buy some chuck."

They roused the storekeeper and persuaded him to make some coffee. With this and a tin of sardines and canned tomatoes to fortify them, they struck along a crossroads for the Carraway farm just after sunup. And two hours before Marr of the Bull Bayou outfit arrived, Ben had signed up the old man for his four sections, at fifteen dollars an acre.

"Why don't you go after Uncle Boly Daniels?" inquired Carraway when the transaction was completed. "He's got a right smart of land in between my sections."

Gober pricked up his ears. "Where at is Uncle Boly?"

"Just east of me. Here—gimme that map and I'll show you his stuff."

It developed that Uncle Boly's ancestral acres consisted largely of swamp.

"That's fine," said the Big Un approvingly. "How about a road?"

Old Man Carraway had to confess that the road wasn't as good as some others, but it was passable, you might say, in dry weather. The Big Un looked at Ben and Ben looked at the Big Un—every symptom pointed to an A-1 oil field.

"How do we get there?" inquired Gober.

Carraway started to explain—he would be only too glad to drive them over in his wagon, but right now it was like they couldn't make it, account of the road being under water; but he could take them as far as the old graveyard, and they could walk the rest of the way.

"There's a log and a tree over the worst places. You can make Uncle Boly's place all right," he assured them.

While they were still debating about it a mud-drenched flivver came coughing up to the Carraway gate and Marr of the Bull Bayou company alighted. Ben decided it was time to go. He knew that Old Man Carraway's first reaction would be to demand back the leases, and he disliked unpleasantness. In this surmise he was perfectly correct, for the pair had not gone a mile before Carraway started after them in his wagon, and he had a shotgun under the seat for a persuader. Marr had offered him twenty-five dollars an acre. However, he did not catch up. A short distance from the Carraway home Ben and the Big Un forsook the road and waited until the irate farmer had passed, and when Carraway reached the Daniels shack on foot Uncle Boly was nowhere about.

The two watched from their hiding place until he returned, and then went forward.

"Maybe we're too late," remarked Ben. "If that ol' bird told Uncle Boly anything it's like he won't even talk to us."

The Big Un assented. "I bet he keeps a dog too," was his glum comment.

After leaving the main road they had to wade through mire and water up to their knees, the wagon trail to the Daniels place being impassable even to pedestrians. Farther on they were obliged to cross a wide stretch of deep water where the river had overflowed. Some felled trees and logs held out hope of passage, but they risked a ducking at every step.

"I wonder," rumbled the Big Un as he tore his sleeve loose from a limb—"I wonder what the tarnation ever made anybody take up land like this."

"His granddaddy used to own all this part of the country, so Carraway says, but the boys throwed it away. And all Uncle Boly's got left is this swamp."

Tired and soaked and disgusted, they finally came in sight of a small cabin in a clearing. It was comparatively dry there and they stretched their limbs gratefully.

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A Half Dozen Lean Hound Dogs Burst Into View. They Were Followed by a Short, Thin, Whiskered Man in Tattered Shirt and Overalls

IMMIGRATION, PROGRESS AND PROSPERITY

THE business, political and social progress to be made in the United States during the next ten years will depend in very large degree on the immigration policy adopted by the next Congress to take the place of the present law, which expires by limitation on June 30, 1924. The stability of whatever progress may be attained in these three fields, vital to every American citizen, will be undermined and largely destroyed unless the question of immigration is dealt with wisely.

The important considerations that underlie Americanization, or are bound up with it—employment at satisfactory wages, business profits and success, political stability, the nature of our charity and philanthropy, and the social progress of the country—are all indissolubly connected with the question of immigration.

The law now in force was enacted as an emergency measure to meet the situation arising from the Great War, and limits the annual immigration from any country to 3 per cent of that nationality who were here in 1910. Under its provisions the maximum number of immigrants who may be admitted in any year is 357,803.

A permanent immigration policy should and probably will be adopted at the coming session of Congress. Shall we increase the number of immigrants to be admitted annually, as Judge Gary and other employers are urging, on the plea that a larger supply of labor is needed? Or shall the percentage be kept where it is, or still further reduced, in the interest of our own people and institutions?

What this permanent immigration policy shall be merits intensive study by every thoughtful person in the United States, as it will affect the welfare of every citizen—the leader of men as well as the worker in the factory, the rich man as well as the poor man.

I am one who, from the time he first began to think about the policies of his country and its future, had felt that the United States ought to be the asylum of the adventurous and the oppressed of all countries. I have abandoned this position with great reluctance. But I have been forced at last to the conclusion that it is more important to be just to the 110,000,000 of our own population, and to their children, than generous to the whole world.

By Edward A. Filene

DECORATION BY GUERNSEY MOORE

The Population of the Future

I AM certain, moreover, that promiscuous and thoughtless generosity to other lands, not based on justice to our own people, must be a short-lived generosity that will in the end injure rather than help the recipients as well as the givers. There is a limit, even in a country like this, to the capacity for absorbing foreign peoples. That limit is being approached.

The fact that we no longer have much fertile land left unoccupied, that, instead of pioneering farther afield, we must now turn our footsteps back to half or wholly abandoned regions and begin intensively to develop resources that hitherto have seemed of small value, is apparent on every hand. No longer can we afford to waste any of the gifts that Nature has bestowed upon our country. We need them all for our increased and increasing population and industries. We cannot spare either time or money adequately to take care of a large body of new immigrants.

But those who will be debarred by a restricted immigration policy from entering the United States will find that our republic can be more helpful to them and their countries as a successful and prosperous concern than as the unsuccessful, distracted government and people we might easily become if we undertook to harbor millions of immigrants that we could not properly take care of.

If the nations of Europe can freely send us their human surpluses they can, with more safety, go on with domestic and foreign policies that raise taxes unnecessarily high and make living conditions too difficult, while they ignore and evade basic and adequate solution of their problems. But if they cannot longer send away the population which, by providing good government and educating their people, they could support at home, they are likely to be forced to initiate reforms which otherwise they might put off indefinitely. Even from the European standpoint, therefore, a policy of closely restricting immigration into this country would be helpful. Especially is this true since resulting betterments and prosperity here would serve as an object lesson that would lead to demands for improvements that their governments could not long ignore.

Let us now examine the relation of immigration to the questions that underlie the progress and success of the United States during the next ten years:

Under a policy of restricted immigration—and by restricted immigration I mean a percentage no larger than is now allowed to enter—it is probable that within the next fifty years we would increase our population to 180,000,000 or 190,000,000. With no restriction on immigration, it is likely that at the end of that time we should not have more.

It is true that with unrestricted immigration the population would for a few years grow faster than with restricted immigration. But this would not continue. On account of the bad conditions in Europe and elsewhere the pressure on men and women to emigrate is more intense than it has ever been before. On this account we should be almost sure to get more immigrants at once than we could employ either in industries or on the farms.

This would bring about increased competition for employment, with a resulting reduction in salaries and wages. This reduction would be so sweeping as to discourage immigration and make a good many of the immigrants return to Europe again. I cannot think it possible that the total population in this country after the ebb and flow would be any greater than under a restricted immigration.

But this residue would be more foreign and less American. A policy of restricting immigration would put a premium on every child born into an American family and make it an asset to its parents. At present the economic conditions, due largely to the competition of immigrant laborers and their children, make American families, with their higher scale of living, unable to raise the normal number of children. It is not an unusual experience, in reply to a question, to be told by young married people "We cannot afford babies" or "We cannot afford more than one baby." Under unrestricted immigration this economic handicap would be made yet heavier and the birth rate in American families would still further decline. Under restricted immigration, wages and salaries would become much more valuable in what they would buy than they are now, because with a restricted labor force employers would learn to use labor to better advantage, through providing more skillful management and more labor-saving machinery, by resorting to mass production, and through elimination of waste. Under these conditions parents would again be able to care for a normal family of children through the period of infancy and would have the added incentive of knowing that every son and daughter would be able, when grown, to get profitable employment at home or in industry.

Economic Reasons for Restriction

UNDER unrestricted immigration the millions of immigrants who would pour into the country would certainly not be Americanized faster than they are now. On the contrary, the probability is that the process would be much slower, for the hardships, losses and wrongs which people met in the war have made many of them antagonistic to government. Under a restricted immigration, however, the bulk of our population will in twenty-five years have passed through American schools, and the small number of immigrants who come in, if they are to be able to compete with people already here, will have to become Americanized at a greater rate than in the past, and with a good deal more intensity.

Under restricted immigration, therefore, both the birth rate of American families and the Americanization rate among the foreign-born will operate to give us an Americanized population fifty years hence.

It is important to business that we create more consumers rather than produce more commodities. American business has passed the pioneer stage and is entering the era of mass production. It is now able to produce vastly more than we are able to market and will soon be producing a still greater surplus. Europe in its present chaotic condition cannot purchase our surplus production, and we must find new consumers elsewhere. They must be found chiefly in our own country, if at all. We cannot afford, therefore, to do anything to lessen our consuming power. It would be bad business for us to take India or China as examples, where, although they have populations three and four times as large as ours, little is consumed beyond the minimum necessities of life because the population is so large that the average man is forced to take a paltry wage or salary and to live a hand-to-mouth existence with poor shelter, few clothes and few amusements. But, of course, it is possible to offset the loss of European markets only if the wages and salaries of the mass of our people here at home are generous enough so that they can largely increase their consumption and so absorb the products of our farms and factories. This, I do not hesitate to say, can be done only by continuing to limit immigration.

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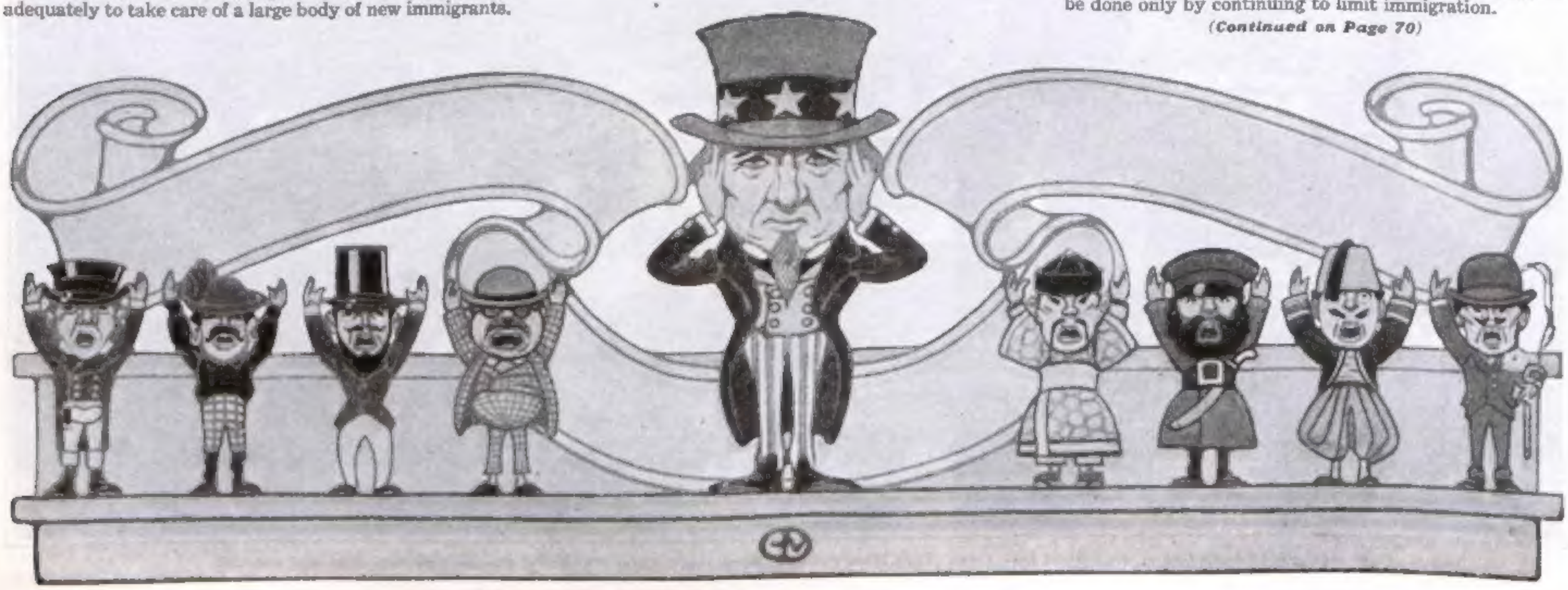

DIXIE DAY, HERSELF

By George Randolph Chester

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"I Know It! I Don't See Why You Wouldn't Let Me Play a Lady!"

EVERY business which requires an expensive operating plant must have profit as its first consideration or there can be no perpetuity. If a man in charge of such a manufacturing plant, and responsible for its staggering overhead, were to be a creative artist, an altruist, an educator, a person animated in any degree by any other motive than the making of profit, he would be a failure at the business; and the motion-picture business is no different from any other. So it might seem to stand to reason that we shall have no altruistic pictures, or any pictures with any other reason for their existence than to make a profit; and the facts seem to bear out the theory.

Shrewd little old David Schusshel, the founder and proprietor of the Magnificent Pictures Corporation, had helped the business to ascend from a flighty and inconsequential young art into a staid and respectable industry, and the middle initial P in David's name stood for Profit. When he made Izzy Iskovitch his new general manager he knew what he was about, for in all the motion-picture world there was no person better fitted by education and training to be the master mind of the M. P. C. and to make its pictures for profit than this same gangle-shanked boy of twenty-two, flat-stomached, long-necked and curly-haired, with the pink of youth still in his smooth olive-tinted cheeks, the curve of youth still on his lips, the eagerness of youth still in his dark-brown eyes.

More education than Izzy possessed would have been superfluous; he could read, he could write and he could figure. He had possessed these attainments when he came on the lot five years before as a lowly lobbygow, and he had made the utmost use of them. In those five years he had read every book or story or play which was to be made into an M. P. C. picture, or which was in contemplation for an M. P. C. picture; he had read every continuity made from those books or stories or plays for an M. P. C. picture; he had read every criticism, publicity item and advertisement pertaining to those pictures, and, moreover, to every picture issued by all the competitors of the M. P. C. Reading enough, in all conscience! So much for young Iskovitch's literary education. For writing, he had confined himself to practice on his signature and two capital letters, O and K, which he had appended to hundreds of cost sheets when they came up for his approval. Writing enough, in all conscience, for an examination of the history of finance will disclose that the less a man writes the more money he makes. In mathematics the boy had an exhaustive training. For the past three years he had figured to the penny every item of expense which went into the making of every M. P. C. picture, and no book on arithmetic, algebra, geometry, trigonometry or calculus had ever contained so many figures as he had put to paper. Mathematics enough, in all conscience!

For recreation the boy had viewed, in the past five years, every picture made by the M. P. C. and by all the M. P. C.'s competitors. Recreation enough, and to spare! Add to this intensive preparation Isidor Iskovitch's natural gift of knowing what would make the average unintellectual person laugh and cry, and the boy was perfect; for what would make the average intellectual person laugh and cry was of little profit.

Beyond the exercising of these gifts and the acquiring of these attainments, and the fact, well settled in his mind, that he was one day to become the greatest magnate in the motion-picture industry, his life had been a total blank, there having been no room for anything else; yet when Prudence Joy came into his office, for the first time after his supreme elevation, and rushing up to him laid her two slender white hands in his, congratulating him with mistiness in her deep-blue eyes, the hard crust of ambition with which the boy had so carefully covered himself through these five years was suddenly shivered to atoms; and the long-deferred knowledge of love came on him with bewildering nascence. It gripped him without warning, so that before he knew what he was doing he had caught her in his arms and kissed her—kissed her again and again; then, as suddenly, he released her and sat back against the edge of his desk, pale and quivering. It was the first time he had ever kissed any girl.

Prue was startled, though not surprised. She had known that this regard for herself was in the boy, and that it would sometime grow and burst its bonds, and she had dreaded the destruction which that might bring; for love and ambition are sworn enemies, and one must always be supreme. Prue, like Izzy, had fought her way up from nothing to her present degree of success, with an added angle to her fight which no man can ever know or understand, and love was a vaguely beautiful illusion for the future. She had submitted to the boy's caress, however, even responded to it, for she was very fond of him, and she owed him much; but that fire which was in him, that living, leaping flame, was not in her for him or any other man, though other men had held her in their arms.

Izzy still leaned against his desk, dazed; and, filled with sympathy, Prue took a swift step to him and put her arm around his neck and laid her cheek against his, and was sorry that there was only fondness in the action; though he took it for what it was not, and seized her hand in gratitude and kissed it and held it, held it and fondled it, incapable of doing anything else just then. He had not known that he loved her. He had known that through these years, beginning at the very beginning, when he had helped her to secure a job at this studio simultaneously with his own, he had idealized her, worshiped her, thought her the sweetest and the prettiest and the most talented girl in the business; but this emotion which had so overwhelmed him at the apex of his elation, and was a part of that elation had he but known it, was new and devastating.

A knock at the door, a loud, impulsive, hearty knock, which sent Prue scurrying to a chair and the general manager behind his desk. The door opened and in the crack appeared a head with long flaxen curls set somewhat askew, an oval face with large, round eyes, and on the full lips a pinchy little scarlet Cupid's bow of great exaggeration.

"It's only me," said the head. "Can I come in, little man? I only got a minute."

Now a body followed, a shapely body something inclined to plumpness, on which was hung a ragged gingham dress, the tatters of which were carefully slit high enough to reveal her bare leg; and it was carefully grease-painted to photograph like dirt. It was Dixie Day, one of the M. P. C.'s standard program stars, known to the fans as a cute little child of the poor, virtuous and sweet, with a heart of gold; today she was a beggar's daughter.

"Hello, Prue! Say, you do look mellifluous in that gray outfit! Where you been all this time? You been gone at least two cases o' Scotch. How soon you coming back to the lot? Say, Izzy, Creiker's got my next story, and he won't let me see it. Is it as cheese as all that?"

Izzy grinned at her cheerfully. She was the least of his problems, and one of the most satisfactory, for on the books she had been a total deficit for three years, and he was positive that he could turn her into a profit; which would make a fine showing for Izzy.

"He won't let you see it because I told 'im not to till I hear from New York. It's a whole new style from anything you been doing."

"Whoops!" cried Dixie. "That makes it better right at the go-off, for if there's anything worse than these poverty flappers I've played for nearly five years the M. P. C. hasn't been able to find it in the ash can. Say, little man, do I personificate a lady at last, and wear some clothes?"

"I ain't gonna tell you a word about it," laughed her new G. M., taking down the plump hand which rested appealingly on his shoulder and giving it a friendly pat before he handed it back to her. "But I'm bankin' my judgment on it, Dixie, that you'll be a big hit in it."

He was leading her to the door as he assured her of this, and now he put her out and came back laughing; and while that mood was still on him Prue hastily said, "By the way, I've some big news. I'm offered a contract with the Pinnacle; a straight starring contract, Izzy."

"Hot dog!" He was delighted, not only on her account but on his own, for he had been the first person to pick Prudence Joy as a comer, and it was fine to have his judgment corroborated so substantially. "That's a big compliment, Prue. It's too bad you can't take it up."

"Oh, but I can!" she laughed. "That's the best part of the joke. I can go over there at any minute; because the

"Say, Listen! What You Don't Know Would Fill All the Books I Ain't Read Yet"

M. P. C. released me to Rodney Adams, who is leaving the Luna lot on a splendid contract with the Pinnacle; and he is going to take me with him "

Izzy abruptly walked behind his desk and stood in front of his chair, a sharp crease between his eyes and a straightening in the youthful curve of his lips.

"But, Prue, that release was for only one picture. You're just loaned. You're under contract to the M. P. C. for nearly four years yet."

"The Pinnacle is willing to accept the M. P. C.'s release to Rodney as complete and final, and to make a contract with me on that suppesition."

"They'll never get away with it!" He was no longer a boy, nor a lover, but a business man. "If the Pinnacle tries that game they'll find you sewed up quick with an injunction that'll keep you off the screen for the length of your contract with us."

Prue looked at him aghast, and her lips paled.

"You're making it an issue between you and the Pinnacle, Izzy. You're forgetting me. It's the chance of a lifetime.

"Rodney is to direct me, and the Pinnacle will put me, in one year, where the M. P. C. couldn't put me in five. You wouldn't block me in that, would you?"

The boy's bony fingers twitched, and there was a big gulp in his throat as he looked at her, standing straight and slender in front of him, dressed in the rich grays which so became her, her hair shining like spun gold and her blue eyes so clear and deep; and he sternly suppressed the tremolo in his voice.

"I gotta consider this like I didn't know you, Prue. You're under contract to the M. P. C., an' I'm the general manager. You're looked on as a asset or you wouldn't have your contract that you an' me worked so hard to get for you. We already spent a lotta money exploitin' you an' gettin' you ready to be a star, an' we gotta get back our money. You gotta stay here."

What it cost him to say that could never be told. It was the first time in his career that his heart and his duty had run into conflict, and at that moment something in him that bound him to boyishness broke and made him of sterner stuff; but it was a searing process, and the blistering of it would be in him for many a day. There was an equally stern change in the face of Prue, between whom and himself there had never been any trace of unpleasantness.

"Well, Izzy," said she with a suppressed tremolo of her own, "you once told me that we were both playing the hard game of success, and that if we were to win we'd each one have to step over everything that came in our way. That's what you're doing, and that's what I'll have to do. I'm going to the Pinnacle with Rodney Adams."

He darkened with a new thought as he remembered the reputation of Adams, and the scandal which invariably attached to girls whom he starred.

"I know. You're in love with 'im."

A queer thing happened to Prue's expression, aging it indefinably. Sudden sharp little lines sprang at the corners of her eyes, down the sides of her nostrils, at the corners of her lips, and there was a slight involuntary upward roll of her eyes; her chin raised, straightening the long, graceful curve of her throat; and all these little manifestations were indications of pain; then she smiled and shook her head.

"No, Izzy, I have been compelled in my profession to give away a great deal, but not love. That can't be given or sold. I've never had it to give. It hasn't come to me. I don't know what love is." She faltered, then she looked him clearly in the eyes. "Not even for you, Izzy. I'm fonder of you than of anybody in the world, but I have to be honest with you. I haven't the same feeling for you that you have for me. I wish I had."

He nodded miserably, nodded his entire comprehension of what she said.

"O' course, it'd be that way. I couldn't ever expect that you'd fall for me. I ain't got anything to fall for. I can't never be a swell, an' I ain't gonna try. It's all right, Prue." He straightened and held out his hand and pumped up that old cheerful grin which had endeared him to all the lot, and as she took his hand he gripped it heartily. "We can be just the same good friends we always was, an' I guess we can even have our little fight without hurtin' that. So I'm castin' you for Sapp's big new picture, an' I'm expectin' you on the lot to start shooting a week from Monday morning. Sapp'll give you a copy of the script."

Prue smiled, then the tears sprang into her eyes, and she was nearer to love in that moment than she had ever been in her life. She held to his hand and smoothed it between her own.

"I'm very fond of you, Izzy, truly I am—very, very fond."

Turning swiftly, she hurried out of the room lest she should weaken further and reduce him to the level of those other men who had loved her.

The measure of a man is not how he wins his battles, but how he stands his blows. Izzy Iskovitch sat down and put his bony hands over his eyes and frankly blubbered, and with the tears that trickled between his fingers rolled away the last of the boy that was in him. Quite slowly, and still sniffling, he took his handkerchief and wiped his eyes, and gulped three or four times, and blinked, for his eyes smarted. Blinking, he looked up and met the benevolent smile of little old David Schusshel, in oil, beaming down on him benignly from the wall; and that friendly presence in the twenty-foot room which had seen such a long and shifting procession of general managers brought him back to actualities with a jerk.

After all, what was he kickin' about? He had what he wanted. He was the boss. All those vast acres out there, from the huge green stages to the encircling blue hills, with their higgledy-piggledy and helter-skelter *mélange* of architectural husks, were his to command, all those thousand workers were his material to fashion into pictorial creations to amuse and entertain a hundred million people—for profit. And he was the master mind. His word was law, his will supreme, his wish but the forerunner of accomplished fact; and he'd been getting ready for it all these years. He knew exactly what he would do and how he would go about it, and already he was laying the foundation for a line of work which would open their eyes back there in New York, and make them glad Mr. Schusshel had given him this job without instructions and without interference. He had his men picked, his organization gathered around him. The gulp was still in his throat, his eyes still smarted, and from each one a left-over tear rolled out and trickled down his cheeks. Anyhow, Prue had said that she was fonder of him than anybody in the world, and maybe —— He whipped out his handkerchief and wiped his eyes roughly and, reaching forth a bony finger, he pressed a button, which was the symbol of his supremacy.

The door to the outer office opened, revealing a glimpse of the waiting mob amid circles of blue smoke, and in stalked Izzy's new office boy, hired the night before, a bullet-headed, pumpkin-stomached, piano-legged boy in knickerbockers, who had the unmistakable flat china-blue eyes and general stupidity derived from Uncle Eli Iskovitch; and in his hand he carried a huge lunch box suspended by a wire handle which creaked at every step.

"What you doin' with that thing?" was Izzy's first official observation to his little Cousin Eli.

"I dunno where to put it," returned Eli, who had already been christened Dumdum in the outer office, because he was bullet-headed and had other characteristics which fitted him to that admirably doubled name.

He lifted the lid of his lunch box, which was stuffed to the top, and finding uppermost a sandwich of pickled fish he took a bite with the cheerful grin which was his only resemblance to Izzy.

"Well, get rid of it!" ordered the boss testily, and drew toward him his appointment list. "Is Mr. Simmons out there?"

"I dunno," responded Eli, taking another bite and surveying the sandwich around its entire periphery with greedy calculation.

"Well, find out."

Quite unperturbed, Eli stalked to the door, threw it open and yelled, through his sandwich, "Hey! Is Mr. Simmons there?"

In response to this formal invitation came in Simmons, the scenario editor, a flat-faced, good-natured-looking fellow, and with him Hillary Wells, a dramatist of note and a negligent, lounging six-footer whom nothing fazed; and both were hilarious—conspicuously so.

"Good morning, chief," grinned Simmons. "Are you feeling strong and hearty this morning?"

"Not too suddenly, Harry," warned Wells. "The boy may not be so strong as you think."

"Say, what you kiddin' about?" Izzy, quick to scent something serious beneath the surface frivolity of his two old friends, glanced from one to the other apprehensively. "If you gotta laugh for me I could use it; but be quick about it, because we gotta lotta work to do."

"Not so much," corrected Simmons. "You know, Izzy, when you got me to come back from the Earthwide to take charge of your scenario department, we neglected to sign a contract."

"And when you sent for me, Izzy, to be chief of the continuity staff under Simmons, you promised that we three should put into execution, without interference, all those gaudy ideas we had so long discussed for raising the M. P. C. to the top peak of enduring art."

"You're too slow, Wells; let me jolt him," interrupted Simmons; and now in his tone there came a rasp of the real anger rankling in him. "Wagley's outside. I just had a talk with him. Lochlaren sent him on to take entire charge of the scenario department."

Izzy stiffened, and his bony fingers contracted where they lay on his desk. Wagley was Eastern editor, had been for three years the other end of that eternal quarrel which goes on between the East and the West in the editorial department of every picture company. Suddenly the bony knuckles lifted as if to come down with a crash on the desk, but they held suspended and lowered themselves gently.

"Hot dog!" Izzy Iskovitch was himself again; his last tear had been shed, his last sniffle sniffed. "Say, look here! Whatever plans we had is still on, an' you both got contracts dated a week ago."

Grabbing a pad of telegraph blanks, the master mind, the boss of the works, began swiftly and incisively, with no pause for thought or diction, the three-thousand-mile war of the wires which was to enliven his labors for months to come.

"

LITTLE old David Schusshel, sitting at his carved mahogany desk, in the center of his wide office perched airily above the Hudson, the East River, the bay and the Bronx, was smoking his morning cigar in such serene comfort that he hesitated to begin on his mail, sorted in neat

little piles before him, with the yellow telegrams in the center. Presently, however, he produced his spectacles, polished them methodically, seated them astride his well-complexioned nose; and, beaming benevolently as was his wont, for the world had used him generously at his insistence, he read the top telegram—and his spasmodic reaction to it toppled the long ash from the end of his cigar all over his neatly sorted papers. Gone at once were his serenity and his benevolence as he jabbed at Andy Lochlaren's buzzer button before he blew the ashes off his desk, and, in picking up the papers scattered by his exasperated blowings, his eye caught something in the second telegram which made him jab at Julius Bimberger's buzzer button.

Andy Lochlaren came in with the morning sunlight gleaming cheerfully on his egg-shaped head, and in him the solemn serenity of a man who has performed all his duties dutifully and is beyond reproach.

"Good morning, Mr. Schusshel. It's a pleasant morning, isn't it?" he observed; and just then the empurpled countenance of the chief raised up from behind the desk, and a crumpled telegram was thrust at Andy with an irritated "Read that!"

The Eastern manager of the M. P. C. had been in daily contact with David Schusshel for so many years that tempest and sunshine were all one; so he took the telegram, drew up a chair, produced and polished his spectacles, seated them astride the sharp-angled nose which seemed to have been attached to his countenance as an afterthought, and read as follows:

> You didn't send along his medals with this bird Wagley. What's he ever done to win a blue ribbon except one hit and eighty-four flops for the Earthwide? I got my own scenario editor, Simmons, that I'm satisfied with. Do I pack Wagley in excelsior or ship him back raw? ISIDOR ISKOVITCH, G. M.

Andy laid the telegram on the corner of David's desk very politely, and he smiled a smile which on a less solemn face would have been one of hilarity.

"Yes, I read my copy of this. Izzy is descending to humor"

"Well, what does it mean about this Wagley business?" demanded David. "I thought I told you to help the boy all you could"

"That's why I sent him a scenario editor who knows our needs. Wagley has been with us in this office for three years, and has made it an especial study to find out what the exhibitor wants. Julius Bimberger and Wagley and myself held a four-night conference and mapped out all our immediate productions for the boy."

"You might have known you wouldn't get away with that with Izzy without a scrap. You leave it to me, I think you better wire Wagley to come back. Izzy ought to have a free hand to show what he can do. Don't put any stones in his road."

"My duty to you, Mr. Schusshel, sometimes compels me to use my judgment in opposition to your impulse," returned Andy dryly. "I like the boy. I want to help him. But he is terribly young for a job so stupendous, and the only way he can swing it is for us to surround him with reliable, experienced men under our own control, to whom we can delegate authority in emergency"

"That means you make a figurehead of him. I think the boy's a genius maybe. I want him to have a chance, so I can find out. If he is I don't have to work so hard and have so much trouble."

"You thought Tennyson Guldengeld would be a genius maybe," retorted Andy, handing the Old Man this thrust with great satisfaction. "You insisted on giving that twenty-four-year-old prodigy full authority, until we had to take it away from him. We were all afraid of him, you know; but you had picked him, and you slapped our fingers until he nearly ruined the business. Izzy Iskovitch is two years younger than Tennyson. Do you want the responsibility of repeating your experience with the boy wonder?"

"I heard enough of him!" growled old David, squirming uncomfortably in his chair. "You throw Tennyson Guldengeld up to me every time I call you down for something. But you have to remember this: If Izzy hadn't been so smart to find a way to get rid of him we'd have Tennyson Guldengeld yet."

"Nobody said Izzy isn't smart. He's proved for five years that he's smart; but he's a twister; he always does it in some way that isn't regular, something you can't calculate on"; and Andy, contemplating the originality of Izzy, was sincerely worried. "He's erratic and he's bull-headed, and to come right back to where I started, he's too young to have the total responsibility of a ten-million-dollar enterprise. Wagley will insure us a steady stream of good commercial pictures. For an equally substantial reason I sent Gansfeder on the next train to be business manager, and I've called Loebman East to take Gansfeder's place here. Loebman was Izzy's boss for three years, and they're such good friends that Izzy could twist Loebman around his little finger. It isn't safe. With Gansfeder I sent out a new technical director, a man Julius and I know very well—Hollison from the Pinnacle's Long Island studios; and that covers the three leading avenues of responsibility. It makes us safe, Mr. Schusshel."

Old David relapsed into troubled silence, rubbing a broad forefinger contemplatively up and down the bridge of his nose, and his heart went out to Izzy Iskovitch, struggling away in distant Hollywood to carry the stupendous burden of the M. P. C.'s productions, and to make a bright and shining name for himself; a strong-willed and eager-minded boy full of plans and resourcefulness, and particularly impatient of hampering restrictions. Up and down the bridge of his nose went that broad finger slowly, methodically, and presently it smoothed out the troubled wrinkles in the Old Man's forehead; then a glint of humor came into the yellow eyes and his pursed lips relaxed into a grin. They pursed again immediately, for at that moment in came Julius Bimberger, turning sidewise slightly to get his width through the door. The general sales manager of the M. P. C. was an extremely wide man, from his wide-toed shoes to the stiff line of his hair where it was combed straight across his wide, low forehead; and on Julius' expression sat perpetually the wide, wide smile of one who feels that he has great cause to think well of himself. And why not? There were ninety million people in the United States who might envy Julius his job, and that was enough.

"Say, Julius, how's Dixie Day going?"

"A couple of ha-ha's!" rejoined Julius heartily, and drawing up a wide-armed chair he planted himself in it for a comfortable conference. "Say, if I was to throw in a fireworks display with a Dixie Day film, the exhibitors'd burn the film and pay the rental on the fireworks. She's out! She's a dead one!"

"Then why don't we change her line?" returned David, loosing his exasperation. "By golly, it makes me mad that we keep putting out a line of pictures for three years that my sales department can't sell at a profit! Or is the trouble maybe with my sales department?"

Andy Lochlaren snickered

"Our Izzy wants to change Dixie's style of pictures. What do you think of it, Julius?"

"I can save my brains," and Julius, ignoring the boss' bark, which was proverbially worse than his bite, laughed with hearty appreciation of his own neat way of putting things. He was accounted among the subordinates whom he hired as a wise-cracker without a peer, and he was constantly put to it to sustain his reputation. "I don't have to think, because the answer's in all the exhibitors' box-office reports. They like Dixie Day in these pure little poor-girl ingénue parts. Pictures like Golden Hair and Golden Heart."

"Yes, that was a great picture," agreed David with pleased reminiscence. "We made a lot of money on that picture."

Astounding! What marvelous paralysis of intelligence sat on these three: on shrewd old David Schusshel, who was above the average of shrewdness; clear-headed Andy Lochlaren, who was above the average of clear-headedness; and on experienced Julius Bimberger, who was above the average of sales experience. Once upon a time Dixie Day had played in a picture called Golden Hair and Golden Heart, in which Dixie had portrayed the part of a poor girl who, through her impregnable virtue and her sweet disposition, had married far above her station in life, dramatically remaining virtuous and sweet; and the picture had been a hit. Since then Dixie had played in nine pictures a year, for four and a half years, making forty-one successive pictures in all, in each of which she had portrayed a poor girl who, through her impregnable virtue and her sweet disposition, had married far above her station in life,

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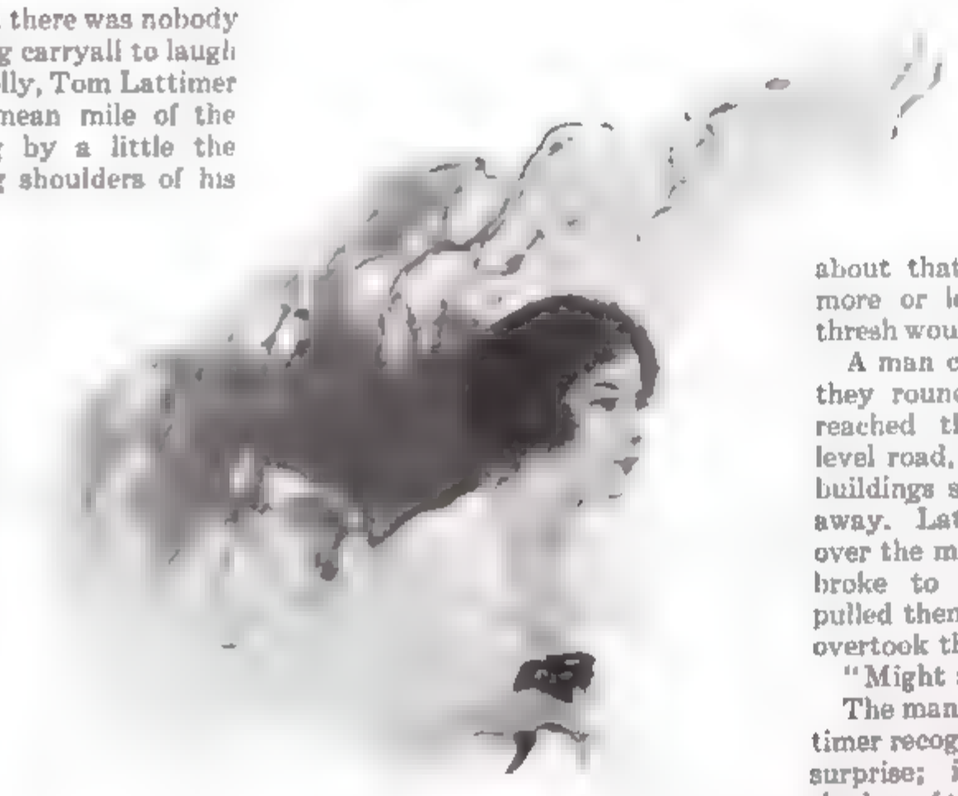
"No, Prue, I Want You to Go Right Ahead an' Do What You Planned"

COMP'NY

By HUGH MACNAIR KAHLER

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

AS ALWAYS when there was nobody in the lumbering carryall to laugh at him for his folly, Tom Lattimer walked up the last mean mile of the station hill, lessening by a little the burden on the toiling shoulders of his team; and after old habit when there was no one else to listen, he talked to the horses. It pleased him to notice, as the big heads rose and fell in time to the labored strides, that each of the clumsy beasts slanted one attentive ear back toward him. Talking lightened any task for Tom Lattimer; he clung to a secret conviction that listening made the harsh slope of the hill seem a little easier to Bill and Bess.



Dora

The lift of the road unfolded a widening view of the level floor of the valley and the flank of the farther hill; he let the team draw breath at a water bar, where he could see his own lands, compressed by the distance, so that the whole farm was visible at once: the belt of woodlot along its upper boundary, the long, narrow strip of wheat field running down to the homestead at the hill's foot, the stretch of flat fields to the twisting line of willows that overhung the creek. His mood lifted to a pride of possession and sank again to a sort of self-reproach. He could see the binder up there in the ripe wheat, idle in the perfect harvest weather after cutting that narrow swath around the standing grain. There were other fields in sight where men and machines were busy; a few, here and there, already dotted with shocks. He and his team ought to be at work over there instead of spending the best part of the day on this trip to the station. Some of that wheat would shell out of the ear before he got it cut, at this rate.

He shook off the thought. It wasn't his fault; Hattie Marsh and her children couldn't walk the six miles from the train, harvest or no harvest; somebody had to meet them, no matter what happened to the crop. He brightened. He would be glad to see Hattie again; she'd bring a lot of talk into the house. And the children made things lively too; young hellions, clean crazy to get out of school and loose in a forty-acre lot, after a winter of streets and walls. He chuckled; fun to watch those youngsters eat, after skim milk and canned vegetables. He chirped happily to the horses and they leaned forward into their collars. It didn't matter about that wheat—a few bushels more or less when you came to thresh wouldn't break or make you.

A man came into view ahead as they rounded the last angle and reached the welcome stretch of level road, with the dingy station buildings still a quarter of a mile away. Lattimer climbed nimbly over the moving wheel; the horses broke to a ponderous trot; he pulled them to a standstill as they overtook the pedestrian.

"Might as well ride," he called.

The man turned slowly, and Lattimer recognized him with a stab of surprise; in the black masklike shadow of the hat brim the face was bleached to the color of putty, the pallor emphasized by the angry red of the sunburned throat. The eyes met his squarely, defiantly, and yet with a doubt, a wariness; something in the look made Lattimer think of a dog that has learned to distrust snapped fingers and friendly sounds. The thought moved his hand in a welcoming peremptory gesture; he cramped the wheels.

"Get in—get in. Glad to see you, Jud. Didn't know you were—home."

He caught back another word on the brink of utterance. The man in the road grinned slowly.

"Got out yesterday." His voice creaked like a rusty wheel. "Come in on Number Six this morning."

He obeyed Lattimer's repeated gesture and climbed to the seat beside him. Lattimer felt an unspoken thought in the tone. He kept his eyes before him, vaguely sure that Jud Armstead wasn't comfortable under even a friendly scrutiny.

"Well, well—glad to have you home again, Jud."

Armstead did not answer, but something in his silence spoke for him. Lattimer risked a swift sidewise glance and saw that the bleached face was set and ugly, the eyes narrowed to slits in the shadow that cut across the thin high-beaked nose with that puzzling effect of a black mask. He dropped a hand on an arm that was hard and rigid under the touch.

"Look here, Jud—you aren't fixing to leave again so quick? That's all wrong. You paid up—something over, I guess. I never figured you went to hurt Chick. Just a rough-and-tumble. You don't want to leave home."

"Got invited to." Armstead laughed grimly. "Reckitt told me, right in front of the post office. There was plenty to hear him. Guess the Glen can worry along without us jailbirds."

"Reckitt doesn't own the Glen." Lattimer spoke hotly. "He's got no right to order you out of it. You belong here just the same as he does. And if you're afraid you won't get work, don't let that bother you. I need help pretty bad, right now. You come home with me."

Armstead shook his head. "Wouldn't be worth my keep on a farm. I was sick—down there, and I can't seem to get my stren'th back. Had to rest five-six times, just climbin' that hill."

"You'll chirk up fast enough, now you're home." Lattimer wagged his head obstinately. "Healthiest climate in the state right here in the Glen. Ought to see the way the city folks take to it. And don't you worry about the work end of it—there's a sight of chores a sick man can do around the place. I was just wondering how we'd make out, with company coming. It'd be a favor to me, Jud, if you'd stay a spell—till I can get somebody else anyhow."

At the back of his mind he knew that he was doing a foolish thing. Jud Armstead hadn't a day's work in him; the chances were that he'd bush out, get sick again, be just one more burden for Chrissie and the girls. And there was his record—perhaps he hadn't meant to kill in that scuffle, but the mark was on him, all the same, the prison bleach. Annie and Dora—they'd have to cook for him, wait on him—a jailbird. And the Glen would talk too. For a moment he half repented his offer, but another sidelong glance caught Armstead's face turned toward the far hill in a look that Lattimer read like print. The sullen savage passion of that homesickness cut through him like a keen blade.

"That's settled, Jud. Takes a big weight off my mind, I tell you. Just couldn't see how I'd get through this summer."

Armstead's eyes met his. "Ain't afraid I'll rob you, first night I get a chance?"

"Quit talking like that. You know better." Lattimer laughed. "Besides, if you can find anything worth stealing you don't have to steal it. Just tell me and I'll go halvers with you."

The old joke lifted his humor. He tied both horses firmly to ring bolts in the scuffed platform; Bess and Bill hated trains. He left Armstead at their heads and went around the station as the engine came in sight. A pleasant quiver of anticipation stirred in him; he loved these arrivals with a persistent passion that sometimes puzzled him. He was never quite so completely at peace with himself as when he watched the roaring uprush of the locomotive, waited for the sight of faces at once fresh and familiar. Hattie's three boys tumbled toward him from the steps of the day coach.

Lifting His Voice Above the Screaming Brakes He Shouted: "Mighty Good to Have the Old House Filling Up Again, Hattie"

heedless of their mother's shrill prohibitions. He shook hands with her, observing her dress and hat with satisfaction. She looked nice, Hattie did; Dave must be doing pretty well, to dress her like this.

He called Jud to help him with the two trunks—new big ones that brought a fretful whine from the old springs as they were strapped to the rack. Jud went around to the halter ropes. Hattie twitched at Lattimer's sleeve.

"Isn't that young Armstead—the one who — ?"

"Sh-h!" Lattimer touched his lip. "He'll hear you, Hattie. Jud's all right. He won't bother you any."

Hattie's sniff was eloquent. "Bother me? How could he? I'm not likely to see him again."

Lattimer was troubled. He enjoyed Hattie's conversation principally because of its forthright quality. Hattie believed in speaking her mind. She was wholly capable of making a fuss when Jud started home with them.

"You see, Hattie—with help so scarce this summer—and Jud's been sick, too I hired him to help me out awhile. He's all right. He won't ——"

Hattie compressed her lips. "Well, I must say!"

The tone made Lattimer wince. The phrase was one of Hattie's favorites. He urged her to the back seat to prevent more debate just then. She spoke sharply to the boys.

"Herbert—Charles! You get right out of that front seat this minute. You ride back here with me."

There were loud protests. Both boys designed to drive, to sit by Cousin Tom, and both sulked when overruled. Even Arthur, the youngest, complained of the decision. Lattimer understood Hattie's tone; she wasn't going to let her boys sit near a jailbird if she could help it. He hoped Jud didn't guess her meaning too.

Evidently Armstead didn't; he climbed over the wheel to the seat at Lattimer's side with no hesitation; he sat still, staring straight ahead, the hat brim canted so that its shadow fell lower on his face than before, his lean jaws tight set, his eyes narrowed.

Lattimer was glad that he had done his marketing on his way to the train; he could take the short road home and spare Jud another trip through the village. Still uneasily conscious of Hattie's forbidding silence he shouted to her as he drove, lifting his voice above the screaming brakes.

"Mighty good to have the old house filling up again, Hattie. Wish Dave could get away too."

Her refusal to answer stimulated him to fresh effort. He told her the news of the farm, of Chrissie and the girls.

"Got a surprise for you too. Wait till you see what we've been doing to the upstairs this winter."

The boys instantly demanded enlightenment. He surrendered his secret under their clamorous persuasions.

"Took and fixed up that little east room for a bathroom—piped the water down from the spring last fall. Got a shower bath, hot or cold, just like you city folks. Be a lot more comfortable for you this summer, I guess."

Hattie was diverted by the news. Her silence melted to approval. He ought to have done it long ago, she told him; she'd always said it would be easy to fix up the old house so that it would be fit to live in. She admitted that it would make a difference with Dave—that shower bath; he'd like to come up to the Glen while his family was there, but he was a great hand for his comforts, Dave was.

"Figured it might make a difference." Lattimer chuckled. "Lem and Aunt Martha are coming up this summer, and we're kind of counting on Eddie bringing up his new wife for a visit along in August. It'd seem pretty good to get all the rooms full of folks again."

He felt Jud Armstead's glance and turned to meet it. The eyes were still narrowed, curious, as if Armstead were studying him. He grinned. He wanted Jud to feel at home too.

They crossed the flat valley, past the fringe of the little town that huddled in the angle of the hills, and reached the old post road that followed the wavering flank of the farther slope. Men were at work here with transits and targets and steel tapes.

"Fixing to build the new state road, Hattie." He waved an arm at them. "Looks like business, this time, doesn't it? Be pretty fine to have a regular city street running right past the house, eh? The Glen's waking up, I tell you. Won't know it, three-four years from now."

The yellow highway dipped and climbed over recurrent shoulders, dropping to little wooden bridges over dry brooks and toiling up sharp ascents beyond them; they passed thrifty farmsteads, crowding the road, white-painted houses and big substantial barns; the sight of the men at work in the wheat fields reminded Lattimer of his own neglected harvest, and he frowned at the thought, thrust it from him. Hattie and the boys had to be brought down from the station, didn't they? Couldn't very well let them walk, just because the wheat needed cutting. Besides, the trip had paid for itself; he'd picked up a hand, hadn't he? Weak as he was, Jud Armstead was better than no help at all.

He relaxed into self-approval that deepened as he approached his home. Always, after his trips to the village, the place impressed him with a fresh sense of ownership and pride. He saw it, now, as with the neutral eye of a stranger—the size and solidity of the house, its brick walls as plumb as when old Joseph Lattimer had built them, the blue-black background of the evergreen windbreak lending a hint of mellow warmth to the yellow paint. It invited, that house; it seemed to smile and beckon to you as you drove toward it; he reasoned with himself on the point. It wasn't just because it was his own that he felt its welcome; other people noticed it, spoke of it. He glanced at Armstead, wondering whether the convict was feeling something of that welcome now. He hoped so. But Armstead's face told him nothing; the eyes were still contracted, the lips compressed.

Lattimer's thought moved in a smooth groove to a favorite fancy of the times when the place had still served its original purpose as a post-road inn. He liked to think of those days, before the canals and railroads had drawn travel out of the Glen; he often envied old Joseph Lattimer his trade as host. It must have been a cheerful tavern, toward sundown, when the two coaches toiled up to its door from south and north, with the early candlelights shining through the little panes on the steaming horses and the scampering servants, while old Joseph stood on the steps to greet his road-worn guests.

Lattimer had a persistent regret when he let his mind dwell on these bygones; except in summer, when kinsfolk came to spend a little holiday with him, the inn stood all but empty, most of its rooms closed; he and Chrissie and the girls seemed all the lonelier for the useless space about them. He brightened; it would be better now—more like the old days, with Hattie and her boys and maybe Dave too; with Lem and his mother coming up from Lakeport, and the Darley cousins, perhaps; and Eddie, whose bride hadn't ever seen the place.

Chrissie and the girls ran out to meet them. Lattimer's eyes lighted at the sight of his wife; he seemed to see her, too, with a freshened clearness of observation, when he came home with company this way. She was still pretty, Chrissie was, with that glowing color that the cookstove gave her, with that ardent, little-girl excitement that made her look as young, almost, as Annie, dancing up and down beside her, hugging Hattie and the squirming displeased boys. Even Hattie, with all her finery, wasn't as good to look at as Chrissie.

Lattimer's glance moved to his younger daughter. Dora was different from the rest of them; she took things more quietly—so quietly that sometimes her father was troubled by a fear that people might misunderstand her, might think she wasn't glad to see them. He wasn't sure, himself, that Dora liked Hattie Marsh. She stood a little away from the group, her thin face grave, her eyes fixed on Jud Armstead, busy with the trunks. Lattimer had forgotten Jud. He drew Chrissie aside.

"You remember Jud Armstead, Chrissie—he's going to help me out awhile."

He saw Armstead's face tighten. But Chrissie's voice was as friendly as it had been to Hattie herself.

"That's fine, Jud. We've been needing somebody. I'm glad you're home again."

Armstead nodded without speech and turned to the horses. Chrissie investigated the parcels under the seat, and Lattimer had an unwelcome memory. He came close to her, so that Hattie wouldn't hear.

"You've forgotten that package of cereal, Tom! And I told you particularly—the boys can't eat mush."

"I couldn't get it, Chris." He lowered his tone. "McVicker wants cash for everything, and I didn't have enough. They'll have to get along on mush for a day or two."

Chrissie frowned thoughtfully. Then she brightened. "I found some more eggs—I'll drive up tonight. McVicker'll take eggs in trade, the same as money."

Lattimer was relieved. He didn't want Hattie to suppose they were short of ready money; it might make her uncomfortable if she knew. Of course it didn't matter a bit—a few extra mouths to be fed didn't make any difference on a farm. Trust Chrissie to manage things!

He encountered Jud Armstead's glance across the backs of the horses and something in it troubled him. The man's

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Armstead Startled Lattimer With an Abrupt Question About Wages

THE TRAGEDIES OF MR. PIP

By Edgar Jepson

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

IT WAS a glorious first Sunday in July. But Charles Edward Pip ate his breakfast with a subdued air. That glorious day had to be devoted to the discharge of a pious duty. On the first Sunday in every month he paid a visit to his Aunt Ellen, his father's only sister, in the town of Rickmansworth. It was distinctly a duty rather than a pleasure. His Aunt Ellen, though she had never married, entertained a profound distrust of men. On principle, for no reason, she extended this distrust to her young nephew. She had all his life treated him with a certain frostiness.

Moreover, she disapproved of his occupation—he was in the employ, at a salary of three pounds a week, of Messrs. Walton & Woodberry, Oriental importers—as she had disapproved of the occupation of his father before him, who at an early age had entered the office of Messrs. Worple & Smythe, currant merchants of Mincing Lane. It was true that no other course had been open to him. He had had to keep himself. Their father, a doctor with a small practice at Chipperfield, had not had the money to send him to a university or to enable him to qualify as a doctor or solicitor. Nevertheless, she felt that her brother and her nephew, by going into trade, as she phrased it, had been false to the Pip tradition. Her great-grandfather had been a prebendary of Lincoln, her grandfather had been vicar of Lea, near Gainsborough; her great-uncles and uncles had been parsons, doctors or lawyers. Charles Edward was the last of the Pips, and he was in trade. The fact that he had no resemblance whatever to her conception of the proper appearance of a tradesman rather increased her disapproval.

The visits then gave to Mr. Pip very little pleasure, except that he always enjoyed an excellent dinner. Over the cooking of it his aunt, though she kept a small maid, or rather a succession of small maids, presided so closely that she may truly be said to have cooked it herself; and the Pip tradition of cooking, going back to those distant days when the English took their food seriously, was high indeed, though it scoffed at kickshaws. And for all her frostiness, Aunt Ellen selected and cooked her nephew's dinner with the greatest care. In trade though he was, he was now the head of the family.

It was, indeed, a glorious day. The sun was shining its brightest; but a faint, fresh breeze took the edge off its heat. Charles Edward matched the glorious day. The gray suit which he was wearing, cut by the chief cutter of Alexander the Great according to his instructions, had known only three weeks' wear. His straw hat was very little yellowed by the sun. His tie, his socks and his silk handkerchief were of the same shade of delicate blue; and his shoes were of that warm, rich brown which is produced only by loving care. With his slim, tall figure, clear-skinned, tanned face, blue eyes and high-arched nose, he looked in those beautiful clothes that which was his aim, almost his passion, to look—a well-groomed English gentleman.

But a connoisseur would have observed that there was a strange, an astonishing lack in his equipment. He was without a walking stick. This was owing to the fact that his aunt had written to him, "Do not bring a walking stick with you on Sunday; I have one for you."

Charles Edward obeyed, but he felt uncomfortably incomplete. He did not enjoy his journey to Rickmansworth.

He arrived at Lea Villa, as his aunt had piously named her tiny house, at a quarter past one. A little maid, new, but rightly impressed by this splendid visitor, ushered him into the tiny drawing-room with an awed air. At the sight of his beautifully garbed figure and distinguished and ingenuous face his aunt forgot for a moment her distrust of men and her disapproval of his occupation, and greeted him almost warmly. For the hundredth time she deplored in her heart the fact that her brother had also been false to the Pip tradition by dying at the age of forty—no Pip was expected to die before seventy-eight—without having saved enough money to send Charles Edward to the university. She saw Charles Edward as the perfect curate. In her girlhood she had loved a curate. To her curates were still princes of men.

She said, "You certainly are the image of your Great-great-uncle George. I saw him once when I was a little girl." She added proudly, "He was ninety-two."

She told Charles Edward this every time she saw him, and every time Charles Edward wondered how he contrived to be the very image of a man of ninety-two. But he never questioned her statement. She was a lady and his only surviving relation.

She received him in the drawing-room, but she made haste to return to the kitchen, from which she had hurried at his ring, observing that she must superintend Elaine's dishing-up or she would spoil everything and break a vegetable dish or the sauce boat.

The dinner was, indeed, excellent—a roast chicken superbly browned, with potatoes and peas and bread sauce of a quality Charles Edward had not met during the preceding month, a raspberry-and-currant tart with cream, and a cream cheese of his aunt's own making, unknown in the restaurants of London. With it he drank a bottle of Bass.

As always, his aunt said, "I hope you like your ale. You ought to have tasted the ale, the October ale, they brewed at your great-grandfather's." She inquired rather coldly about his prospects in business, and how he had been spending his leisure. She sniffed at the Cultural Circle of the Notting Hill Gate Polytechnic, but was delighted to hear that he had won a silver cup in a fencing competition at the Stadium Club. For the hundred and fiftieth time she told him that it was a pity he did not ride—"Every gentleman ought to ride."

Charles Edward agreed with her warmly, but once more pointed out that he could not afford to ride. Then she told him of the affairs of Rickmansworth, and deplored at length the decadence of the young English girl, a theme on which she had been eloquent for over forty years.

Then she went upstairs and came back with the walking stick she had promised him. It was a Malacca cane with an ivory ball on the top; but such a Malacca cane as Charles Edward had never seen, of a delicate pale brown, not dark as is the common Malacca. Its top was an ivory ball, mellowed by age; and carved in relief on it at equal distances apart were three orange pips.

Charles Edward was immensely delighted with it, and he expressed that delight. He gloated over it—a cane like that in a family was a diploma of good birth, an authentic social cachet. It was almost more than the cane of a well-groomed English gentleman. He thanked his aunt for it warmly, indeed. The gift brought them closer together than they had ever been.

Then, still gazing at the cane, he said in a musing tone, "Three orange pips."

"They are quaint; and your grandfather told me that they had something to do with punning heraldry," said his aunt. "The Pips once had a coat of arms; but I could never find out anything about it. Neither your grandfather nor your great-grandfather was interested in that kind of thing."

"A coat of arms!" exclaimed Charles Edward, excited by a fact which bore on his favorite part of the well-groomed English gentleman.

"Everything seems to end with your great-great-grandfather, the prebendary," said his aunt. "This cane belonged to him; and, of course, the family Bible, with all our names and the dates of our births in it, belonged to him too. Your grandfather once said something about his having quarreled with the rest of his family. I dare say that there are lots of Pips in the North related to us—if we only knew them."

"And they might be quite nice people."

"Of course they would be nice people!" said his aunt stiffly.

"I've a good mind to spend my holiday in Lincoln and go into the matter, though of course I prefer Folkestone and the sea," said Charles Edward thoughtfully. "One ought to know all about one's family."

"I have heard your grandfather say that there was a Pip who was a baronet. But everything seems to end with your great-great-grandfather," said his aunt.

"It rather seems to begin with him," said Charles Edward.

"You can put it like that if you like," said his aunt.

At three o'clock, after again thanking her warmly for the Malacca cane, he took his leave of her, as was their custom. She retired to her siesta; he started to walk back to London.

He came out of Lea Villa in a great exhilaration. He had always known that the Pips were gentlefolk. His father had impressed it on him, as well as his aunt. But if there had been baronets in the family, ancestors, then he was of

"I Knew You'd Have to Come for It! I Knew You'd Have to—Sooner or Later—When You'd Get Over That Detestable Silkiness!"

good family; and it behooved him more than ever to be the well-groomed English gentleman. The Malacca cane would certainly conduce to that end. He was immensely delighted with it. He examined it again and at length in the bright sunlight and liked it more than ever. The possession of it undoubtedly stamped his great-great-grandfather as a man of distinction. But the name Pip ——

Mr Pip sighed. Of course Pip was his name, and since it was his name, it was a name to be proud of; and of course it was a good old English name—it could not be anything else. But he had often wished that he had had a name which had less attraction for the humorist. Quite a number of persons of his acquaintance, especially at the City of London School, where he had been educated, had seemed, and still seemed, to find a genuine and unflagging pleasure in greeting him, and even saying farewell to him, with the words "Pip! Pip!"

His thoughts turned to Sarah Ann Pyppe, a young lady whom he had met on two occasions, both disastrous. Certainly, had his name been spelled Pyppe, he would have pronounced it Pipe and not Pip, as she did.

He wondered if there had really been baronets of the name of Pip. He must consult the authorities.

His musings brought him halfway across Moor Park. He gave up musing to enjoy the country. He had walked part of the way to London from Lea Villa so many times that he had discovered the really agreeable route, a route which kept him free from the highroads most of the way. He went by footpaths and bridle paths and empty lanes untroubled by the motorist. It was a day for footpaths and lanes. In his pleasure at the possession of the heirloom he walked on lighter feet than ever. At intervals he surveyed it with pride and pleasure. So he came to Ruislip. There he had tea at an inn, a large and lingering tea. Then, refreshed, he decided to walk towards London for another hour before taking a train. Again he avoided highroads.

He was crossing a meadow to a stile in the hedge of a lane between Ruislip and Harrow when he heard the sound of raised voices in the lane. The high, thick hedge hid the speakers from him. One of the voices was a woman's. It sounded distressful. Also it was vaguely familiar. The man's voice was rough and truculent. Mr. Pip quickened his steps and came over the stile, to see a motorcycle, a tramp and a girl. The motorcycle appeared to be out of action. It stood against a gate on the opposite side of the lane, and the contents of its tool box were spread out on the grass beside it. The tramp was, as usual, demanding money with menaces. The girl was backing away from him down the road towards Mr. Pip.

Mr. Pip not only knew the proper course for a well-groomed English gentleman to take in these circumstances, but the gymnasium of the Notting Hill Gate Polytechnic had equipped him to take it.

He ran lightly and quickly down the road towards the disputants. Absorbed in their conversation, neither the tramp, a smallish, wormy tramp, nor the girl observed his entry on the scene.

The tramp said, "Fork out or I'll wring your something neck!"

The girl said, "I won't, you ugly, dirty brute!"

Her voice was familiar to Mr. Pip. It almost checked him in his stride. But he arrived, and suddenly, with a well-judged straight right between the tramp's eyes; and as the grimy successor of England's highwaymen staggered back, not quite realizing why so many stars had come out so suddenly, Mr. Pip caught him by the scruff of his dirty neck and began to wire into him with the prebendary's Malacca for all he was worth.

The tramp recovered sufficiently from the well-judged right to start yelling. Mr. Pip went serenely and joyfully on with the cane till he was rather interrupted by a violent tug at his left arm, which nearly loosed his grip on the tramp's neck.

"How can you be such a horrid brute? You're hurting the poor man!" cried the girl.

It was Sarah Ann Pyppe.

"I'm trying to," said Mr. Pip, and he continued to try.

Sarah Ann perceived that she was tugging at the wrong arm. She grabbed at the other, caught it; and a terrible thing happened. Her grab deflected the stroke. The tramp was kicking out behind; the end of the cane struck the iron-rimmed heel of his boot; it broke off short in the middle.

Charles Edward said a word under his breath, loosed the tramp, and gazed at the broken heirloom in a blank and bitter dismay.

The tramp went. Charles Edward turned on Sarah Ann Pyppe and looked at her earnestly. He was wholly blind to the beauty of her flushed face. He saw only his evil genius—the girl who had spoiled the trousers of Alexander the Great, the girl who had inflamed her escort at the Blue Moon to destroy the silk hat he had bought from Mr. Henry Heath, and now the girl who had broken the prebendary's cane against a tramp. He was in a cold fury—the third into which she had driven him—and his eyes were very bright.

"I knew it!" he said thickly, with immense bitterness. "Directly I heard your voice I knew that something beastly was going to happen to me!"

He held out the broken cane. Sarah Ann Pyppe looked at it earnestly.

"Is it spoiled?" she said, not very intelligently.

"Is it spoiled?" said Charles Edward in accents still thickened by emotion.

"Never mind," she said in a soothing voice. "I'll get you another." She paused and added, "A better one."

Charles Edward glared at her.

"You can't get me another one—a better one. It was a family cane—an heirloom—the only heirloom I ever had," he said bitterly, and there was something like anguish in his eyes

"What a pity!" said Sarah Ann Pyppe in a tone of distress. Then her face brightened and she added, "But I can have a new cane put in the handle. The handle will always be an heirloom, anyhow."

Charles Edward found no comfort in the suggestion: the cane, the whole cane, had been as the apple of his eye The handle without the cane was, at the moment, as nothing.

"And what's the good of that? It isn't the same thing at all," he said bitterly.

"Surely it's better than nothing," said Sarah Ann reasonably enough. Then she added in a grieved, apologetic tone, "It's extraordinary that whenever we meet I always seem to bring you bad luck."

Charles Edward looked at her darkly. Well-groomed as he was, he had to be frank. He could not help it.

He said, "I don't believe there's anything extraordinary about it. I believe it's your temper."

"My what?" cried Sarah Ann in the tone of amazement in which one greets a new and astounding hypothesis.

"Your temper," said Charles Edward coldly. "I believe you tried to commit suicide in a tantrum."

"A tantrum!" cried Sarah Ann on a high note.

"A tantrum," said Charles Edward coldly and distinctly.

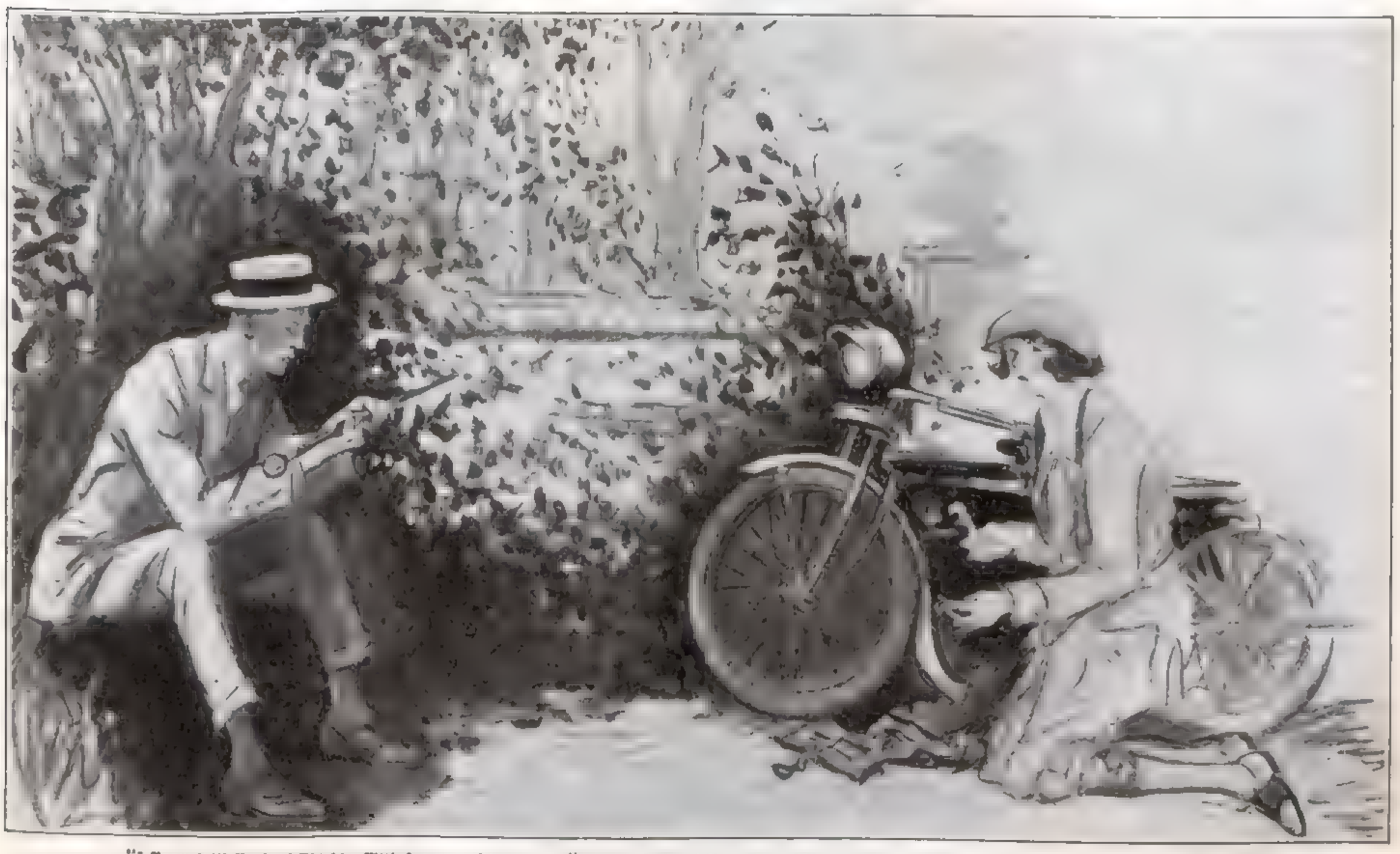
Sarah Ann's eyes flashed and her charming face became the mask of a fury.

Then she recovered herself and with tremendous dignity said, "It was nothing of the kind! My uncle and my aunt refused to let me marry Monty."

"Do you mean to tell me that you threw yourself into the Serpentine because you weren't allowed to marry that fat little idiot?" cried Charles Edward, surprised out of both his natural and acquired politeness.

"Monty isn't an idiot! He's a—he's a—Monty's awfully fond of me. He—he worships the very ground I tread on," protested Sarah Ann loudly. "And I'm very fond of him."

(Continued on Page 28)



"I Knew it!" He Said Thickly, With Immense Bitterness. "Directly I Heard Your Voice I Knew That Something Beastly Was Going to Happen to Me!"

INSTINCT OR REASON

ANIMALS I HAVE KNOWN IN THE JUNGLE

By W. A. Fraser

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

AN ENTHRALLING and yet almost profitless discussion is ever alive: Do animals think or are they guided by instinct alone? Perhaps, as animals are condemned to go without souls, and so can't be saved for life beyond the Styx, a verdict is of little moment; but the fact that the discussion attracts, as a rule, fine minds makes the controversy not only pleasant but valuable in a softening of the harshness of the man the animal who because of a greater mental development feels it incumbent upon himself to kick in the ribs his less progressive friend to establish his superiority.

I think Burroughs decided that animals do not think. Of course, that was only what Burroughs thought about animals thinking, and really doesn't matter. Candidly, I am puzzled all the time in observing animals in trying to find the dividing line. It is so elusive, and one is always coming upon the unexpected. But the beauty of the whole thing is that the unexpected is really not a thing of disgust, but a joy.

Herein is a tremendous thing to be considered: When one associates with men, with a prospect of continued association, the feeling is one of caution, suspicion: Will the new man pan out? Will he stand the acid test? Back in the hall of memory hang grim skeletons—skeletons of disillusionment.

Now with animals one nearly always winds up with a higher appreciation, or at least of feeling "I don't blame him." Animals run far truer to form than men. They keep their caste. One can tell pretty closely what a fox terrier will do; what an Airedale will do; what a Thoroughbred horse will do; even under certain circumstances what a mule will do; but what a man will do under unusual pressure God alone knows.

The Krait

SO HEREIN I am somewhat like an attorney who has been forced to act for both the plaintiff and the defendant, and am going to summon witnesses—all sorts of people, from tiger to cockatoo, hypothetically of course, for I am going to tell what I know about them generally from personal observation and rare reliable data.

For two years I was located at the headquarters for snakes; at least I have never read of any place so prolific in reptiles as the islands off the coast of Burma—Borango, Ramree and others. We had the *Daboia russellii*, a very lethargic, beautifully mottled reptile about three feet long and as deadly as a cobra. He was more dangerous than a cobra because of his sluggishness. He rarely moved out of one's way, and if touched would strike with terrific rapidity. Even his colorization was dangerous, though it was part of his defense, and even offense. Sometimes he appeared almost the color of the earth and fallen leaves—a dead, sandy hue; sometimes he was spotted and ringed black and gold just like a stick carrying patches of sunlight and shadow. I fancy there are varieties of the daboia; and the krait, being of a dull reddish or sandy color, may have been mistaken by me at times for a daboia. However, if either of them hooked a curved fang into one's flesh the result would be the same—death within an hour.

The krait has an amber red eye, absolutely flat of expression, no pupil; and the natives say that if a man gazes steadily into the eye of a krait for some time he'll become stark, staring mad. There are some kraits in the Bronx Zoo, so with this in mind I should advise the reader to avoid the krait's eye.

I suppose one can't live cheek by jowl with snakes without standing some day in the shadow of death—especially if one becomes, through familiarity, bred into contempt. Strangely, I was never afraid of snakes: they didn't fill me with an imaginative horror as they did others, notably an engineer mate, Bell. He was a real man, a man to swear by; and yet no woman could have been readier to jump and yell if a snake suddenly appeared in his path. Another of our party, Creamer, an Irishman, had a boisterous sense of humor; and one day when Bell was in the bathroom, splashing water over his body, the misguided son of Erin, with a peep through the woven bamboo wall, lifted over its top a cold, stringy mop and let it dribble down on Bell's shoulder. We both fled to the jungle, for when Bell, who was a powerful man, had stopped yelling murder he clambered into a pair of pajamas and came forth berserk.

I Believe That the Figures They Found Represent a Bird We Had in Burma, the Black-Necked Curlew. He Was a Magnificent Bird

But what I wish to tell is that perhaps it's a sort of premonition that makes a man scary about certain things, for Bell came as close to death from the spear of a serpent's fang as anybody ever did.

It was night, and Bell went into his room, which was—contrary to our rule dark. It was a fixed edict with us that no one should enter a darkened room without a lantern in his hand.

Almost immediately we heard his somewhat familiar yell, and he came out, saying, "I've been struck by a snake that was on the table."

I held a lantern close to the wrist he extended, and we saw there on the cuff of his shirt two tiny punctures and two little blobs of yellowish stain. On the skin there was nothing—the fangs had not gone home.

It was a daboia that had struck at Bell as he reached across the table on which the snake was coiled.

A Scare

I ALSO had a call quite close enough.

There is a tree growing in Lower Burma called the see sepaw—the oil wood—that is like a milch cow. It is a big, healthy, upstanding tree, and the natives with their dahs hack a bucket-shaped hole in its side; then they burn this hole till its charred surface is more or less enameled. This receptacle gradually fills with an oil that the Burmese burn in their little iron lamps. Also their canoes are made from this tree.

One day in the jungle I wanted some of that oil; and seeing a tree with a black, yawning mouth, I started to investigate. Another tree had fallen and some of the top limbs were straggling across the oil receptacle; so I grasped one that was directly in the way, and by some curious chance missed the terrible side-thrusting cut of a daboia's head. He had been lying along this limb, probably in a sluggish sleep, when wakened by my squeeze of his tail. I can swear that I felt the pat of his blunt nose against my hand.

In Northern Canada, especially the far Northwest where the Mounties patrol, every considerate hotelkeeper in the outside places establishes what is called the Snake Room. It's a room with darkened windows where men who have tarried with the red wine too strenuously go to sleep off that tired feeling. But no snake room ever had anything on our bungalow on the Borango.

When the rains came on, the snakes were flooded out of the jungle, and loved to crawl up the posts of our bungalow and curl up in the leaf roof. There being no ceiling, we generally saw them in time to fork them down with a three-tined fish spear that always stood against the wall in the dining room. Sometimes we overlooked one, of course, as on the night a serpent came plunk onto the dining table at the elbow of a most sedate Englishman, a Mr. Cooke, who was our kranie—that is to say, keeper of the seals and clerk.

So when one night Creamer came at a furious pace on his stubby little Burman pony, and turning him over to the syce came into the bungalow with a weird tale of having been shikaried by a huge python, we more or less laughed. Bell intimated that the keeper of the seals had not guarded sufficiently the whisky chest. But Creamer stuck to it.

He was jogging along the jungle road when suddenly there was a swirl and rustle of leaves as though a gale blew out of a funnel. His pony had stopped and thrown himself back on his haunches just as a terrible thing with a neck like gilded sewer pipe had struck. Perhaps it was the force of his rush, or the sudden discovery that it was a sahib he was molesting, that carried the python on straight across the path. The pony had needed no urging to come home as expeditiously as he could.

Creamer was quite sure that he had heard the python chasing up. Of course, not one of us believed the yarn, because Creamer was a blue-eyed, red-headed Irishman, and men of that type are fostered on banshee stories; also, we had never seen a big python on the island.

But Emir Ali, our native serang—headman—of the Bengali coolies, declared that his father had been killed higher up on the island by a python that was as big around as a barrel. Emir Ali, as a rule, was truthful; but as I was sure Creamer would give him a rupee for backing up the python yarn, I just winked at Dick.

Next day Lah Boh, my Burmese marji, came, suffused with excitement; the apocryphal python had materialized and was now sound asleep over in the jungle. According to Lah Boh, he was in the neighborhood of fifty feet long—many a native would have made it a hundred.

I took a double-barreled shotgun, and the Burmese rigged up a clever noose, two long bamboo poles with a running-rope snare fastened to either pole.

The python probably had had a mighty good dinner, for he never made a move as he lay stretched almost to full length, while my men gently drew the noose, standing well back, over his head. I held the cocked gun ten yards away, ready to fill the big, flat, hammer-nosed head with buckshot should he escape the noose.

Teaching Pet Cobras Manners

AT A SIGNAL from Lah Boh the men drew the slipknot tight and the jungle commenced to convolute. I believe that a twenty-foot python—he proved to be twenty feet long—in good health can develop more action instantaneously than any other animal on earth. His skin, a thing of beauty, a gold-and-white-and-black chain, flashed in the sunlight like an immense string of many jewels; twigs and leaves rose like butterflies, and there was a wild jargon of cries and orders from the Burmese. But game little chaps as they are, they held on, and soon the python—I fancy, his wind shut off—quieted down, and he remained quiet.

We put our prize in a big cage, and discovered that the only thing he cared to eat was chicken *au naturel*—feathers and all, and alive. He fed always just at dusk, and we, wise men, fed him to death, as we learned afterwards, for he died in three or four months.

The hamadryad, to science the *Ophiophagus elaps*, to the man on the spot the king cobra, is a bad lot. He's a gunman; he's a cannibal; he goes about looking for trouble; and as a fighter he's a heavyweight; and down the grooves of his fangs floods the deadly cobra venom.

It's a curious twist in creation that a serpent should have been created that was designed solely to feed on other snakes, and to have the courage and fighting instinct so highly developed.

I've read several times that the king cobra will eat other small animals as well as snakes, but I doubt it. We had a pair of hamadryads, each nearly ten feet long, in captivity on Borango Island, and though I tried them with birds, rats, frogs, different things, the only thing they would eat was snakes. Fortunately for the king cobra, there was an unfailing supply. And these two roommates always fought over their meals. When I would drop a snake in through the slide door in the top of their box they would face each other, one in each end, about two feet of their fore part erect, and spar; then there would be a dart forward, and gripping each other by the neck they would twist their bodies together and fight it out; fight until one would curl up in a corner, his head under his coils.

Just here let it be known that a cobra is immune to cobra venom.

The king cobra also has a fine mental equipment—in a serpentine way, I mean—as I'll try to show. As this pair were always tearing each other's necks, I tried to cure them of this family strife. With a light stick of cane held in the cage, I would catch them across the throat as they struck at each other, and if they took a half nelson I'd spank them with the stick. They got to know me; I could see it, for when others came close to the cage and peered in, the hamadryads would strike at the bars; but with me they were all right.

One day one of them escaped and made his way into our storehouse. I went in after him with a bamboo noose, but he was too clever. He outwitted me every time I tried to snare him. He rose up two or three times and gave his warning hiss, but I tapped him on the nose with the bamboo and he would glide away. I could see that he recognized me as his master; and finally, yielding to a sudden impulse, a rather crazy one, I grabbed him by the neck, brought him out and put him into the box. I'll admit that as soon as I had him I was afraid, and I am sure that if anybody else had gone into that storeroom the cobra would have attacked him.

Now, then, we come to the powerful fighting instinct being qualified by something—by a new exigency. Should we label that thinking? Of course, if it were a human being it could be nothing else but reason.

If the reader becomes incredulous over the following, I think by diligent inquiry the man in the yarn, who was but a boy at that time, could be located in Canada:

Our chief, Mr. Townsend, lived in a bungalow at Kyouk Phyou. He had a son about five years old, and suddenly it dawned upon Mrs. Townsend that several times she had missed the boy from about the bungalow. This discovery came home to her one day when she, wanting him, could not find him. The servants didn't know where he was; they hadn't seen him. The bungalow stood quite off by itself, as bungalows have a habit of doing in a cantonment in India. But, also, Kyouk Phyou was practically a waste of white sand, so all about this bungalow there was nothing but a spread of sand. The building stood on posts probably eight feet high, and a lattice inclosed these posts.

Native Reverence for the Cobra

THE bearer, sent to look for Sonny, saw the door of this lattice wall open, and it occurred to him to go in beneath the bungalow to see if the child had gone in there and perhaps fallen asleep. He walked in after the solemn manner of bearers, and came out on the run like an escaping convict. He was yelling murder, for behind him raced a king cobra.

Of course, his clamor brought the whole entourage; and when, with bulging eyes and patting of the chest with a trembling hand, he told what had happened, and that he had seen the butcha—the boy—sitting on the sand playing with a cobra, consternation took possession of everyone.

Fortunately Townsend was about, and grasping his shotgun he went in under the bungalow. Sure enough, there was the king cobra, erect and defiant; but before he could charge, Townsend had blown him to pieces with a double charge of shot. It was really almost a sin, for it was gradually learned from the boy that he often played with the pretty snake.

Of course, the cobra had taken possession of perhaps an old rat hole; but where he had come from was a mystery, for there was no jungle within nearly a mile.

We had numerous cobras with us. But the cobra among snakes is a gentleman, fighting only in self-defense and always ready to give warning.

There is a curious Singhalese story that illustrates the reverence natives have for this serpent. Of course, this

(Continued on Page 64)

The Crow Stretched His Neck Down and Grasped With His Strong Beak a Mouthful of Hair in the Donkey's Tail, Giving It a Most Vicious Tug

OH, DOCTOR!

By HARRY LEON WILSON

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

VII

MR. CLINCH seemed to conclude that the Lovers' Quarrel was but passable art; not a performance to engage him at length. He turned from it, brushed up a sleeve and regarded his wrist watch.

"I'll say they take their time; I could have had that goofus all apart and put together again by now."

His companions made no sign. Old Paramus Peck continued to watch and listen. Mr. McIntosh moodily tore his paper; the Matterhorn of ashes in the grate was now to its summit deep under snow. Mr. Clinch paced the rug, but with no care for the placing of his feet.

"I ain't so keen about specialists," he resumed. "You take cars ——" He waved argumentative invitation to the other two. "You go to a garage with a sick car, and the general practitioner in charge gives it a couple of looks and calls in a carburetor specialist; and he gives a couple of looks at twenty-five dollars per and says it needs a battery specialist. He comes along and says, 'For God's sake call a differential specialist quick, because it's a serious case!' And before you know it they have in a gear specialist and a brake specialist and they all decide it was a case of short circuit, and so a cub in overalls with grease on his face comes along with some pliers and gives a couple of twists and the old car breathes again. Of course the cub would have found the trouble in the first place." He paused for objection; none ensuing, he triumphantly voiced his conclusion: "Seaver's our general repair cub."

"What's the Matter With Him Anyway?" Demanded Aunt Beulah, Not in a Sick-Room Voice. "Is It Something He's Eaten?"

Paramus Peck seemed not to have listened, but he spoke:

"Doctors don't look like doctors any more." He seemed to mourn this. "That young one looks exactly like the young snipes that come along trying to sell me bonds."

Mr. McIntosh spared a glance from his task.

"The old one will look like a vestryman on a rainy Sabbath morning. He got damp reaching the sacred edifice and he's thinkin' the sermon is unsound doctrine."

"They'll know what they know," said Clinch; "only it'll take Seaver, the general repair man, to tell what it's worth. They'll find out two and two, but it'll take Seaver to put 'em together. See if it don't!"

Again opened the door that emitted a shaft of sunlight into the dusky hall. This time it stayed open while cheerful voices reached them in what seemed to be a series of farewells. Mr. Clinch paused midway in a rug crossing. Mr. McIntosh unfolded his humpish attitude to a surprising length and stood up, brushing bits of paper from his concave front. Through the rattling bead portière came the specialists in a wordy but scrupulously polite discussion of the weather. Doctor Scobell, suggesting a young bond salesman to the expert Peck, was believing rain would fall before the day was out. At the same time he suspected that his confrère, Doctor Graff, might be correct in his opinion that the present perfect weather would continue for days. Doctor Graff conscientiously reaffirmed this opinion, but urbanely admitted that Doctor Scobell's views to the contrary were doubtless more soundly based than his. Doctor Scobell protested, almost tenderly, and proffered his colleague a cigarette from a silver case. Doctor Graff lighted a match.

Mr. Clinch regarded his long-cold cigar with renewed interest, flashed an indignant but relieved look at the specialists, and lighted a match of his own. The costly cigar seemed at first to have become incombustible. Mr. Clinch deepened his dimples earnestly and was rewarded. His cigar glowed, whereupon he unceremoniously terminated the weather dispute. He cared nothing about the weather, nor were these men being paid to talk about it.

"Well, gentlemen?" he demanded.

"A most interesting case," declared the younger man.

"Highly so," agreed Doctor Graff. "In fact, I might say, intensely interesting."

"Sure!" rejoined Clinch. "It's intensely interesting to us."

"I may become interested," Mr. Peck admitted.

"I don't say I shall not be," conceded Mr. McIntosh.

"The point is," persisted Clinch, "would you gentlemen give odds of one to six ——"

"I never gamble—never liked gambling," broke in Doctor Graff.

"Nor I," affirmed his colleague. "Oh, of course, in my early college days ——"

With his cigarette he waved before them a picture of mild and quite pardonable excess.

"Well, now, look here"—Mr. Clinch became plaintive—"is this lad going to die on himself the way he says he is, or does he ——"

Again the door opened, and Doctor Seaver emerged into the hall, parting the strands of the portière to join them. His large head, set close on his shoulders, swung about to regard the others. His seamed brown face was relaxed to lines of distinct cheerfulness, his deep-set eyes flashed confidence from under the hanging ledge of his brows.

"I told you so," said Clinch with a new cheerfulness of his own after a quick look at Seaver. Then he addressed the latter directly. "You get it out of 'em, Doc. They're kind of shy; inclined to talk about the weather and early college days—that don't mean a thing to us."

Doctor Seaver stationed himself against the wall next to Mr. McIntosh. He seemed to make an effort not to beam.

"These gentlemen," he began, "Doctor Graff and Doctor Scobell, are top men in their lines." The gentlemen permitted themselves little gestures of deprecation. "Doctor Graff is the best internist, diagnostician and nerve specialist we have; Doctor Scobell is the best internist, diagnostician and heart specialist we have; and what they tell you can be relied on."

"They've told us it is and it ain't going to rain today," said Mr. Clinch. "Do they agree any better on this case?"

"I'm positive they do." Seaver regarded the consultants with lively confidence. "Their expressions to me in there were necessarily guarded; but I read their conclusions, I am sure. They will tell you that we have a clean case of hypochondriasis."

"A most interesting case," put in Doctor Scobell.

"Intensely so," confirmed Doctor Graff.

"You said that before," reminded Mr. Clinch.

The consultants exchanged glances.

They appeared to defer to each other and to decide that the older man should speak first.

"Hypochondriasis," began Doctor Graff—"and I may say at once that our thorough and exhaustive examination has revealed no organic lesions—is a morbid state of the nervous system wherein mental depression is born out of erroneous ideas of bodily ailments ——"

"A man goes flooey in the bean, thinking about diseases," suggested Mr. Clinch helpfully.

The specialist turned a tolerant gaze on the speaker.

"—— erroneous ideas of bodily ailments that might conceivably be present," he went on. "Hypochondriasis is not an insanity wherein a delusion of the existence of some impossible ailment exists. For example, if a patient believes that his throat is closed for all time, or that his spinal cord is severed, he is not a hypochondriac. He is insane. And your young friend yonder is not insane. The ailments he conceives to be present might conceivably be present. In this I trust Doctor Scobell fully agrees."

Doctor Scobell deferentially nodded his assent.

"And how would he get that way?" This was Mr. McIntosh. "How would a well lad fall into such pernicious fancies?"

"Ah, just so," said Doctor Graff, and proceeded to expound. "You yourself would perhaps suspect a neuropathic taint, a neurotic inheritance"—Mr. McIntosh was flattered and showed it—"yet hypochondriasis may be without morbid heredity; may be acquired through persistent ill health. It seems to have been in this case—persistent ill-health from early childhood, aggravated by unskilled nursing, the continued administering of quack nostrums, and, as another causal factor—highly interesting this—accidental contacts, at the most impressionable age, with the business of his father, who was known, I learn, as the Funeral King. Among the results are true dyspeptic troubles, for from his earliest years he was not only dosed unwisely but fed unwisely. It is true that a high percentage of such troubles—stomach troubles—are found to be reflexes from some other organ in the abdomen. But here, after the most searching examination, we find no organic derangement. These ailments will disappear with

their causes. Thus, we have induced the affection of habitual anxiety without adequate cause, the depression that lowers resistance, resulting in more or less genuine illness; and yet the case is clearly one of hypochondriasis. Disordered thought can work great changes. I must add, however, that no medical man could refute hypochondriasis as an etiological factor in the production of organic change. And in this case there has been a degree of actual health derangement consequent upon the underlying disease."

The speaker bowed to his colleague. His colleague returned the bow in a polished manner.

"I might add," he said, "to what Doctor Graff has so clearly set forth, that the prognosis depends upon the type. The temperamental hypochondriac seldom recovers. Remove one false idea, another takes its place. The acquired form with which, in Doctor Graff's opinion and mine, we here have to deal, may be cured, depending, as Doctor Graff has said, upon the degree of general health derangement hitherto induced by it."

"Now we're getting down to the bottom of the barrel," said Mr. Clinch. "What is this degree of general health derangement, which I take to mean sickness, that any of us has got a right to?"

The specialists regarded each other expectantly.

"We find ——" began Doctor Scobell, and waited.

"Our examination has revealed ——" began Doctor Graff, and waited in turn.

" —— no organic lesions," concluded Doctor Scobell. "Am I correct, doctor?"

"Absolutely," replied Doctor Graff. "At the same time ——"

"Precisely," broke in the other. "At the same time ——"

He waved his cigarette as if counseling discretion, and paused.

"I'll take care of that," said Doctor Seaver firmly.

"Exactly!" said Doctor Graff.

"Quite so," said the other.

Hereupon they attentively helped each other on with their overcoats.

"The point is," said Mr. Clinch at the moment of their departure, "would either of you gentlemen, having gone carefully over the premises, bet one to six, in big money, that this party will be kicking three years from now?"

Hats and sticks in hand, the consultants faced the inquiring regard of Mr. Clinch, Mr. McIntosh and Mr. Peck. They glanced briefly at each other.

"Well yes—and no," said Doctor Graff carefully.

"Quite so," confirmed Doctor Scobell. "And good morning, gentlemen."

They were out of the room. Along the hall to the front of the apartment they could be heard in amiable disagreement, but only about the weather. As their voices died away Mr. Peck was heard.

"I knew it," he quavered. "Something kept telling me ——"

"One moment, gentlemen!" It was the general practitioner who interrupted. "I have an important disclosure to make about consultants, a bit of information that should soak well into you before you consider this case any further. There go two men I'd have picked for this case if I'd had the country to pick from. But I'm now telling you that all consultants invariably leave roads of retreat. They'll go far—and these men went as far as I could have wished—but they leave behind them carefully built bridges of concrete to go back on. I never knew one that wouldn't. It's their way."

Mr. Clinch brightened.

"So that's the game?"

"One of the first rules of it."

"And that's what they were doing with that at-the-same time stuff and that yes-and-no stuff—building bridges, eh?"

"To retreat by—exactly."

"In case they prove to be wrong," put in Mr. McIntosh, "which means they was not sure they was right just now."

"But I'm telling you it doesn't," persisted Seaver. "If young Billop had merely broken a leg, and they'd been called in for that, they'd have said the fracture would doubtless knit. Then they'd have added, 'But at the same time ——' Keep that in mind."

"And so ——" helped Mr. Clinch.

"Exactly!" quoted Seaver. "So they agree with me that the boy suffers from nothing but his own perverted whims and vagaries, due to his not having been robust and to the fool looking after, the notional, woman-fool pampering and dosing he got. They agree with me that he couldn't die of it in three years, not if he put his whole mind to it. As a matter of fact, that's what he has done; but he'll still be living. They know it and I know it, only it's not their game to come out and say so."

"Something keeps telling me — —" began Mr. Peck.

"How did they find it out?" demanded Mr. McIntosh.

Seaver shrugged wearily.

"You wouldn't understand if I told you. They've had two sessions with him, yesterday and today."

"Been through him with a dark lantern," suggested Clinch.

"Practically," assented Seaver. "Graff, the nerve sharp, tries him for disturbances in motion, disturbances in sensation, in reflexes, in electrical excitability, tropine changes and so on—things they find out with cotton wool, pin pricks, test tubes filled with hot water and other tubes filled with ice, weights for the muscle sense—looking for anæsthesia, analgesia, thermoanæsthesia, hyperæsthesia, paræsthesia—want any more?"

"No," said Mr. Clinch firmly.

"Yes," said Mr. Peck and Mr. McIntosh.

"Physiological reflexes and pathological reflexes," chanted Seaver. "Physiological divided into superficial and deep. Superficial ones, epigastric, abdominal, cremasteric. Deep ones, knee and ankle, knee jerks and ankle jerks. Pathological, named after the sharps that discovered 'em—the Babinski, the Gordon, the Oppenheim—the first one meaning some monkey business that makes the big toe stagger down instead of up—if there's freedom from organic hemiplegia. Got enough?"

"Would his big toe go down?" demanded Mr. McIntosh.

"It would and did and does. He did show trophic changes, but there was no abnormal electrical reaction—what they call the reaction of degeneration. Then Graff gets out his trusty ophthalmoscope and lights up the background of the boy's eye disk. Clean as a whistle. You can see a blood vessel without cutting the skin. It put serious nerve disease out. Nothing left but hypo-believing your aunt who says you're sick."

"Wha'd I tell you?" demanded Clinch.

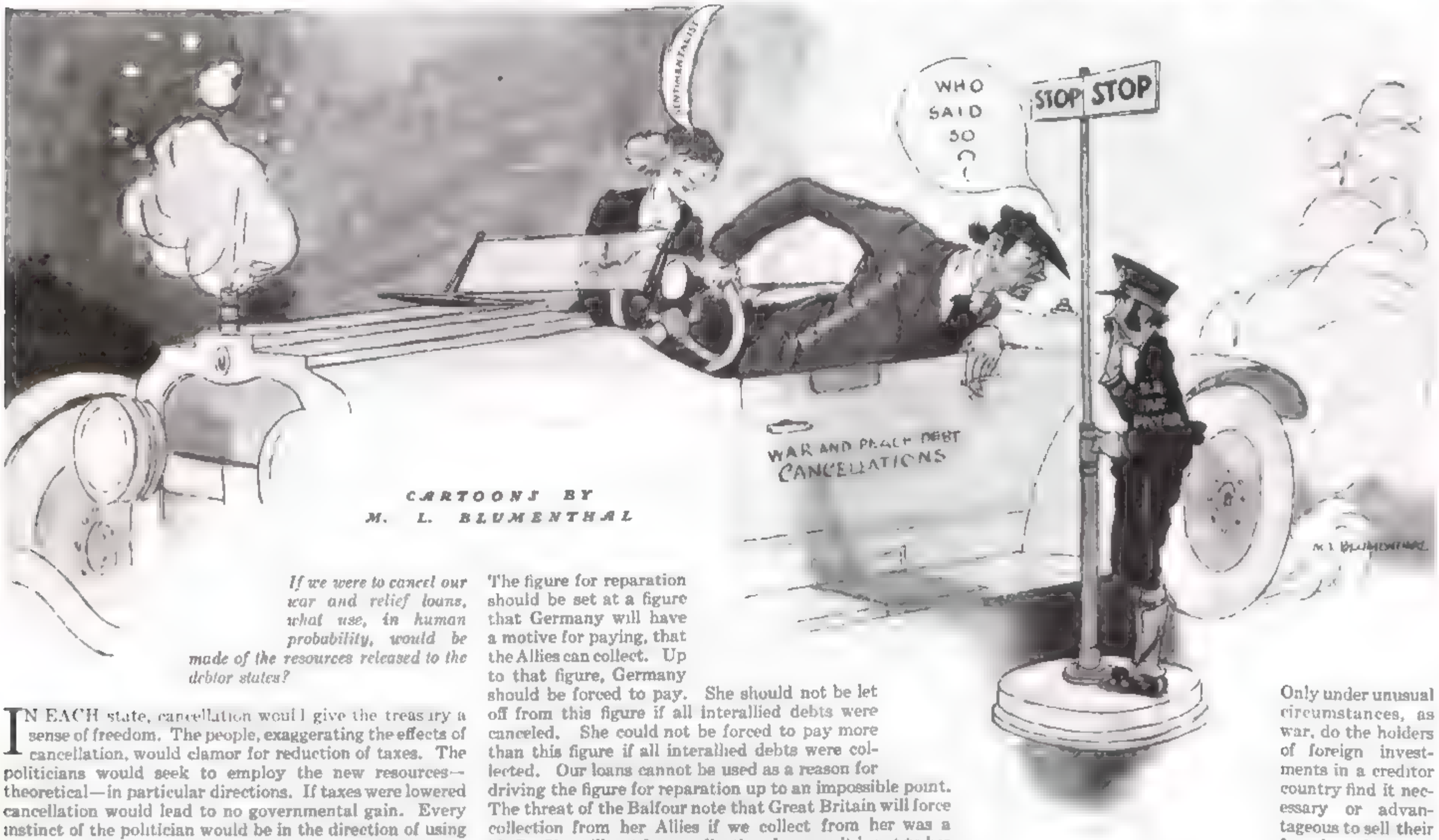
"I want to know what the other one found about his heart," insisted Paramus Peck.

"You're a glutton for punishment," observed Clinch.

(Continued on Page 32)

They Heard the Door Open, Were Aware That a Figure Entered From the Outer Hall. Seaver Stepped Back and the Figure Faced Them From the Doorway

CAN EUROPE PAY HER DEBTS?



CARTOONS BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

If we were to cancel our war and relief loans, what use, in human probability, would be made of the resources released to the debtor states?

IN EACH state, cancellation would give the treasury a sense of freedom. The people, exaggerating the effects of cancellation, would clamor for reduction of taxes. The politicians would seek to employ the new resources—theoretical—in particular directions. If taxes were lowered cancellation would lead to no governmental gain. Every instinct of the politician would be in the direction of using the sum rather than lowering the taxes, particularly as taxes for purpose of debt payment would have been applied in no country if cancellation were agreed to. If one may judge by trends in current European policies any factive gains accruing to the governments of the debtor European states would be used in one of three directions:

(a) The gain would be disbursed in inequitable distribution between classes or industries, perhaps become the bone of contention between socialist and capitalist. It might be sliced like the pork in our river-and-harbor appropriations. It might be used to repair war losses, or form subsidies for future industries or trades. No profiteer would overlook the chance for illicit transaction.

(b) The gain would be used to promote nationalistic or other political programs. It would thus go largely into militarism at home or intrigue abroad. Called national defense, it would likely be purely offense.

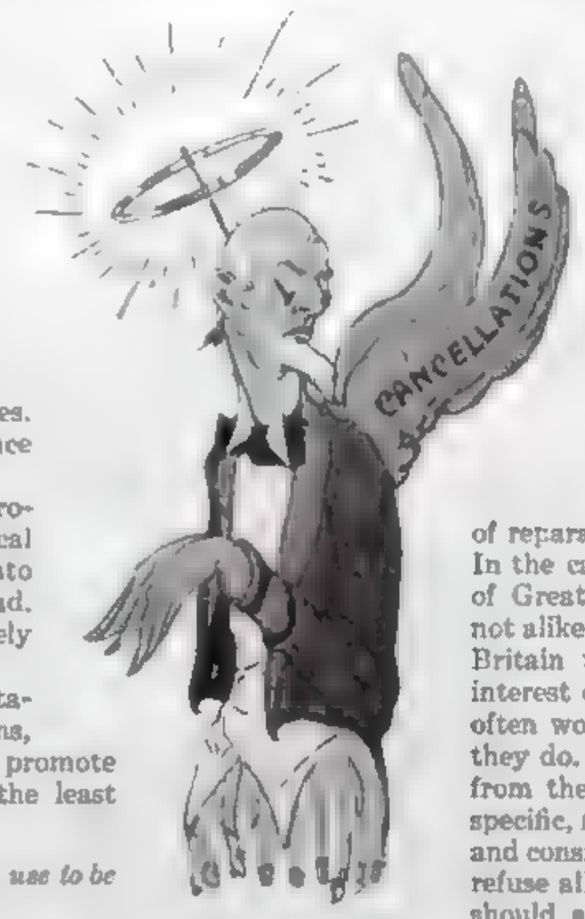
(c) The gain might be used to stabilize currency, build reconstructions, pay pensions, restore education and promote the arts of peace. This would be the least probable outcome.

Would it be practicable to stipulate the use to be made of the canceled debt?

In theory, yes; in practice, no. Budgetary bookkeeping is too intricate an art to be controlled from the outside. Used in laudable directions, funds would be set free in other directions. In any event, the United States would not wish to be placed in the position of an international auditor, a guardian, a trust officer. Cancellation would result in endless friction.

Is debt payment a part of the reparation problem?

"Politically the two questions are bound up together. But logically they are distinct. If the Allies intend to get from Germany all they can, the total to be fixed can have nothing to do with a subsequent adjustment of obligations amongst the Allies themselves," says Keynes. Essentially the two have no direct connection. The European nations use our views on reparation to urge cancellation. The figure for reparation should be set at a figure that Germany will have a motive for paying, that the Allies can collect. Up to that figure, Germany should be forced to pay. She should not be let off from this figure if all interallied debts were canceled. She could not be forced to pay more than this figure if all interallied debts were collected. Our loans cannot be used as a reason for driving the figure for reparation up to an impossible point. The threat of the Balfour note that Great Britain will force collection from her Allies if we collect from her was a bluff. She will not force collection, because it is not to her interest to do so. The German has no right to protest that he is driven to the wall by France because we are holding France up. Germany should pay to the reasonable limit irrespective of the French debt to us.



Latest European Model

To what extent is it self-interest to collect the interallied debts? To what extent is it reasonably possible to pay the interallied debts? To what extent is it self-interest to collect reparation? To what extent, bearing in mind the devastations committed, is it self-interest to pay reparation?

With regard to the last two questions, the answers of Great Britain and France are not alike. It is not to the self-interest of Great Britain to seek collection of reparation as it is the necessity of France. In the case of the first questions the answers of Great Britain and the United States are not alike. It is not to the self-interest of Great Britain to collect war debts as it is to the interest of the United States. British writers often wonder why we do not view Europe as they do. Because our self-interest is different from theirs. These problems are first of all specific, not generic. We should make proper and considerate refunding of our war debts and refuse all share in reparation. Great Britain should support reparations to the extent of reasonable German capacity, considering the extent of the injury to France and the high state of German industry. These are the dictates of enlightened self-interest.

What general conclusion is to be drawn from an historical survey of foreign loans and investments?

That capital invested abroad never returns. It may change from one foreign country to another, and may pass from one hand to another, but it does not return home. The British foreign investments of 1914 represented essentially the British investments of 1850 compounded at 3 or 4 per cent. The principal remains abroad. Part of the interest returns to the native land in the shape of commodities and materials, but even much of this remains abroad, building up the sum of the foreign investment.

Emotional Joy Riding

Only under unusual circumstances, as war, do the holders of foreign investments in a creditor country find it necessary or advantageous to sell their foreign investments. Between 1880 and 1914 Europe recalled no exported capital. Despite the exigencies of the war Europe still retains half the foreign investments she had in 1914. The economic forces that impel the export of capital hold it abroad. The creditor country is predestined to remain a creditor country. The money that we have sent abroad in the last nine years will remain abroad in the natural course of events. The only question is, in what form and in whose hands? Our capital remains abroad, because by and large it earns more abroad than it would earn at home.

The returns, the earnings, may not all be in figures; but the sum of the returns weighs enough to hold the investments abroad.

The foreign investments achieved by the United States through a huge export surplus in a short time stand unique in history. For the most part exports of goods have played a minor rôle in the building up of the foreign investments of the European countries. The increments have arisen largely from interest and compound interest—the service charges remaining abroad as new investments. The nucleus was goods and services, but the increments have been more important than the nucleus.

What are the conditions necessary to the payment of debt by one government to another?

The debtor country must have a positive balance of international account; it must have goods, services and invisible resources together amounting to a surplus over needs. The government must be able by taxation to obtain control of the surplus while maintaining a balanced budget of the state. The world must be prepared to consume the goods and services and continue to provide the invisible resources.

This is a general statement, to which certain qualifications are to be applied.

What is the mechanism by which a debtor state makes repayment to a creditor state?

The debtor government raises by taxation or otherwise a sum of domestic currency in excess of the maintenance needs of the state. With the money thus secured the treasury of the debtor state purchases gold, foreign currencies or bills of exchange or any values directly convertible into the currency of the creditor state. These values are then transferred physically or by means of a bookkeeping credit against which the treasury of the

creditor state can draw. The debtor state then receives in return the canceled bond or other sign of obligation.

In the ordinary course of affairs, what would the treasury of a creditor state do with money thus received?

The money would be used to defray current expenses and thus relieve taxation; employed to pay off state debt or placed in public improvements, thus relieving future taxation.

Describe the process of international payments more in detail.

The debtor state must have a balanced budget and a positive international account. A positive balance of merchandise trade is not necessary. The budget must balance, with the taxes levied for payment of foreign debt included. For example, the revenues of Great Britain for the last fiscal year were £101,000,000 over the expenditures. That enables Great Britain to pay us $161,000,000 due us as first payment under the debt agreement and also retire domestic debt to the extent of some £67,000,000. The national currency needed to purchase the foreign bills of exchange must be raised as revenue; they cannot be obtained by inflation or issue of internal bonds, because that means pyramiding to insolvency. Taxes must be increased and expenditures curtailed until the budget is balanced, with the sum needed for payment included.

Right here lies the principal difficulty of the debtor European states. The political authority of the governments is so low and the obstructive power of the party blocs so large, that cabinets may fall when they endeavor to curb expenditures and raise taxes.

The international account must be positive. A country with a negative balance of international account becomes able to make international payments only by increasing exports or diminishing imports until the international account is positive. With the domestic currency in hand, the debtor government secures gold or foreign bills of exchange convertible into the currency of the creditor country. The foreign bills of exchange may have come on the market as the result of excess of exports over imports, or as the expressions of several varieties of invisible resources. In the case of European debtors, interest on foreign investments, services in shipping, insurance and banking, immigrant remittances and tourist expenditures are especially important. New investments are naturally included. The sum total of the bills of foreign exchange must exceed the other side of the ledger by the sum of intended payment. Then the government will be able to secure commercial gold or bills of exchange to make its payment and still leave enough for traders to close their accounts.

This is necessary in the long view. In the short view other devices may be attempted. A debtor government may sell its paper notes in the foreign market—a dangerous procedure. The debtor government may requisition gold and foreign securities in the possession of its nationals—a procedure that cannot be repeated. The debtor government may buy shares of industrials and turn these over to the creditor government or sell them in the market of the creditor country. This will not last long. The debtor government may sell property rights of the state—railways, mines, forests, and the like—to foreign investors. This cannot be done long. European governments might take the works of art that adorn the walls of museums and sell them for foreign currencies. But these are all makeshifts, stopgaps. If foreign debts are to be met annually this can be done only by means of bills of foreign exchange obtained from normal visible or invisible resources. So far as the European debts are concerned, we are convinced that for some time payment will arise more from invisible than from visible resources.

What are the common kinds of bills of exchange?

The possession of foreign money or bills of exchange in the hands of nationals on the debtor states may be obtained in a variety of ways:

Excess of exports over imports;
Sale to foreigners of foreign securities owned in the debtor country;
Sale of foreign balances held abroad by citizens of the debtor state;
Sale to citizens of foreign states, against bank balances, of property in the debtor state;
Sale to foreign citizens of securities or bonds of the debtor state;
Net receivable services in international trade—freight charges, insurance, and so on;
Tourist bills in the debtor country;
Immigrant remittances to the debtor country.

Does repayment of a loan by a debtor state to a creditor state mean transfer of capital from the debtor country to the creditor country?

No such conclusion, inference or implication follows. Just herein lies one big mistake of the critics of Secretary Hoover. Nowhere in his address was it stated or implied that debtor governments would transfer national wealth to creditor governments. The whole tenor of the statement of the Secretary of Commerce was to the effect that payment by a debtor government meant transfer of government credit to private credit. When Great Britain pays us £100,000,000 our Government cancels the bonds and applies the money to payment of domestic debt. The holders of domestic bonds, on receiving the money, seek reinvestment. This reinvestment will be found in part abroad. The annual savings of Great Britain available for fresh export abroad are more than the sum annually due us. If not paid to us it would pass into foreign investment. After being paid to us it goes into foreign investment.

When the $4,600,000,000 due us is paid we shall be a creditor nation to about that sum more and Great Britain will be a creditor nation by that much less than if she had not paid us. Our Government steps out of foreign investment, private capital steps in. The British Government withdraws from borrowing, private capital enters. The dollar paid back by the British Government may not go to the British Empire when it returns abroad. But that makes no difference to the argument; it goes abroad and replaces there capital from Great Britain. In effect, we lend or invest in the outside world capital that reaches the hands of the British Government and constitutes the repayment of our war loans. So far as we may be paid in added imports of goods or services in shipping, the capital returns. But so far as tourist expenditures, immigrant remittances and foreign investments balance the international account, we may be sure the money will not remain in the country. Payments in gold we may expect to result in reciprocal foreign investment, though the actual metal may remain in the country. We have loaned this $11,000,000,000 to Europe, and somewhere in the foreign world it will remain.

The formula has many modifications, but the essence remains the same. American investors might buy British bonds, and the British Government, with the dollars, pay off debt to our Government. The British Government might, with sterling raised by taxation, buy American shares held in Great Britain, sell these on the American market and with the dollars pay off debt to our Government. Whenever payment is made to the creditor country, outside of added goods, that means that investment capital is withdrawn from the foreign field and piled up in the domestic field. This capital will naturally go abroad, seeking the most remunerative occupation. Of course, the proof of this proposition is not to be accomplished in detail; but there can be no doubt that in the broad application the outcome is as stated.

The specific problem of the debtor European governments is to find the ways and means whereby the $11,000,000,000 owed to our Government may be transferred to the shoulders of private American investors. We must keep clear on the point that repayment of a governmental obligation by a debtor state to a creditor state is one thing, and the repayment of an investment obligation to the private citizen of a creditor state is a different thing. If the debtor government can once get the obligations out of the hands of the creditor government, the repayment may be permitted to follow the normal course of such transactions.

A survey of our investments abroad within the last two years shows that we have loaned less to Europe than to countries outside of Europe. But one must not draw the inference that Europe only profits by and has the use of loans made to European countries. With world trade as it is, a loan to almost any country has the effect of credits being opened in the European capitals, especially London. In a very definite way a loan to one country is a loan to all countries. Europe profits most through loans made to her nationals. But she profits some through loans made to the nationals of any trading country of the world.

If all debtor countries make the same terms of settlement as have been accorded to Great Britain, what annual payments will accrue to this country?

The total debt is, let us say, $11,500,000,000. The interest for the first ten years is 3 per cent; after that 3.5 per cent. The first payment on principal is .5 per cent. The payments on account of principal rise as the interest charges decline, so that the debts are extinguished in sixty-two years. The payment the first year would be some $402,000,000, rising gradually to some $437,000,000. That is the sum that must be absorbed into our international account. Great Britain is not to take advantage of the privilege of moratorium extended to her. We may expect the other debtor countries, with few exceptions, to take advantage of the moratorium of three to five years. Thus the full effect of the payments on our international account will be delayed several years.

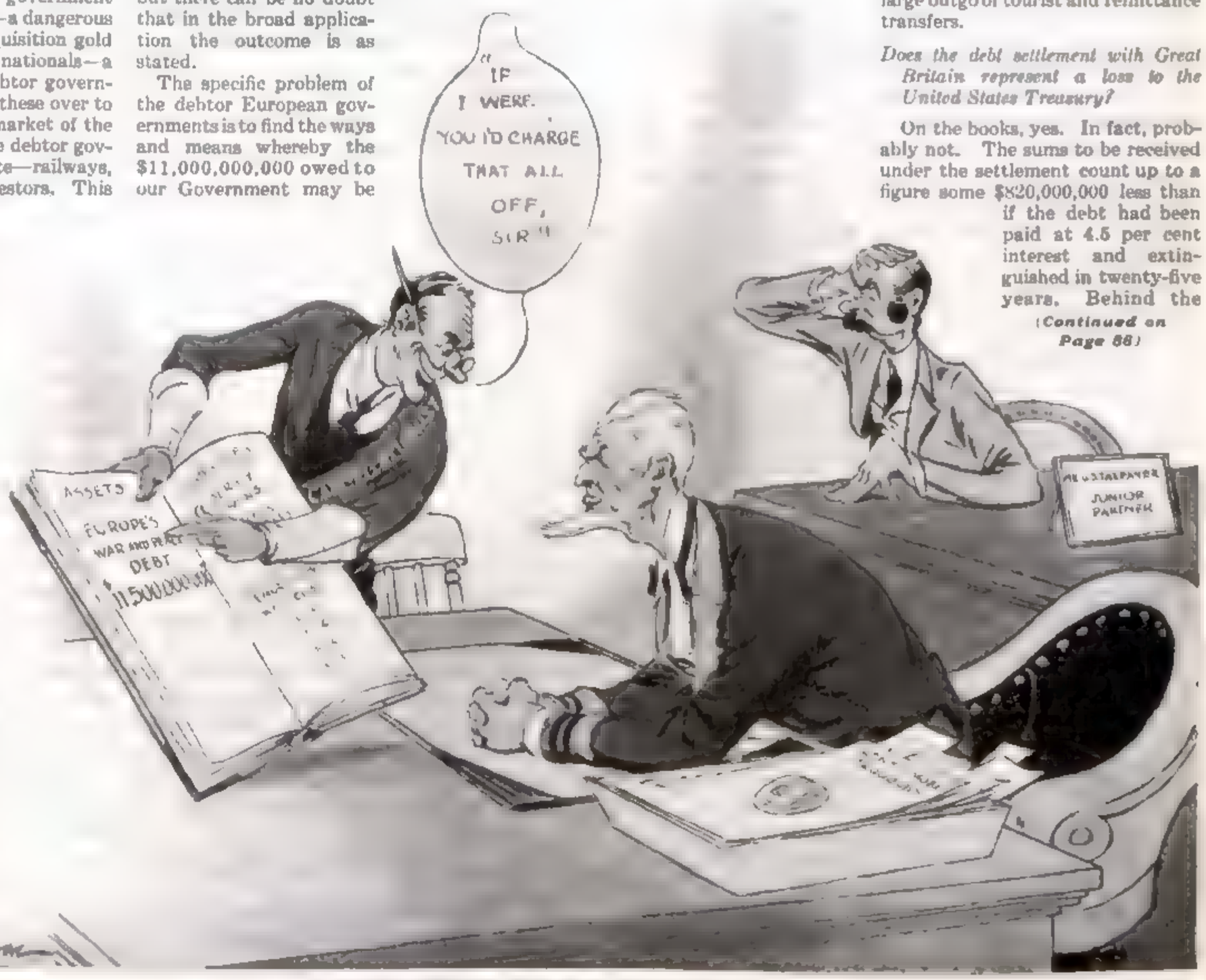
Suppose this sum were to be annually converted into new foreign investments, would this represent a large or unusual volume of foreign investments?

Not under conditions of prosperity. It would represent some 5 per cent of the annual national savings. Before the war the annual fresh foreign investment of Europe, outside of Russia, was over $1,500,000,000, over half of it British, one-sixth German. Our growth in national wealth has been very rapid. Without neglect of domestic needs, we could probably afford to invest abroad $400,000,000 yearly. But such an annual export of capital is not necessary, in view of the large outgo of tourist and remittance transfers.

Does the debt settlement with Great Britain represent a loss to the United States Treasury?

On the books, yes. In fact, probably not. The sums to be received under the settlement count up to a figure some $820,000,000 less than if the debt had been paid at 4.5 per cent interest and extinguished in twenty-five years. Behind the

(Continued on Page 68)



The Expert Accountant

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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PHILADELPHIA, JULY 28, 1923

The Farmer's Turn

FOR some time there have been unmistakable signs that the railroads are struggling out of the slough of despond in which they have so long floundered and are getting back to less treacherous ground. Reports of recent car loadings have been notably favorable. Weak roads have become materially stronger, and strong roads are consolidating their gains. Reorganized systems are putting themselves on a stable basis and afford an outlook that is distinctly cheering to discouraged investors. Road after road is quitting the ranks of the nondividend payers and making modest distributions to the holders of its common stock. In still other cases the turn of the tide has been signalized by liberal increases of dividends; and it is not impossible that these shining examples will multiply as the year nears its close.

Railroad finances, in the large, are taking on a new and brightening aspect. As earnings increase and the roads regain a measure of their old stability investors begin to show signs of willingness to put their money into the industry as partners rather than as pawnbrokers. In other words, it may become feasible to accomplish new financing by stock issues rather than by the sale of bonds. In view of the vast sums that the railroads now require and the still more imposing ones that will be presently needed, this change of base, brought about by new conditions, may prove to be of inestimable importance. Maintenance and replacements, costly enlargements of terminal facilities and the comprehensive plans for electrification that must soon be put into effect will necessitate the raising of a large amount of new capital. Failure to secure these funds on reasonable terms would be a national calamity. Mr. Harding was indulging in no wild flight of rhetoric when, in his speech at Kansas City, he said: "The prosperity of the railways is the prosperity of the American people, and the property rights in railway investment are entitled to every consideration under our Constitution which is due to property rights anywhere. Any tendency toward confiscation will lead to confusion and chaos, and destroy the very foundation on which the republic is builded."

There is no lack of evidence that the financial tension of the past few years is beginning to relax; but over against the favorable factors that have come into being with the revival of national prosperity must be set the fact that the roads are still doing business under the strict supervision of the Interstate Commerce Commission, with its power to fix rates, and of the Railroad Labor Board, with its concern for hours, wages and terms of employment. We must also enter on the debit side of the account a memorandum of Senator Cummins' recent estimate that probably seventy-five thousand miles of our railroads are earning so little and costing so much to operate that with scant incomes they cannot be adequately maintained and expanded in facilities to meet traffic requirements.

Those who have had most trouble in the past are quickest to borrow more for the future; and it is not to be wondered at if railway managers have a case of nerves every time they turn their thoughts upon a whole tribe of evils that may never eventuate. They dread being hustled into regional consolidations; they are apprehensive of weasel politics and bloc intrigues; they perceive the menace of labor troubles, and they are not unmindful of the ceaseless propaganda in favor of government ownership. And yet, after appraising all these liabilities at their full value, few would care to deny that the outlook for future railroad prosperity is decidedly brighter today than it was a year ago. Moreover, no man who is a bull on America for the long pull can consistently be a bear upon her transportation industry.

As increased earnings lubricate the wheels of railway administration, and as it becomes less and less necessary to squeeze every nickel until the buffalo bellows in anguish, the carriers cannot do better than to pass on part of their new-found prosperity by a voluntary scaling down of tariffs on farm products. Rates were twice lowered in 1922, but further concessions may prove possible. Granting that the railroads have been drawn through the knot hole of adversity, it will scarcely be argued that their hardships have been greater than those experienced by the farmers. Furthermore, the distress of the carriers was to a large extent institutional, while that of the farmers was for the most part personal. Corporate starvation and personal starvation are such different things that there is no fair basis upon which to compare them.

When the farmer asks for consideration he has a sound case. It is true that he has been either the beneficiary or the victim of inflated land values; but it is little short of ridiculous to hold him personally responsible for a great economic shift of values. No group of landholders, no matter how avaricious they may be, can increase the value of their holdings by forty, sixty or one hundred per cent in three or four years by the simple expedient of steadily boosting prices.

There must be more buyers than sellers if an advancing market for land or for anything else is to be long maintained. There must be a bid price as well as an asked price if a level of value is to be established. Here and there individual farmers have thought it more profitable to use the soil as an object of speculation than as a medium in which to grow crops. Only the members of this small minority need squirm under the charge of inflation.

The rank and file of hard-working farmers—and those are about the only kind of farmers there are—have had a bad break through no fault of their own. The country would hail with satisfaction any relief that can be properly afforded them. Reduction of freight rates on farm products would react quite as favorably upon the carriers as upon the farmers. Every voluntary concession made in good season will set a back fire upon the radical legislation that will be initiated as soon as the new Congress convenes next December.

For every issue that is amicably settled during the next four months one of the radicals' guns will be spiked and rendered useless in the general bombardment that will take place next winter. Every substantial concession that the traffic will bear can, if made in time, count as a destructive raid upon the demagogues' ammunition dumps.

Mr. Harding's Golden Text

PRESIDENT HARDING, in one of his recent speeches, gave utterance to a sentence so packed with wisdom, so replete with common sense, that we wish it might be blazoned in large golden letters upon the doorpost of every demagogue, every soft-headed political theorist, every weasel politician and every feather-brained reformer from coast to coast. We should like to have it printed in indelible ink and pasted in the hat of every member of Congress, every governor, legislator, mayor, alderman and publicist in the United States.

Mr. Harding said: "I had rather solve a difficulty than embrace a danger."

This sentiment strikes the keynote of the present Administration. Moreover, it explains why many of the President's critics regard him as a colorless Chief Executive. What they appear to want is a President who spends his time swaggering up and down the Washington arena with up-rolled sleeves and clenched fists, defying the universe and crying "Lay on, Macduff!" to every peril that threatens the republic.

As Mr. Blythe, with relentless logic, points out on other pages of this issue, they do not perceive that Mr. Harding is devoting all his energies to the quiet, orderly solution of existing difficulties and has no stomach for calling forth from the jungles of radicalism a menagerie of new dangers that he may eat 'em alive in full view of an applauding or a hissing grand stand.

Mr. Harding's opponents within his own party are actuated by a slogan that is similar, with the important exception that its words are badly scrambled. Those resolute souls who mistake a rush of blood to the head for coherent thought, and who, as a result of their supposed cerebrations, desire to substitute soft money for hard, who advocate unsound class legislation and cry "Attaboy!" to their playmates who are attempting to tax private wealth out of existence, haze the Supreme Court and jazz the Constitution, put the cart before the horse and declare in effect: "I would rather embrace a danger than solve a difficulty!"

It is up to the people of the United States to decide which of these two opposing preferences they want to back with their votes, their cash and their confidence.

German Plant Expansion

WHILE the Germans are filling the propagandized press with lamentations over the injury to their economic structure being done by the French occupation of the Ruhr, the German magnates are putting the finishing touches on the inflation of the industrial plant and equipment that promises to put the new Reich to the very test. For three years the profits of the industrial plants have been poured back into expansion and new equipment. Instead of going into export trade, steel has gone into extensions.

German railways, canals, harbors, barges, tugs, foundries, cokeries, rolling mills, tube plants, cement works, chemical plants, electrical factories, everything connected with the ins and outs of the textile and the metal concerns of the half dozen large industrial consolidations have been overhauled, put in order, enlarged, modernized and placed on a plane of high efficiency. The steel that last year was consumed in Germany was double that produced in the United Kingdom.

German industry may be fittingly described as overequipped—equipped beyond capital, labor, raw materials and foreign markets. If we can picture to ourselves American plants continuing expansion after the collapse of the boom of two years ago, we can envisage the material situation in Germany.

What is to be done with the overequipment, the capacity in excess of visible world markets? Doubtless the magnates have plans. In the same manner the German financiers have plans for the inflation of the currency they have so complacently accepted, if not instigated. But they are the plans of the gambler.

The German financiers are speculating in monetary policy and in industrial policy. If the financiers and magnates win, they win. If the financiers and magnates lose, the German people lose. The danger of the collapse of the topheavy structure of paper money and overintegrated and overextended factories must be as clearly seen there as here. But a different group will be holding the bag if they win than if they lose.

THE GENESIS OF THE WAR

By Herbert H. Asquith

Former Prime Minister of Great Britain

XII—The Haldane Mission, 1912

AT THE beginning of 1912 there was the strongest disposition in the British cabinet, which was, I believe, sincerely reciprocated by Herr von Bethmann, to settle outstanding difficulties between the two countries. The main obstacle in the way was the steady and ever-accelerating pursuit by Germany of her policy of naval expansion. It was known that a new navy law was about to be introduced, for the creation of a third active squadron, which would have involved, among other additions to existing units, the construction of three new battleships and a large increase of smaller craft. The general effect would be—as appeared upon careful scrutiny—that four-fifths of the entire German navy—including twenty-five battleships and eight battle cruisers—would be kept constantly and instantly ready for war. I have already quoted Mr. Churchill's description of it in the House of Commons.

This was a perfectly gratuitous program, to which Herr von Bethmann in his book does not conceal his own repugnance; and it would clearly entail on Great Britain, if she was to maintain her maritime preponderance, the burden of an immense addition to her own naval equipment. The navy estimates for the ensuing year, already prepared on the supposition that the German program would remain unaltered, must be completely revised and greatly augmented, probably by three million pounds, at a minimum. Nothing could be more absurd than to proclaim to the world that the two countries had arranged their differences, and were clasping the hands of friendship, while concurrently they were quickening the pace and enlarging the scope of their naval competition.

Sir Edward Grey

The mission of Lord Haldane to Berlin in February, 1912, for which the way had been prepared by some unofficial pourparlers carried on by Herr Ballin and Sir Ernest Cassel, was an honest attempt, not to arrive at a final arrangement but to examine the ground with the object of finding out whether there was a road by which such an arrangement might be reached. Lord Haldane's function was not that of a plenipotentiary, or even of a negotiator in the full sense; it was rather that of an explorer. He has given a full account of his conversations at Berlin in his book, Before the War, and his narrative is corroborated in all material points by Herr von Bethmann's Reflections and the Life of Albert Ballin. Their combined testimony is sufficient to show that the version put forward by the Kaiser in his Memoirs is inaccurate and misleading. As has been already pointed out,* Lord Haldane explained clearly to the chancellor why the German neutrality formula put forward by him was unacceptable to us.

There was no "disavowal," as the Kaiser suggests, by Sir E. Grey of Lord Haldane, who had not and never assumed to have authority to make an agreement. He was careful during his stay in Berlin to keep in touch with M. Jules Cambon, the French Ambassador there. The one practical suggestion which he was able to bring home to his colleagues was a proposed retardation in the dates of the laying down of the three big ships in the new squadron.

The navy bill, on being closely examined by the experts of the British Admiralty, turned out to be an even more serious new departure than had been represented to Lord Haldane. In particular, the increase which it sanctioned in personnel—the number of the crews—was estimated at no less than fifteen thousand; and the provision for torpedo boats and submarines was in excess of our most pessimistic calculations. Conversations in London between Sir Edward Grey and Count Metternich made it clear that the German Government was not prepared to modify the scheme in any substantial respect, and the bill was in fact introduced, as it stood, in the Reichstag at the end of March.

Herr von Bethmann, in reviewing this incident, admits that he still—1919—inclines to the view "that we had to do with an honourable attempt to come to an understanding on the part of England. It failed," he adds, not because of the naval question, which was an "important but not a deciding factor," but "because England was not willing to follow out this understanding into its logical consequences. An understanding with us meant that France and Russia must lose the certainty that they could continue to count upon the support of England in pursuing an anti-German policy."

That France and Russia never had and never claimed to have any such "certainty," has, I hope, been abundantly demonstrated in the preceding chapters. The very object of the Haldane visit, and of our negotiations in 1913–14, was to show that, if there was anywhere an "Anti-German policy, which in our opinion was a mere Chimæra of the imagination," we were in no sense parties to it.

That the mission of Lord Haldane did not for the moment produce tangible results was the result of two causes:

(1) The formula of neutrality which we were asked to accept was of such a character that, if there had been no Entente at all, Great Britain would have been bound, even in her own interest alone, to refuse it. It would, for instance, as Lord Haldane pointed out to the chancellor, have precluded us from coming to the help of France, should Germany on any pretext attack her, and aim at getting possession of her Channel ports.

(2) The refusal of the German Government to modify or even to discuss the main provisions of the navy bill was an equally grave stumblingblock. They disputed the correctness of the estimates of our Admiralty as to the real effect of the scheme, and Mr. Churchill expressed his readiness that the figures should be checked by experts nominated by both sides. As late as March 18, 1912, the same minister stated in the House of Commons that England stood on the defensive, and that any reductions in the German program would at once be imitated. "If the Germans built no ships in a given year, neither would England, and thus a limitation of armaments could be effected without formal agreement or any restriction of national sovereignty."

But the only phrase used by Mr. Churchill which had any circulation in Germany, was his statement, in an earlier speech at Glasgow in February, that while a big navy was a necessity to us, it was to Germany a luxury.

The phrase rapidly became a catchword. The Pan-German propagandists were soon in full cry, and the navy law was carried through by overwhelming majorities.

It is worth while to quote the context in which this much distorted expression was used:

> The purposes of British naval power are essentially defensive. . . . There is, however, this difference between the British naval power and the naval power of the great and friendly empire—and I trust it may long remain the great and friendly empire—of Germany. The British navy is to us a necessity, and from some points of view the German navy is to them more in the nature of a luxury. Our naval power involves British existence. It is existence to us; it is expansion to them.

This was a plain statement of an obvious truth, and, though perhaps the word "luxury" was not happily chosen, it is not easy to understand why—as appears from Ballin's Life—it should have seemed to the Kaiser to be a piece of arrogance demanding an apology, or should have led Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg to characterize the speaker as "a firebrand past praying for."

There is much difference of opinion among German writers as to where the main responsibility for the failure of what seemed for a time to be a promising overture ought to be laid. The Kaiser crudely asserts that the "negotiations finally fell through owing to the increasingly uncompromising attitude of England," which is obviously not the fact. "This Haldane episode," he adds, "is characteristic of England's policy. The whole maneuver, conceived on a large scale, was engineered for the sole purpose of hampering the development of the German Fleet." Herr von Bethmann acknowledges that "the introduction of the naval bill was a mistake, as being a move that embarrassed the relaxation that we had in view." But he adds that he could not have "carried an abandonment of the bill . . . without a perceptible alteration of the general political situation." He blundered in not persisting in his resignation. His position was seriously shaken, and Tirpitz, who did not conceal his view that the bill did not go far enough, enjoyed a corresponding accession of authority and prestige.

If the appeal made by Mr. Churchill for an automatic limitation of construction and equipment had been listened to, or his invitation a year later—March 26, 1913—to Germany to proclaim a naval holiday had been accepted, the course of history might have been different.

XIII—Three German Ambassadors

I HAVE already described* the course of the abortive negotiations for a general formula which took place after Lord Haldane's return from his mission, between Sir E. Grey and Count Metternich in the spring of 1912. There is reason to think that the ambassador's attitude

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*Development and Working of the Entente.

*Development and Working of the Entente.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Signs of the Times

EVERY time I'm lured along
a pretty wooded road
I meet a helpless motor truck
Stalled with a heavy load;
And if by chance I try to stop
beside a river clear,
A sign is sure to greet my gaze,
which reads:
"No Parking Here!"

Perchance Louise and I set out
with motor case of lunch,
Dreaming of some fair sylvan
dell
Wherein I had a hunch
I'd read the Sunday papers while
peacefully she knitted –
A board is there to mark the spot:
"No Motor Cars Admitted!"

Whene'er on summer evenings we
seek the cooling breezes
And find a charming shaded lane
Where "every prospect pleases,"
We glide along its quiet glades,
soft in the dying day,
Only to meet a lettered fence:
"This is a Private Way!"

I wonder if in heaven above, along
the Golden Street
Where wings are parked against
the curb
In pure white rows so neat,
I'll start to volplane doubtfully
while all the azure smiles,
To hear sweet Gabriel warning
me:
"Speed Limit, Fifteen Miles!"

—Hilda Westall Bottomley.

Mrs. Touring—"What Beautiful Blossoms!"
Hubby—"Sure! Run Over and Get the Ax, Jimmy. We Can Put the Whole Tree in the Car"

Official Program

Of Our Regular Circus—Performances Daily

Ring No. 1 Ring No. 2 Ring No. 3

DISPLAY No. 1—Grand Introductory Pageant. Dedicated to Our Little Friends, Young and Old, Who Believe That There is Very Little Difference Between the Front Page and the Comic Supplement, and That Things Often Are Exactly What They Seem.

DISPLAY No. 2—Positively the Greatest and Most Thrilling Trained Wild Animal Acts Ever Offered in This or Any Other Country. The Sensation of Europe and America.

Long-distance and high-jumping tiger in sensational performances. Presented by
GEORGES CLEMENCEAU

A gigantic group of the most ferocious and formidable British Lions in captivity, including the famous George and Mary, who are daily subjected to being roared at by the tireless and intrepid lion tamer
COLONEL HARVEY

A comedy act in which bulls and bears from Wildest Wall Street vie with one another to make you forget yourself! Watch the shaggy bruins in their laughable skit, Going to Market! These amazingly intelligent brutes juggle, climb and fall to and from enormous heights, and play dead. All under the masterly subjugation of
THE INSIDERS

DISPLAY No. 3—The World's Most Amazing Lofty Exploits and Feats of Skillful Tumbling.

40 Years with this Show! The contortionist supreme! Watch him open his mouth and put his foot in it!
WM. J. BRYAN

Astonishing feats of balancing. No matter how high they go up in the air they never lose control. Positively all members of one family.
THE SENATE FOUR
Henry & Hiram
Bill & Bob

Daring displays by the greatest aggregation of hot-aërial gymnasts in the world in a mirth-provoking act, ranging all the way from ground to lofty tumbling.
THE KOMICAL KOLYUMISTS

DISPLAY No. 4—Positively the most perfect performing pachyderm in captivity. G. O. P. dances on a platform, carries a plank, weighs issues, and mixes it up with Demo, the Donkey, all under the personal supervision and direction of the greatest of all elephant trainers
WILL HAYS

DISPLAY No. 5—The entire arena is now surrendered to Signor Warreno Hardingding in the most thrilling and astounding exhibition of all time. Signor Hardingding bound hand and foot, and using neither the front door, the side door, the back door nor the cellar door, will enter a League of Nations. An Unrivaled Spectacle!

DISPLAY No. 6—A Procession of Freaks. Specially Selected for this show.

DISPLAY No. 7—Grand Hippodrome Races:
First Event—Democratic Donkey Race With Monkey Riders. Round and round and round the track.
Last Event—Nomination, the Riderless Racer. Keep Your Eye on the Dark Horse.
—Katharine Dayton.

The Old-Fashioned Musical Comedy

"Oh, I am the Sultan of Skaboo,
The jolly old Sultan of Skaboo;
As I rule o'er this island
The maidens all smile, and ——"

THOSE were the good old days! What has become of all those merry monarchs—the ameers, the rajahs, the khedives and the sultans who used to rule over those quaint little tropical musical-comedy islands of yesteryear?

Some day a historian may write a treatise on whether the Great War was responsible for jazz or whether jazz was responsible for the Great War. At any rate, the old-fashioned musical comedy is dead, and jazz killed it. Over its grave a troop of thinly clad girls dance a strange and curious bacchanal to the dismal accompaniment of saxophone, trombone and traps.

The first scene of the old-fashioned musical comedy was always on an island somewhere in the South Seas—a scene of waving palm trees and of gorgeous bright-colored tropical foliage. A group of girls, clad in native but none the less modest costume, with hibiscus twined in their hair, were standing about the stage. They are the Sultan's harem, and they sing:

"Oh, life is a sweet and melodious song,
Here on the Island of Skaboo;
Dancing so merrily all the day long,
Here on the Isle of Skaboo."

Lotta, the Sultan's favorite wife:

"Nothing to do but to sing and to play,
Life is a radiant bright summer's day."

All: *"So we sing in our artless and innocent way,*
Here on the Isle of Skaboo."

At the conclusion of the opening chorus Bosco enters. He is a tall, handsome young man. He is the Sultan's master of the hounds—that is, it is his function to take the Sultan's pet Pomeranian out every evening for an airing. He has sad news for the girls: The Sultan is broke and has decided to auction off his harem to raise funds

"How jolly!" exclaims Lotta. "But who is there to buy us?"

"An American millionaire has just arrived here on his private yacht," Bosco replies.

"What is a millionaire?" Lotta asks.

"A millionaire is— " says Bosco, and he gets off some bright epigram about millionaires

The orchestra at this point strikes up a stirring march, and the Sultan of Skaboo enters with his retinue. He is a jovial little fellow with a red nose and funny legs. He wears a small crown cocked on one side of his head. He sings a song which hits off cleverly various topics of the day—something of this sort:

"Oh, we have no horseless
carriage,
And we have no trial marriage,
On our happy little tropical
isle
And although we have heard
rumors
Of new women who wear
bloomers,
There are none upon our
happy little isle
We've no suffragettes to vex us,
No Fitzsimmons' solar plexus,
We've no Gibson girls dressed
up in latest style.
And it's easy to be thrifty,
We don't pay a dollar fifty
For theayter seats upon our little isle."

Chorus:

"And so, although you think it strange,
We really do not care to change,
Our life is gay, our cares are very few;
We play and frolic at our ease
Amid the azure Southern Seas,
Upon our little Island of Skaboo."

But just as soon as Lycurgus K. Brown, the American millionaire, enters with his eight beautiful and fashionable young secretaries, you know that this Arcadian existence is not going to last, and that before the curtain falls on the last act every one of the Sultan's wives will acquire a Paris gown somewhere on the island, and that the harem will enter in time for the finale, with their hair done up in the pompadour made famous by Mr. Charles Dana Gibson.

Brown introduces the Sultan to the delights of the American cocktail, and he becomes rather tipsy.

"Here's to the land of the free lunch," says the Sultan after his fifth, "and the home of the Martini."

This, alas, was always sure of a big laugh.

They have a rather convivial party, which is unfortunately interrupted by the plot. Bosco, who has a lovely tenor voice, falls in love with Mabel, Lycurgus Brown's chief secretary. The stage grows dark—night comes on so suddenly in the tropics—and he sings a love song to her. He is a fast worker, is Bosco.

"I love you, dear,
When you are near,
I love you when you're far.
With light divine
Your eyes they shine,
You are my guiding star ——"

And so on. When he finishes, the sun comes out again. Of course Mabel doesn't know that Bosco, whose face is tanned from the sun, and who looks like a native, is really Lycurgus Brown's only son, who was wrecked on the island several years before. In fact she does not find it out until the end of the last act, when Bosco, whose real name is Egbert, rushes in in the white duck uniform of a lieutenant of the United States Navy, at the head of a detachment of American sailors. You see, the Sultan has been unsuccessful in his efforts to sell his harem to the millionaire, so he decides to steal Brown's yacht and escape to the land of

(Continued on Page 76)

SOUP MAKES THE WHOLE MEAL TASTE BETTER

HOW WOULD YOU MAKE VEGETABLE SOUP?

Thirty-two! Well, I should worry
Campbell's chefs can work and hurry!
Everything they make is fine
But Vegetable's the soup for mine!

No doubt if you wished to go to all the trouble and expense of making your own vegetable soup, it would be good soup. But even then—

Would you be able to extract all the nutritious juices from the joint of the beef richest in appetizing flavor to make your broth or stock?

Would you insist upon your dealer delivering Chantenay carrots just because you know them to be unsurpassed in flavor and color?

Would the corn have to be Country Gentleman and would the potatoes have to come from Maine simply because the finest potatoes in the country are grown there?

Would you search through all the markets of the world to make sure that each ingredient was the very finest that could be obtained?

Would you use thirty-two different ingredients, including fifteen tempting vegetables, invigorating beef broth, substantial cereals, fresh herbs and dainty seasoning?

Yet all of these things are done for you in Campbell's Vegetable Soup!

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

Delightful variety in Campbell's Soups

Asparagus	Mulligatawny
Bean	Mutton
Beef	Ox Tail
Bouillon	Pea
Celery	Pepper Pot
Chicken	Printanier
Chicken Gumbo (Okra)	Tomato
Consomme	Tomato-Okra
Julienne	Vegetable
Mock Turtle	Vegetable-Beef
Vermicelli-Tomato	

We can supply your grocer with any of these soups

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

THE LEASE HOUNDS

(Continued from Page 7)

"Nobody home," said Ben, but just then a furious baying broke out from the far edge of the swamp and a half dozen lean hound dogs burst into view. They were followed by a short, thin, whiskered man in tattered shirt and overalls, who yelled at them to lay down and keep quiet. This was Boly Daniels, returning from an early morning prowl.

He stared suspiciously at his visitors. Grandson of a wealthy landowner and a man of parts, Boly looked like a scarecrow. His hair and beard were long and unkempt; he was dirty and practically barefoot. The ravages of malaria showed plainly in his emaciated frame, and the remedy for it he had persisted in for half a century had left its marks as unmistakably; Boly kept a still in a thicket not far from his shack and that and his hound dogs occupied his entire time.

"Mawnin'," he drawled.

"Howdy," returned Ben. "Are you Mr. Daniels? We're oil men."

"Yes? Come in." And he listlessly led the way to his cabin. Some half-wild hogs were rooting near the porch. They scampered away at the approach of visitors.

It was a tumble-down shack of two rooms, with holes in the floor, gaping fissures in the bare walls, and leaks in the roof. A cot with rumpled blankets for bed, a table, a stove and a couple of chairs—these constituted the furnishings. And it is doubtful if Boly had swept out the place in twenty years.

"Well?"

Ben explained his errand. Before he was well launched the old man displayed symptoms of anger.

"No, sir-ree!" he exclaimed, smiting the table. His father and uncles had sold their land, and look at the result. If they had hung on to it, he would now be rich and taking it easy. It had been a big mistake, and Boly intended to hold to his acres.

Perceiving that he could make no headway, Ben dropped the subject and started in to admire the dogs. One of them was eying him intently. Apparently satisfied with the inspection, he sniffed long at Ben's legs and then nosed his hand.

"I bet you've run many a fox, Mr. Daniels," Ben remarked. "Ain't you?"

Uncle Boly's manner underwent a subtle change. His eyes kindled; suspicion faded from them.

"Nigh on to a thousand. See that red potlicker whelp? Well, let me tell you somethin'—that there potlicker whelp kin outrun all the paper dogs you ever heerd tell of."

"She can?"

"There ain't a dog livin' that's got a better mouth than that there whelp, and I'll guarantee she'll give it forty times a minute all night and next day if the fox stays on the ground. She ain't no wild one nuther."

"Did you raise 'em all yourself?"

Now, there are several classes of the genus homo who are harmlessly insane—golf fanatics, duck shooters, and all bird dog and hound dog men. Uncle Boly bit off a chunk of tobacco and regarded Ben with positive affection.

"You 'pear to me a right sensible young feller," he admitted. "Let's have some liquor and I'll tell you about 'em."

Thereupon he brought out a bottle of white mule and began to warm to his subject.

"It's right queer the way things turn out," he said. "I was raised by parents who wouldn't let a haound stay on the place. Well, I worried over this trouble a heap ontil I was eighteen year old and then one day the thought come to me to git married, move to myself, buy some haound dogs, and go at it right."

"You done just right," said Ben.

"My wife was a mighty fine woman. Yes, sir. You let a fox hunter come in about two o'clock in the mawnin' with his feet nigh froze, and crawl in bed and stick 'em up agin hers, and most women'll just natchurly jump outn their skins. But that wife of mine, she'd give me the warm place every time, and she done fed and looked arter my dogs like they was her own children. What I say is, genta, that a woman who'll do them things has a place up yander."

There was no dissenting voice.

"You hear a lot about paper dogs," continued Uncle Boly. "Shucks, they'll hit the top of the hills and you'll never hear 'em in the hollows. I've saw a paper dog run wild and not give a damn whether he run the fox or not just so' he was out in front. Well, what's the result? First thing you know, the race is over and the man what owns the dog will say the fox is in a hole, and his dog won't bark at a hole. And all the time that fox ain't been run hard enough to make his hair lay down."

The Big Un, who didn't know a paper dog from a mongrel pup, nodded intelligently.

"But you take these here potlicker dogs of mine," cried the old man, "and I'll match 'em to run a fox agin any paper dogs on earth. They got the stayin' qualities and the speed and the music. Maybe you think I'm lyin'? Well, the proof of the puddin' is chawin' the bag, genta."

It was noon before Uncle Boly even stopped for a long breath, but by that time most amicable relations had been established, and upon discovering that his visitors did not want to buy his land outright, but only lease it for mineral rights, he showed a disposition to trade. The talk ended by Uncle Boly agreeing to lease his two quarter sections for a dollar an acre and the usual one-eighth royalty. Then a serious difficulty arose; Uncle Boly could neither read nor write. He could make his mark, of course, but there were certain legal requirements as to this.

"I kin fetch a neighbor," he volunteered, "but Milt cain't read or write nuther."

"No-o-o. It's got to be done before a notary."

"A what?"

"A notary."

"I never heerd tell of one. But maybe the storekeeper at Varden kin help us out," suggested the old man dazedly.

"Sure. He'll do. I remember now, he's got a sign up—Notary Public. Let's go."

Followed by the hound dogs they set out for Varden, where the lease was duly executed. They paid Uncle Boly ten dollars in cash as an earnest of good faith and gave him a check for three hundred and ten dollars. It was signed by the Big Un and drawn on a country bank in Texas.

The question here occurs to an intelligent mind—where did the Big Un get the money? Bless your honest hearts, he didn't have the money. He had precisely a dollar and seventy cents in that bank, but he hoped before the check was presented he and Ben would be able to raise enough to meet it. The lease might sell in a few days at a profit; if not, Clyde Odom was under obligations to them and might stand a loan; if not, the worst that could happen would be the return of the check, marked N. S. F. Of one thing they felt positive—Uncle Boly would not put the check in for collection within a fortnight, as that would involve a trip to town. I have no excuses to offer for Ben and the Big Un. Ethically the transaction was rotten, but at this stage of their careers they had considerable to learn about ethics, which is a luxury little known in the oil fields.

"Ain't Uncle Boly a wonder?" exclaimed Gober as they walked away. "His grandfather was a judge, and he cain't read or write."

"Neither can that other guy—Milt."

"I done heard one of those land men say last night that out of ten thousand acres he'd leased in small tracks, 70 per cent of the owners couldn't sign their own names. Can you beat it? And yet we want to uplift the heathen and save Europe."

They found the driver ready for them, a passing car having sold him some gasoline and helped drag him out.

"I got to charge you fellers ten dollars more for extra time," he announced.

The justice of this claim was a debatable point, but they felt well satisfied with the day's operations and were, moreover, using another man's capital, so they met his demand. He put them in Prescott before midnight, where they found Odom awaiting their return in a fever of anxiety.

"Any time you boys need anything," he said gratefully, "all you've got to do is to say the word. I'm not the kind to forget a favor."

"That suits us fine. Lend me three hundred and fifty dollars, Clyde."

Odom made a wry face. When a man voices gratitude he doesn't expect to be jumped on; but there was no escape and he let them have the money. The Big Un immediately sent off enough to cover the check he had given to Uncle Boly.

To their surprise they did not find the lease as readily salable as they had anticipated. Acreage in that region had jumped from nothing to as high as forty dollars, due to reports from wildcat tests, but the production companies fought shy of the Daniels sections. It developed that there was a flaw in the title somewhere—a couple of heirs figured in it; at any rate, until the title was cured they seemed unwilling to buy the lease, despite its speculative value. And as all the lease hounds took their cue from the big fellows, it remained on their hands.

They spent several days trying to sell it, and in making small trades back and forth at the exchange.

"If something don't break soon," remarked Ben at supper one night, "we'll be back roughneckin' again, big boy."

"There's worse jobs," replied the Big Un.

Next day something broke. It broke with the arrival in town of Uncle Boly Daniels on a white mule. He had a glint in his eye.

"You're just the fellers I'm lookin' for," he cried.

"Mighty glad to see you, Mr. Daniels. How's all the dogs?"

"The dogs is fine. What I come to see you about is just this—How come I git only a dollar an acre for my land and Clint Carraway gits fifteen?"

"Because his is better stuff. It's close in—they figure it'll be real oil land, Mr. Daniels."

"You ain't lyin' to me?" demanded the old man suspiciously.

"We'll sell yours back to you if you want it."

"No-o-o, I don't want that. But maybe if you got some sure-enough oil land, I'd buy me a piece."

Ben and the Big Un were afraid to look at each other.

"Surest thing you know. Come on up to our room, Mr. Daniels, and we'll show you some A 1 stuff."

Uncle Boly had with him the proceeds of their check and about a hundred dollars more, raised by the sale of the last output of his still. A dozen of his neighbors had reaped rich returns from sale of their lands and two of them were comfortably off from lucky speculations in buying acreage, and he was burning to get into the oil gamble.

Ben and the Big Un did all they could to guard against him. Maps being a sealed mystery to Uncle Boly, they readily sold him back his own quarter sections for four hundred dollars, and he hadn't the slightest suspicion that the numbered squares he stared at with glassy eyes on the blue print represented the Daniels acres.

"Much obliged to you boys," Uncle Boly cackled, at parting. "That looks to me like sure-enough stuff. Maybe I'll be rich some day."

However, somebody must have enlightened him, perhaps Carraway did so, because Uncle Boly stopped at his place to brag about his investment. He returned to Prescott twice and searched diligently for Messrs. Gober and Big Un, but they had taken the precaution to establish a lookout system, and received warning of his approach.

A week later a development occurred which threw consternation into the pair. A wildcat within less than a mile of Uncle Boly's north forty came in for two thousand barrels a day.

Nobody had paid much attention to this test, because it was so far off the supposed line of the formation, and the reputation of the owners was such that everybody had deemed it a raw promotion stunt. The well extended the field considerably, so that possibilities were now almost limitless.

"Holy mackerel!" cried Ben. "Uncle Boly's quarter sections'll be worth a fortune."

That such was the case became evident before sundown. The land man of one of the Standard group made an offer to Gober of two hundred dollars an acre for the Daniels stuff "just as those leases stand. We can cure 'em."

"Let's see," said the Big Un, wetting a pencil, but his hands shook so that he could hardly trace figures. "That'd be—how much would it be, Ben?"

"Oh, nothin' at all—just sixty-four thousand dollars!—that's all it would be! Big Un, do you know what me and you are cut out for?"

"Uh-uh."

"Peelin' potatoes in a hash house. When I think of what we went and done —— I swan," he cried angrily, "you can think up more fool things to do than any ten men I ever heard tell of."

"Who? Me? Why, you wanted to sell just as much as I did!"

"But it was to pay your dog-gone check that we sold, wasn't it?"

"Maybe it was."

"Then what the Sam Hill did you give him a check for, when you didn't have the money in the bank?"

The Big Un felt a vague sense of injustice, but could summon no reply.

"What we've got to do now," declared Ben determinedly, "is to go out there and buy them quarter sections back before Uncle Boly finds out how much they're worth."

"Ain't that takin' a chance?"

"Shucks, no! If we offer him a hundred dollars an acre cash money, he'll jump at it."

Much against his better judgment the Big Un consented, and they made the tedious journey to Varden. From that point they walked, the driver declining to risk it any farther.

"Well," exclaimed the Big Un, "what do you know about that?"

Just where the trail entered Boly's swamp a fresh pine slab had been nailed to a tree. On it was painted in large letters—Don't Bother Me.

"He must of hired somebody to do that."

"I don't care who done it," replied Big Un, "but I'm goin' back."

"Why, that don't mean nothin'. It's like a lot of lease hounds have been pesterin' the old man and he's plumb tired of 'em, that's all. But he knows us, and cash money is a mighty smooth talker."

It did not get the opportunity to work its magic on Uncle Boly. He was in the clearing, splitting wood, when he espied them working their way laboriously along a felled tree over the flooded stream. They did not see him because all their attention was on each step they took; but they heard a whoop, and there was Uncle Boly dashing for his shack. Something told Ben it was the opportune moment to go from there.

"Go back, Big Un!" he bawled. "Beat it quick! That ol' geezer is mad sure enough."

The Big Un turned around, escaping a plunge into the water by a hair's breadth, and started on the return trip over the logs, with Gober panting at his heels. But they weren't fast enough.

"Dadgum!" shrilled Uncle Boly from the edge of the clearing behind them, and there was a sort of holy joy in his tones. "This was made to order."

He sighted carefully along his ancient squirrel gun, and right upon the bang of its report Gober let out a yell and dropped into the creek. He came up, clawing at the nearest branch, but the Big Un didn't tarry to rescue him. It was no time for hero stuff, with Uncle Boly drawing a bead on the most prominent portion of his anatomy. He managed to reach a tree before the old man could pull the trigger, and from its protection, took counsel with Ben.

"Git under," he shouted. "Duck behind somethin', Ben. He's about to crack down again."

Uncle Boly did, indeed, take another shot at Gober as that enterprising young man waded into shallow water, but a thick screen of branches scattered the charge. Dodging from tree to tree, and taking no thought of the wetting, they contrived to regain a place of safety without further injury. Behind them they could hear Uncle Boly sicking his dogs forward, but the potlicker wonders did not seem to relish the water, and held back, whimpering.

"Well," said Ben grimly, "you would be a lease hound!"

"Why, it ain't my fault, Ben!"

"Whose is it, then? Mine, I suppose! There's one sure thing—I'm through with this leasin' business. It's back to roughneckin' for us. Here, help me pick this bird shot out."

"Do you know," said the Big Un thoughtfully, as he tenderly extracted bird shot from his stooping friend, "I about come to the conclusion there ain't any easy job, Ben."

Every Cadillac produced in nine years of V-Type 90 degree eight-cylinder construction—unless destroyed by accident—is, we believe, still in service.

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CADILLAC

THE TRAGEDIES OF MR. PIP

Continued from Page 15

"You would be," said Charles Edward.

There was something in his tone, and Sarah Ann went up into the air. He was the rudest man she had ever met. He wasn't a man at all; he was a boy. And if it came to tempers, she'd rather be a little hot-tempered at times than have a nasty, sulky disposition like his—all about a pair of trousers too! She'd only wanted to be nice to him because he'd saved her life. Goodness knew that it wasn't for any other reason! And he'd been perfectly horrid to her and naturally she'd told Monty. And he would never have broken his old cane if he hadn't been beating that poor tramp. It served him right. Yes, it did! It served him right!

Here she ran out of breath.

"I knew it was your temper—look at it now," said Charles Edward coldly. "You did try to commit suicide because you couldn't have your own way. And you certainly lost your temper at the Blue Moon because I didn't seem very pleased to see you, and you abused me to that fat little idiot till he mashed my hat in."

"And who wouldn't have lost their temper?" asked Sarah Ann. "I'd been looking for you to thank you for days and days; and when I found you, you were as stiff as a poker."

"And why should I be pleased to see you? You got me wet through and spoiled my evening—just because you couldn't keep your temper."

Sarah Ann stared at him aghast. She had never heard such a thing in her life. All young men were pleased to see her! Always! It was a basic fact, perhaps the basic fact, of her existence.

"And I believe you lost your temper with that tramp. If you'd handled him properly he wouldn't have threatened you," Charles Edward added by way of completing the indictment.

"Then I just didn't!" cried Sarah Ann. "I only told him to go away when he wanted to help me mend my motorcycle, because he was so dirty."

"I knew it!" cried Charles Edward triumphantly.

Sarah Ann swallowed hard; then she cried, "I never came across anyone so detestable in my life! I wish you'd go away!"

"The very moment you've mended that motorcycle, I'm going," Charles Edward declared. "I can't help you. I don't know anything about them."

With that he sat down on the turf and averted his eyes from her. Sarah Ann invited him twice to go at once. He suggested that she should get on with her task, for he did not want to spend the night there. She glared at him for several seconds; then she walked to the motorcycle with an air of great dignity and began to search for the cause of the engine trouble.

As she searched for it she kept glancing at him. Not once did he look at her. It was incredible! All young men looked at her. They liked to do so. Charles Edward looked at the broken cane with somber eyes. He fitted the two pieces together. It was impossible to mend. His air became woebegone. Sarah Ann told herself that she was glad he had broken it. Yes, she was!

In ten minutes she found the cause of the engine trouble and removed it. She put the tools in their box, smoothed out her skirt, twitched her knickerbockers into shape and adjusted her cap. Charles Edward rose.

The work had soothed her, and she said in almost gracious accents, "I'm very much obliged to you for driving that beastly tramp away."

"Not at all," said Charles Edward as graciously as he could.

"And I'm sorry you broke your cane."

Charles Edward hesitated while he repressed the impulse to tell her that that had been her fault, not his; then he said, "It can't be helped."

She started the motorcycle and came past him, just shaving him. He was raising his hat; she leaned towards him and snatched the upper half of broken cane from his left hand.

"I'm going to have it mended!" she cried. "You know where to come and get it—13 Mount Street!"

She was thirty yards down the road before Charles Edward's quick mind really grasped the theft.

He gasped. Then he said, "Damn!" He gazed after her fast-receding form with raging eyes and shook his fist at it. Never would he go to 13 Mount Street! He would not even write for the cane! He had had enough of her! Too much!

He picked up the end of the cane he had so prized and set out again towards London drooping.

II

THE fifteenth of July was a great day for Charles Edward Pip. But it did not look like it. The heavens were a blackish gray and the rain was pouring down. Therefore he put on his old suit of clothes, and after a modest breakfast, which he prepared himself over the gas ring in his bed-sitting room at 19 Gore Street, Notting Hill Gate, he put on his old hat and a raincoat which had, without any difficulty, seen better days. He arrived, slightly moist in spite of this covering, at the office of his employers, Messrs. Walton & Woodberry, Oriental importers, on the stroke of 9:30. Punctuality is the politeness of kings, and therefore of the well-groomed English gentleman it was his perpetual aspiration to be.

Still Gazing at the Cane, He Said in a Musing Tone, "Three Orange Pips"

He had been superintending the unpacking of a chest of Kien-lung porcelain, gathered by the agent of the firm in China, and studying each piece as it was unwrapped for no more than ten minutes, when Holbrook, the office boy, came to tell him that Mr. Walton wished to speak to him. Charles Edward went briskly, and without fear, for he was on excellent terms with Mr. Walton and also with Mr. Woodberry, since he was well worth the three pounds a week they paid him.

"Good morning, Pip," said Mr. Walton, smiling as he always did at Charles Edward's alert and distinguished face. "I sent for you to tell you that my wife saw an advertisement in The Times yesterday, which, judging from the resemblance of the name, you might very well look into. It seems that a firm of solicitors, Mansfield & Carter, of 17 Finsbury Pavement, are asking the descendants of the Rev. Charles Edward Pip, a prebendary of Lincoln in 1830, to communicate with them. Do you know whether you are a descendant of his?"

"He was my great-great-grandfather," said Mr. Pip in a rather startled voice.

"Then you had better look into it," said Mr. Walton with decision. "There isn't much doing; and if you like, when you've finished unpacking that Kien-lung you might go round and interview these lawyers."

Mr. Pip thanked him and left the office in considerable excitement. He was the direct descendant of Charles Edward Pip; indeed, he and his Aunt Ellen were the prebendary's only descendants. The advertisement held immense possibilities—only for a little while. On further consideration, while he was watching over the unpacking of the precious china, he came to the conclusion that there could not really be much in it. A prebendary of the name of Pip would hardly after this lapse of time be discovered to be a man of property. But there might be some property, and there would surely be an heirloom or two.

The porcelain was unpacked; and he set out for Finsbury Pavement, not greatly excited, but in hopes of an heirloom or two—nothing so wholly satisfying, of course, as the cane which that detestable girl had spoiled, but still heirlooms, a silver teapot or so. His strongest feeling perhaps was a distress that the summeriness of the weather had made it expedient that he should wear his old suit, and so prevented him from presenting himself to the lawyer in his fine-weather garb of a well-groomed English gentleman.

He had to wait in the waiting room of Messrs. Mansfield & Carter but two minutes. Then the office boy took him to Mr. Mansfield himself, a portly, well-dressed man of fifty-five, wearing the air of dignified sagacity appropriate to a family lawyer of good standing. He invited Mr. Pip to take a chair in front of his desk and surveyed him for a few seconds before he spoke. The inspection seemed satisfactory, for he relaxed a little from his heavy gravity and smiled.

"I take it, Mr. Pip, that you have called about our advertisement in The Times," he said in solemn accents. "Are you a descendant of the Rev. Charles Edward Pip, of Lincoln?"

"He was my great-great-grandfather, and I believe that my Aunt Ellen and I are his only living descendants," replied Mr. Pip.

"That should certainly simplify matters," said Mr. Mansfield quickly, but with no great cheerfulness. It sounded to Charles Edward as if he would prefer matters complex. "Have you anything in the way of—er—family records?" he continued.

"There's a family Bible which has all our names and the dates of our births and marriages," said Mr. Pip. "It belonged to my great-great-grandfather. My aunt at Rickmansworth has it, and she has a good many birth and marriage certificates of the family as well."

"They should simplify matters too," said Mr. Mansfield in distinctly regretful accents.

As a family lawyer he expected the affairs of any family which employed him to be in the greatest possible confusion. Most of his large income was obtained from straightening them out.

He sighed and continued: "The client for whom I am handling this matter is in a hurry, a great hurry. So I will send my head clerk down to Rickmansworth at once to inspect the documents. It would be as well if, as the person chiefly concerned, you were to give me a letter to your aunt asking her to let him examine them. Old ladies are apt to be flurried and to raise obstacles in these matters. And you might tell her that there is a certain amount of property concerned, and—er—er—other things. I don't wish to be more explicit at present, because I might—er—er—be raising expectations which after all might come to nothing—not until the fact is fairly well established that you are the oldest direct male descendant of the Rev. Charles Edward Pip."

"I'm sure you'll find that that's what I am," said Mr. Pip confidently.

He did not desire to go away with his curiosity wholly unsatisfied.

"It certainly looks like it, and your name makes it even more probable. Charles Edward has always been the name of the eldest son in both branches of the family," said Mr. Mansfield. "But I do not feel justified in going further into the matter and exciting hopes which may not be realized. If you would write that letter to your aunt ——"

Mr. Pip wrote the letter to his aunt, a tactful letter which would prevent her from becoming unduly excited by the visit of the lawyer's clerk. Then he gave Mr. Mansfield his Notting Hill Gate and his office addresses.

Then he said somewhat wistfully, "Are there any heirlooms, if it turns out all right?"

"Heirlooms? Oh, yes, dozens," said the lawyer carelessly.

Charles Edward came out of the office in a considerable exhilaration. He was sure that it would turn out all right, that he was the only direct male descendant of the prebendary; and the thought of heirlooms, dozens of heirlooms, was uncommonly pleasing. Among so many it was really

(Continued on Page 30)

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Both within and without its rapidly-widening circle of owners, nothing but good is being said of the car and the Maxwell organization.

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The buying public itself awards the good Maxwell the leadership in its class, because the public finds in it far more than it has been accustomed to getting for its money.

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$885

The Good

MAXWELL

(Continued from Page 28)

possible that he would find one as satisfying as that Malacca cane. And property too! It would be very pleasing to be an owner of property. An owner of property should have the money to look always the well-groomed English gentleman.

For the rest of the day he was in an agreeable state of exhilaration and excitement. He spent the evening fencing at the gymnasium of the Notting Hill Gate Polytechnic and found himself at the top of his form. He was a fair boxer, but fencing was his chief accomplishment. His father, who felt that he had failed the tradition of the family, which enjoined that a Pip should be a doctor, a parson or a lawyer, by going into an office, because there was no money to qualify him for one of these professions, had always impressed on Charles Edward the Pip tradition. He had urged him to take up fencing at the City of London School, since it was the accomplishment of a gentleman. Charles Edward had proved to be a born fencer and had cultivated sedulously his natural gift.

That night he lay awake for some time, building castles in Spain from which he made frequent visits to the establishment of Mr. Poole to procure the garments of the well-groomed English gentleman in their highest perfection, and drove from that establishment to the London Fencing Club.

The next morning he received a letter from Mr. Mansfield inviting him to call at his office at eleven o'clock. With a pleasant feeling that he would now make the right appearance before the eyes of the lawyer, he put on his new suit, a necktie and socks of the same shade of light blue, his new straw hat, and the shoes which by dint of loving care he had brought to a most beautiful shade of rich brown. Thus arrayed, with his tall, slim figure, clear skin, tanned cheeks, blue eyes, and high-arched Pip, or rather Pyppe, nose, he looked the part it was his perpetual aspiration to play.

That morning he was taken straight to Mr. Mansfield. The lawyer rose to welcome him with a respectful affability, and his eyes warmed a little at the impressive change in his client's appearance. Then he sat down, placed the tips of his fingers together, and with a sustained judicial air became more explicit.

What he was seeking was the heir to the baronetcy of Pyppe. The last baronet, Sir Charles Edward Pyppe, the last male of the elder branch of the family, had died in 1912. Research had made it clear that the only possible heir to the baronetcy must be a descendant, if there were any alive, of the Charles Edward Pyppe who had been a prebendary of Lincoln in 1830. They had advertised for them in 1913. None had come forward. Mr. Pip's father had died at the beginning of that year.

"Your great-great-grandfather, Mr. Pip, appears to have been a man of a rather violent temper," the lawyer continued. He paused to give Mr. Pip a rather queer look and added, "That temper appears to have been rather frequent among members of the Pyppe family."

"I know one," said Mr. Pip quickly and somewhat bitterly.

"Ah, your aunt?" said the lawyer in a discreetly sympathetic tone.

"No; one of the other branch of the family," said Charles Edward.

"That's odd," said the lawyer quickly. "There are only two members of that branch of the family living."

"And I know one of them," said Mr. Pip with gloomy certainty.

The lawyer's face was illumined by an expression of sudden and sympathetic comprehension.

"Ah—er—indeed?" he said in a sympathetic tone. Then, as if hastening from the subject, he continued quickly: "Well, your great-great-grandfather appears to have quarreled with his uncle, the Sir Charles Edward Pyppe of 1830. Indeed, he appears to have—er—er—made himself generally objectionable to him, and finally he changed his name to Pip, P-i-p, saying, 'My name is pronounced Pip and I'm going to spell it Pip.'"

"I don't see that it was a change for the better," said Charles Edward a trifle gloomily.

"There is no accounting for tastes, especially when a man is in a bad temper," said Mr. Mansfield sententiously.

He went on to explain that the baronetcy was one of the earliest creations of James I; that the first baronet, Sir George Pyppe, was a friend of Sir Walter Raleigh; that Charles Edward became the name of the eldest son only in the middle of the eighteenth century; that the Pyppes had been Jacobites.

Charles Edward was pleased with the antiquity of the title. He felt that if he was going to be a baronet, it was right to be all the baronet possible.

Then Mr. Mansfield informed him that the records in the hands of his aunt established clearly Mr. Pip's descent as far as his grandfather, Dr. Charles Edward Pip; that his clerk had already started for Lincolnshire to establish the other two steps in his descent and that he anticipated no difficulty in his doing so.

"In fact," the lawyer ended, "I have very little doubt that we shall be able to prove very shortly that you are the heir to the baronetcy and the owner of Pyppe Court and the estate which goes with it."

"By Jove!" said Charles Edward softly, and he saw visions and visions.

But Mr. Mansfield continued: "Unfortunately the estate is small. The income from it just about pays for the upkeep of Pyppe Court. There is, however, a sum of two thousand three hundred pounds which has been saved during the ten years the estate has been in chancery."

Charles Edward heaved a deep sigh. His savings during the six years he had been earning his living amounted to forty-one pounds seven shillings and nine pence in the Post Office Savings Bank. A thousand pounds, much more two thousand three hundred, had been beyond his dreams of avarice.

But he said sagely, "For a baronet, of course, two thousand three hundred pounds would go a very little way."

"It would, indeed," said Mr. Mansfield. "But if you were to let Pyppe Court, with the rent of it and the income from the property you would have a quite comfortable income. Though what with the income tax ——"

He ended on a bitter note.

Charles Edward frowned. The idea of letting Pyppe Court was repugnant to him. A baronet should live at his family seat. Also he had a strong desire to live among his heirlooms.

He said somewhat dolefully, "I shouldn't like to do that."

The lawyer bent forward and said in impressive accents, "Then, Mr. Pip, you must marry."

"There is always that," said Charles Edward without enthusiasm.

The idea of being a married baronet was not so attractive to him as that of being a single one.

"Ah, well, with your title and your—er—er—appearance, you should have very little difficulty in marrying well," said Mr. Mansfield solemnly.

Charles Edward looked at him with somber eyes.

"I hope then that in the course of a week or two your right to the title and the estate will be definitely established," Mr. Mansfield went on. "And now my client, Sir Algernon Wroughton, who caused the advertisement to be inserted in The Times—he is a connection by marriage of the last baronet—is anxious to make your acquaintance; and when I telephoned to him the result of my clerk's investigations yesterday he asked me to invite you to lunch with him at half past one today at 13 Mount Street."

Charles Edward jerked up from his chair and dropped into it again. On the instant his ingenuous face became a mask of horror. Thirteen Mount Street was the abode of his evil genius, Miss Sarah Pyppe!

"Thirteen Mount Street!" he exclaimed, and his eyes rolled wildly from side to side.

"Yes," said the lawyer, looking at him with considerable astonishment.

"That's where Miss Pyppe—Miss Sarah Ann Pyppe—lives," said Charles Edward in a tone of extreme dismay.

"Yes. She is Sir Algernon's niece."

Charles Edward said nothing, but he looked like one who has just received tidings of disaster. His visions fled. If that devilish girl was concerned in the matter ——

Then he found his voice and said in the tone of a martyr drawing very near the stake, "I shall be charmed to accept Sir Algernon's invitation."

He left the lawyer's office, fallen far indeed from the height of anticipation and exhilaration at which he had entered it. But he was young. He had not walked more than a hundred yards before his lagging step grew springy again.

"After all," he said to himself, "what can a weak girl do?"

He walked twenty yards with an almost jaunty air; then he shivered. What could that weak girl not do?

Mr. Walton congratulated him warmly on his good fortune, and told him to take all the time he needed for the conduct of the affair. Charles Edward finished the work he had in hand and betook himself to a neighboring Mecca to consider the position over a cup of coffee. Now that the first shock had passed, Sarah Ann Pyppe seemed less formidable, less charged with malignant potentiality. He began to feel that strength would be given him to cope with her. At a quarter to one he set out to walk to 13 Mount Street. He felt that the walk would brace him for the encounter. At rare intervals he had the very faintest hope that he would not find Sarah Ann Pyppe at 13 Mount Street. He reached the house at five and twenty past one. The footman seemed to be expecting him, and took him to a charming drawing-room. Its simplicity and its emptiness pleased Mr. Pip, used to rooms filled to capacity with furniture. He moved quietly about it looking at the pictures and objects of art. A member of the Cultural Circle of the Notting Hill Gate Polytechnic, he had acquired some acquaintance with the arts. Then the door opened with a sudden, jarring violence, and there entered that ravishing young person, Sarah Ann Pyppe. Her sparkling eyes and slightly flushed cheeks enhanced the warmth of the coloring of her distinguished beauty. In her hand she carried the prebendary's cane.

Charles Edward's heart bumped against his bosom and his blood ran cold.

"How are you?" she said in tones that rang with triumph, and she shook the cane at him. "I knew you'd have to come for it! I knew you'd have to—sooner or later—when you'd got over that detestable sulkiness! I knew you wouldn't be able to stay away!"

Charles Edward's blood ran warm, quite quickly. It was an aspersion, a distinct aspersion. His spirit discarded diplomacy.

"I didn't come for anything of the kind!" he said sharply.

Her face fell a little and she said in somewhat incredulous accents, "But of course you came for it!"

"No!" said Charles Edward positively.

She stared at him with unbelieving eyes that were now sparkling rather more brightly, and said, "Then what did you come for?"

"I merely came to lunch with Sir Algernon Wroughton," said Charles Edward coldly.

The incredulity faded from her face, and anger and disappointment took its place. Her eyes sparkled yet more brightly as she said "If that isn't exactly the disagreeable thing you would go and do! Just because you knew that I had set my heart on your coming for this wretched cane, you must go and come for something quite different! Of all the people I ever met I do think you're the most disagreeable!"

Charles Edward felt rather more cheerful. She was not having it all her own way. He was holding his own.

"I think you've told me something very like that before," he said in a tone which expressed admirably his unfeigned indifference to what she did say about him

"And I'm telling it you again!" cried Sarah Ann; and her eyes were no longer sparkling but flashing, and she tossed the cane to him.

Charles Edward caught it neatly and said politely, "Thank you."

Then, running his hand lovingly over the three orange pips which stood out in relief from the round top, he looked at it. The cane she had broken had been replaced by one of exactly the same size and color. It was an admirable piece of restoration.

"I'm very much obliged to you for having had it mended so exactly," he said politely, even allowing some of his gratitude to find expression in his tone.

"And what's the good of that," asked Sarah Ann in a tone of extreme exasperation, "when I wanted you to come on purpose to get it?"

Charles Edward longed to tell her that nothing in the world would have induced him to come to fetch the cane. But he refrained; it was not in the part of the well-groomed English gentleman.

Then, as was inevitable, Sarah Ann said it for him. She said, "I don't believe you ever would have come for it! I believe you'd have stayed away just to spite me!"

She looked to him for quick denial of the accusation. Charles Edward said nothing. He looked at her with cold eyes.

"I knew it!" exclaimed Sarah Ann. "I knew it! I was perfectly certain of it! And I was perfectly right when I said that you were the most disagreeable and detestable young man I ever came across!"

The door opened in the middle of her last sentence and there entered a gentleman of fifty, plump, pink, round-faced, fair-haired, with a twinkling gray-blue eye.

"How are you, Mr. Pip?" he said in pleasant tones with a pleasant smile, shaking hands with Charles Edward. "Mansfield tells me that I'm not to call you Sir Charles for the next fortnight or so, though goodness knows why, since the business seems as plain as a pikestaff." Then he glanced at Sarah Ann's furious face and his eye twinkled yet more brightly. "I see that there's no need to introduce you. You seem to be already acquainted—quite well acquainted—on—er—er—the usual terms in fact—Sarah Ann's usual terms. I heard her speaking to you with her usual frankness when I opened the door. And I see that she has restored the cane to you which was the fortunate cause of my putting the advertisement in The Times."

He smiled amiably on Sarah Ann. She glared at him, turned on her heel and stalked out of the room with immense dignity.

Sir Algernon smiled at Charles Edward, a confidential, sympathetic smile, and said, "I see that there has been no delay in your learning that Sarah Ann, as I have so often told her, is a trifle paulo-post-impressionable. But perhaps you had already learned it."

Charles Edward's heart was rather hot within him, and quite full.

Without pausing to consider, he said, "Yes; this is the fourth time we've met, and every time she has been in a temper about something."

"This time it seems to have been about you," said Sir Algernon, and his eyes twinkled yet more brightly.

"And it was the last time, and the time before that," said Charles Edward rather in the tone of one with a grievance.

"Then you can quite understand that I lost no time, when she came home with a cane with three orange pips on the top—your cane, I take it—in inserting that advertisement in The Times, and how pleased I was to learn from Mansfield that it would be practically plain sailing to prove that you were heir to the baronetcy."

Charles Edward did not understand at all, and he looked at Sir Algernon with questioning eyes.

"Why, my dear fellow, don't you see?" said Sir Algernon with immense animation. "It lets me out. You're the head of the family now—Sarah Ann's family. Naturally, when you take over the baronetcy you take over Sarah Ann with it—in the sense, that is, that you become responsible for her, and not me. I—er—get out."

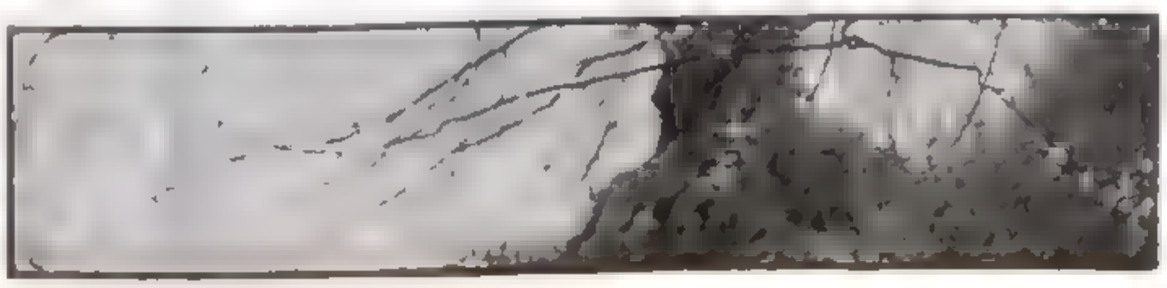
The slightly heated expression left on Charles Edward's face by his brief interview with Sarah Ann Pyppe gave place to an expression of the most intense and blankest dismay.

"Responsible?" he said in accents that matched his expression. "That girl?"

Sir Algernon laughed with cheerful heartiness

"That girl, as you so felicitously phrase it," he said.

Charles Edward gazed upon a world in ruins. The Pyppe baronetcy lay shattered at his feet.



Editor's Note—This is the second of three stories by Mr. Jepson. The next will appear in an early issue.

"Double action" means a new degree of cleanliness

Sunbrite, the *"double action"* cleanser does not stop with scouring—it sweetens and purifies, too

THERE are various degrees of cleanliness. There is the ordinary kind which simply means the absence of visible dirt or stain. Then there is surgical cleanliness, neither possible nor necessary in the household.

But there is another degree of cleanliness which housekeepers often wish they might be sure of—the kind which is not only visibly clean but really sweet and pure and sanitary.

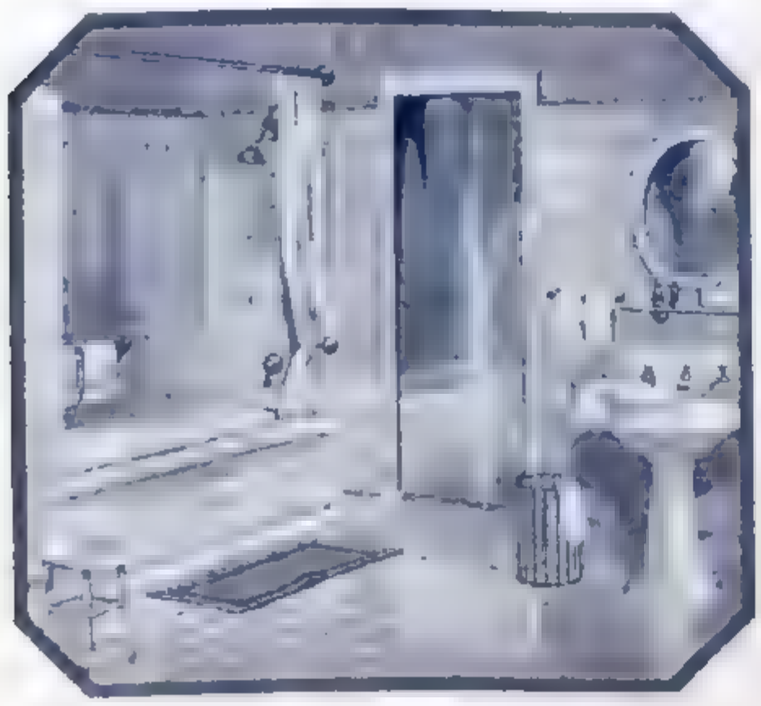
Sunbrite brings this greater degree of cleanliness to the household. For it cleanses with "double action"; it not only cleans and scours in the ordinary way, as all good cleansers do, but it has another and more far-reaching effect—it also sweetens and purifies.

This added quality of **Sunbrite** is due to a mild but effective purifying element in its composition, which leaves everything it cleans, sweet and odorless and sanitary. It scours thoroughly, too, but is not coarse enough to mar by scratching. Then it will not hurt the hands since it has no harsh chemicals in it.

Equally attractive as this new degree of cleanliness which **Sunbrite** contributes to the household, is its low price. The great production facilities of Swift & Company make the cost of **Sunbrite** very low. And a United Profit Sharing Coupon goes with every can.

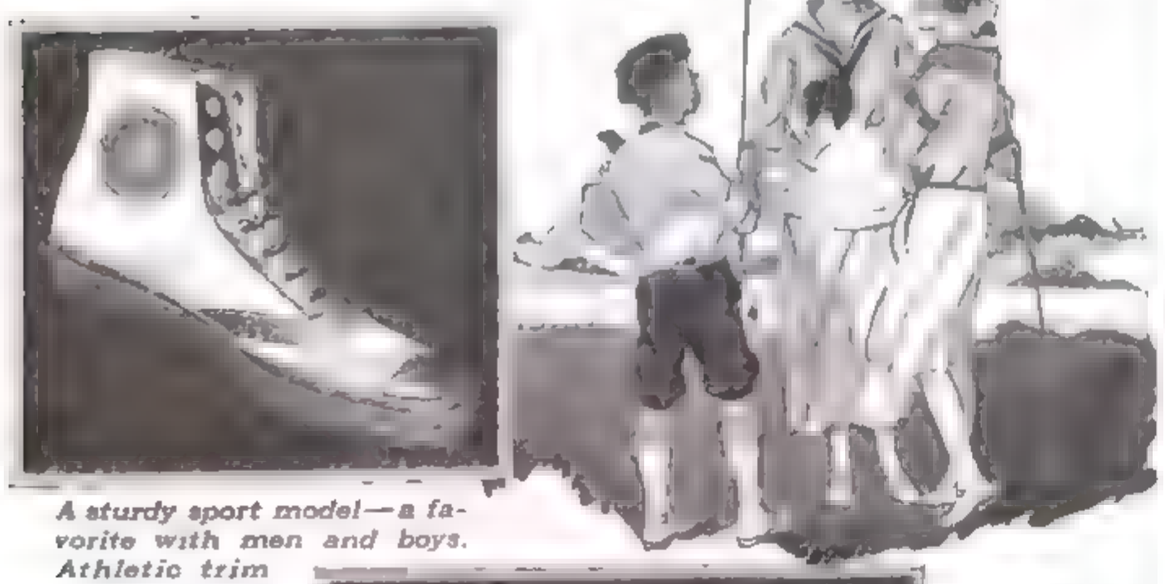
"Double action" cleanliness! For every surface, edge and corner, every utensil and fixture in bathroom or kitchen, this new degree of cleanliness, *without extra work*. Get it in your household cleaning by the use of **Sunbrite.**

Swift & Company, U. S. A.



Wash thoroughly in soap suds the knife with which you have cut an onion; then cut a lemon or an apple with it—and the onion flavor is still there. A Sunbrite cleansing not only polishes the knife but destroys every trace of the onion flavor

They are not Keds unless the name Keds is on the shoe



A sturdy sport model—a favorite with men and boys. Athletic trim and ankle patch.

One of the most popular all purpose Keds. For general wear as well as sports.

Once the custom of a lucky few - *Today the summer habit of all America*

Sport clothes—easy, loose-fitting "out-of-door" dress—only a few years ago they were the mark of the lucky few with months of leisure. Today they've become the accepted summer style from one end of the country to the other!

And wherever you see them—you see Keds!

Keds have spread country-club comfort throughout America. Light, cool, easy-fitting, Keds let the feet, cramped by months of stiff shoes, return to their natural form and breathe. Made in many styles, they have become popular on city streets as well as at the vacation places.

Why it will pay you to insist on Keds

Keds are the standard by which all canvas rubber-soled shoes are judged. Their quality is backed by the skill and experience of the largest rubber organization in the world.

There are many different kinds of Keds—high shoes and low, pumps, oxfords and sandals—styles for men and women, girls and boys.

Keds, of course, vary in price according to type. But no matter what kind of Keds you buy, every pair gives you the highest possible value at the price.

Remember—while there are other shoes that may at first glance *look* like Keds—no other shoe can give you real Keds value. Keds are made only by the United States Rubber Company. If the name Keds isn't on the shoes they aren't real Keds.

Valuable hints on camping, radio, etc., are contained in the Keds Hand-book for Boys; and games, recipes, vacation suggestions and other useful information in the Keds Hand-book for Girls. Either sent free. Address Dept. F-7, 1790 Broadway, New York City.

United States Rubber Company

Keds

Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off

OH, DOCTOR!

(Continued from Page 19)

"Heart's in the right place," said Seaver. "You'll be glad to know that a skilled inspection of the precordia revealed no undue bulging or pulsations, and that Scobell confirmed this by palpation. He percussed out the dullness of the heart, he listened by stethoscope. He found a slightly diminished intensity to the heart sounds, but attributes this to the patient never having taken a lick of exercise since the day he was born. He had a choice new sphygmomanometer, which I defy you to spell, and with this he took the blood pressure. He got the systolic and the diastolic and computed the pulse pressure from them. It pleased him immensely. He looked vainly for a functional arhythmia, and found the field of cardiac response all that it should be. Of course there were clinical aids they both used; a full blood count, for one—the number of reds, the number of whites, color matter and color index. If the report has seemed too glowing, it may be a relief to you to know that our man actually suffers at present from a secondary anaemia with a color index below one."

"One what?" asked Mr. Peck.

"Has he ever had rheumatism?" demanded Mr. McIntosh.

"He hasn't mentioned it so far; my impression is that it's because he hasn't thought of it. Get the suggestion to him properly and I dare say he can have it by tomorrow, if that will please you."

"It would not," said Mr. McIntosh. "I only asked."

"And you decide he has no blemishes?" demanded Mr. Peck.

Doctor Seaver again shrugged wearily.

"Three of us——" he began with an air of worn patience. Mr. Clinch relieved him.

"Listen, men! Why all the talk? Doc had the dope right, and the specialist boys bear him out. Now it's this: Do you want part of the bet with me—or don't you?"

"Something tells me——" began Mr. Peck. Clinch eyed him impatiently, but the speaker continued. "Something tells me it's a sure thing."

Mr. Clinch's face cleared.

"Attaboy!" he cheered.

"I'm not saying it wouldn't be a sure thing," admitted Mr. McIntosh.

"Then we take the bet—a hundred thousand to his stack that he's alive three years from now."

"And two months," reminded Mr. Peck.

"Three years and two months," corrected Clinch. "He understands the terms, don't he, Doc?"

"He's unpleasantly agitated right now for fear they won't be accepted," replied Seaver. "He doesn't believe us, not me, not the other two. Telling him he's safe for a long life only irritates him. He simply won't believe he's not in a critical state and I shan't tell him so again. He's surprisingly mulish, and the effect on him is bad. He firmly believes he's good for no more than a year at the outside, and that he won't last a year if he doesn't get this money for advice, medicines and proper nursing. I shall let him rest in that conviction. And understand, my professional conscience is clear, because to insist on the truth to him in his present state would only aggravate it. He's really weak and he might be driven into something by reason of his mulishness. Another thing; suppose I went back in there and told him he was a practically well man except for his sick fancies and bad feeding, and a fool to pay seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars for three years' use of a hundred thousand—what would he do?"

"Fire you and call in a man with sense," put in Clinch.

"Quite so, and the man of sense would call in three other men of sense with a hundred thousand dollars to bet on a sure thing."

"A cinch bet," added Clinch, "no matter what his hole card is."

"And what will you actually be telling him?" demanded Mr. McIntosh.

"Exactly what I've told you men, only I tell it in the manner of a medical man trying to keep up the spirits of a patient he knows to be in a bad way. He takes it in that sense, no matter what I say. I say 'Of course you'll live the three years out!' and he looks grateful; he thinks I'm lying. He thinks I'm enlisting your money in his behalf, knowing all the time that you'll lose it. He has an idea I've kept back things from you, that I haven't let you know how bad he is. And I want you to clear that up. I'll feel better. Tell him I've kept nothing from you, and that the specialists have kept nothing from you. Tell him you are men with a passion for gambling. You like hazards, you love to take long chances. Now that's all. He'll execute that assignment the moment you put it in front of him."

"In this case, I shall gamble," said Mr. Peck.

"I am persuaded," said Mr. McIntosh.

"A long life, but a merry one!" cheered Mr. Clinch.

VIII

IN THE first flush of his new affluence the most cheering thought of Rufus Billop was that he could now provide a shield against the apparently willful skepticism of Aunt Beulah. She had resolutely declined to believe that the talk about his sickness was anything but nonsense. She conceded that he was, perhaps, a bit too slender, at least for her taste. She didn't mind slenderness if a person wasn't dippy about it, like some she knew. She had herself been told she could lose a few pounds and never miss them, but she'd rather be all meated up than skinny. As for Rufus Billop, all he needed was twenty pounds of hard flesh; then he'd stop dying on himself and get up out of bed. People went to bed too easy. Take Mr. Rush; he'd been bedfast only five days before he went out into the great silence. As for what these so-called specialists and doctors might tell a person, Mr. Rush always used to say there was no fool like a learned fool. A man ought to have the use of himself. He could if he'd eat human victuals—and what about some of this pot roast that would put new life into anyone?

Things simply went over Aunt Beulah in a way that left Rufus aghast. The trouble was that she had no real knowledge upon which to build an understanding. She did not know that our civilization is dying, nor that she was but a clumsily functioning excrescence on a minor planet revolving about a minor star that would presently cool and die. It would have been practically impossible to alarm her with proof of the sun's imminent extinction. In the fatuous security of her untainted ignorance, she would have been unruffled by the disclosure that she was merely a portion of matter with contained energy, no way differing in principle or content from an inorganic compound. She did not know and probably could never be taught that life is a morbid departure from the only stable equilibrium. And she had worn upon her nephew with her steady assumption that his so-called invalidism was but a hobby.

Her stubbornness in this matter had told. She had not precisely made him doubt his illness, but unquestionably she had disconcerted all the habitual notions of his impermanence; and her unbelief had eaten into his sense of importance. This must be restored. He liked Aunt Beulah, even in her wretched incredulities; he felt something tonic about her. But there must be a buffer between them. Not steadily could he bear to be told that he was merely twenty pounds under weight. Somehow he must be protected, not alone from her blind cheerfulness, but from her continual and insistent proffers of dreadful foods like pot roast. More than once she had gone as far as pork chops. He must be guarded from this by someone with authority. The employment of a trained nurse now seemed to be required, a competent woman whose directions and precautions not even Aunt Beulah would have the effrontery to question. True, she might oppose the measure itself, but he would be inflexible. He had the right, and the means, to die in his own way, eased by whatever skill was purchasable, and protected against rabid unbelievers.

It seemed, however, that Aunt Beulah was not minded to battle on this point. She not only liked the idea of a trained nurse but she knew the very nurse he should have.

"It's a Miss Schultz, and she's just finished a long job nursing the father of a friend of mine, Mrs. Dale Hawkins. I got real acquainted with her when I'd go there to play bridge with our little crowd. The old gentleman had something lingering, so I saw a lot of her. She's a right interesting character, and as trusty as they come. I wouldn't mind having her here at all.

(Continued on Page 34)

Peerless

We invite you to test the New Peerless alongside of the finest you have hitherto known, or can find today, in motor cars.

We will go further and urge you to compare it, on any basis you please, for any and all of the qualities essential to satisfaction in motoring.

Compare it for beauty—for power and speed and acceleration—for comfort and actual economy—for stability and regularity of performance.

Compare it, not only with any other car on the market—entirely regardless of price—but with your own conception of ideal motoring.

We predict, with reasonable certainty, that your conclusion will be the conclusion already voiced by thousands—that you have never before encountered anything so fine as Peerless performance, and that all you had specified in your own mind had been surpassed.

Critical owner-use and observation during the past year have established beyond any question the fact that there is nothing better than Peerless performance—none more satisfactory from year's end to year's end.

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Don't Depend on Being Lucky!

You never know what pedestrians are going to do!

You're not even sure they see you coming!

Klaxon Always Sounds —and is Always Heard

Only a powerful penetrating and unmistakable warning permits you to thread your way through modern traffic—safely and at ease!

Klaxon is dependable and unfailing. Its "saw-tooth" note is the most penetrating sound ever invented!

Inspect the Klaxon at your nearest dealer's today—and you will understand why "a GOOD horn is Safety Insurance and only a Klaxon is good enough!"

Model 5 shown above—Other Models $5 to $30

There is only one genuine Klaxon. You can identify it by the name plate shown above. To be sure you get the effective, individual Klaxon tone and Klaxon endurance insist on the Klaxon name plate

(Continued from Page 32)

My sakes, the things she can tell about the folks she's nursed! Of course I know it's foolish, your having one at all. It ain't the real you that wants one—the real you ain't sick at all. Still, if you're set on one, Miss Schultz is perfect. Suppose I run over to Mrs. Dale Hawkins' in the little bus. She'll have her address, and maybe I can bring her back with me."

"Please do," he said, rejoicing in her ready acquiescence.

Now he could be properly sick. There would be official recognition of his state that must impress even the skeptic. He turned on his pillow almost with a sense of comfort when she had gone. The inevitable processes of decay might not be arrested, but they would be decently supervised.

A few hours later Aunt Beulah woke him from a light sleep to report her success. Miss Schultz had been secured. She was even now changing into her uniform.

"The luckiest thing; she'd been sent for by another party and had her bag all packed and a taxi waiting; and just as she was going out the door her telephone rang and she didn't have to go because the party had passed on. Something sudden; they didn't tell her what. She says it was likely a clot on the brain—she knows more than most doctors, I guess. Anyway, she was all ready to come with me. Wasn't that luck? And on the way over she was telling me all about Mrs. Dale Hawkins' father that she's just finished with. It seems she gave him up long before the doctor himself did, and she says ——"

There was a sharp knock at the door, and Miss Schultz, in her stiff white uniform, entered with a tread made noiseless by felt slippers. Her patient breathed a little sigh of relief as he read her with a skill born of experience. She was the nurse he would have selected from any number of nurses; a severe-faced woman approaching the middle years. Strands of graying hair showed under her cap, and her dark eyes were knowing. Advancing to the bed, she spoke in tones that were soothing, yet rich with intimations that the worst might always be expected.

"And how do we find ourselves now? Yes, yes, I see—don't try to tell me. We must save our strength, mustn't we? Let me lift the pillow a bit." She lifted the pillow, lowered a curtain, set back a chair, with unhurried deftness. Meantime her eyes searched for something. "I don't find the temperature chart."

The patient spoke in a faint glow of resentment.

"There isn't any; Doctor Seaver hasn't had one."

Miss Schultz clicked her tongue three times in able deprecation.

"I'm afraid Doctor Seaver has been careless."

"But my thermometer is on that little table."

At once she slipped it between his lips and laid strong fingers on his pulse. Her patient managed a happy smile, even with the tube in place. Here was one who instantly believed in him; believed, he was sure, the worst. He raised triumphant eyes to the waiting Aunt Beulah. Now she must see how bad he was. Miss Schultz dropped the feebly pulsing wrist and withdrew the thermometer. She went to the window and read it.

"Um!" she announced. That was uninforming, but it could be seen that she now regarded the thermometer with suspicion. "We must have a new one," she said. "I think this doesn't register properly."

"What's the matter with him anyway?" demanded Aunt Beulah, not in a sick-room voice. "Is it something he's eaten?"

"No," said Miss Schultz firmly, but in a tone rebukingly lower.

But Aunt Beulah kept her voice up.

"Well, if you can leave him for a little, come out and get your lunch; the stew must be warmed up by this time. And wouldn't a plate of it be good for ——"

"No," said Miss Schultz; "not for him—not in that state."

Rufus Billop drew a long, happy breath. Miss Schultz was ideal. She became at once the buckler and shield he had so sorely needed. She now again lifted his pillow, lowered another curtain, removed a book from the bed and swept him with a final glance eloquent of foreboding. He smiled at her gratefully, and the two women went out together.

From the dining room, his door having been but half shut, he presently heard Aunt Beulah's invincibly cheerful tones.

"I guess you'll be wanting to send over for your trunk this afternoon; we can telephone to the transfer company."

The reply of Miss Schultz was lower in pitch, but her firm tones carried.

"No; I won't need any trunk for that poor young man—I've seen too many like him. What things I brought will last out this case."

He heard Aunt Beulah's tread, and his door was softly closed. He was as bad as that! Miss Schultz was better than Aunt Sena had ever been at her best. His importance was restored. He now looked forward to delighting Doctor Seaver, on his evening visit, with the news that he would have skilled nursing to the very end.

He could not fail to remark, however, on Seaver's arrival, that his physician viewed his nurse with no rejoicing whatever.

He merely said, with a singular lack of animation, "Hello, Mary; how'd you get here?" and evinced but a quality of sour interest when told.

He left some new medicines, but shortened his call. He promised to bring a pad of temperature charts, but showed no embarrassment when Miss Schultz called his attention to the oversight. He seemed, indeed, rather curt with her, and his patient wondered if he were not revealing a narrow spirit. Certainly Miss Schultz, in one brief afternoon, had tactfully, but more definitely than Seaver had ever done, left him feeling that his case was hopeless.

He was correct in supposing that Seaver had not been elated at sight of the nurse. He would have been disturbed, moreover, had he known that Seaver, up one flight, was inaugurating what would practically be a conspiracy to oust Miss Schultz. As a result of this activity, there met in Seaver's apartment the next morning the Messrs. Peck, McIntosh and Clinch. The first two arrived in some alarm, which they took no pains to disguise. Only Mr. Clinch was placid.

"He ain't failing already?" demanded Mr. Peck, and Mr. McIntosh hoped there was no bad news, but in a tone revealing that he expected nothing less.

Seaver was swift with reassurance.

"I didn't know capital was so sensitive. No; he isn't failing, and there's no bad news. Merely a situation I could have handled myself, only I promised to keep you gentlemen fully advised of every development and I thought you ought to know about this. The patient is reacting exactly as I said he would when you put your money down on him a week ago; having a wonderful time believing his end is near. But what does he do today but install a trained nurse!"

"Is that all?" demanded Clinch

"No, it isn't. Out of all the nurses in this town, he picked the one that would land him in the grave in six months if anything could. She's Mary Schultz—Death Watch Mary they call her at the hospitals. There's something about her—I don't know—she could take any one of you, even Clinch there, and put you to bed and pat your pillows and take your temperature and have you thinking in two days that your last hour had come. My cold opinion is that she's actually put it over in more than one case. Anyhow, she already has Billop thinking more than ever that the end is near. He had symptoms enough of his own, but she's dug up three new ones. And, trust her, she'll have more tomorrow."

"The creature!" exclaimed Mr. McIntosh severely.

"But she'll have him smelling grass roots in no time!" said Mr. Peck savagely.

"Maybe not," resumed Seaver. "It's a fine point—brings in his psychology. He's tickled pink with the woman. She tells him all the things he believes about himself, and that cheers him a lot; and a cheerful frame of mind is essential. I knew at once—told you so—that I couldn't come out flat-footed and tell him he had no disease. It would only enrage him, and that would be bad. But at the same time, I couldn't conscientiously tell him he's as bad as he thinks he is."

"Oh—conscience!" It was Mr. Peck obliterating this trifle.

"Well, perhaps it would have been better for him in the end. But I'm sure of one thing: I'd rather do it myself than have Mary do it, because I'm not certain she wouldn't actually get him in the end, even if he is so rejoiced now at having someone agree with him. You see what I mean—she's pleasing the hypochondriac, feeding his fancies, and so actually giving him new strength at this moment; but I won't answer for results after she's had him for a month."

"It's too deep for me, this psychology stuff." Mr. Clinch shrugged off.

"I'll tell you," said Seaver. "I'll call her up and you men take a look at her. I won't have her stay on if you don't agree, and I won't put her out if you don't agree. It's your money." He seized the telephone on his desk and called the Rush apartment. Miss Schultz, who answered, was asked to come to Doctor Seaver's apartment for some medicine he had forgotten to leave the night before. "She's coming," he announced.

"You still dosing him?" demanded Clinch.

Seaver smiled.

"The bottles are important looking, the labels are simply terrible, the directions mostly for five drops in half a glass of water and so on, and I have to give him a new kind every day or so or he gets sulky; but they're all alike, and if you drank a quart of any one of 'em you'd be none the worse."

"Sugar and water," observed Mr. Peck wisely.

"Something much the same," assented Seaver, and went to answer a ring at the door. Miss Schultz had arrived.

"Ah, Mary, sorry to have troubled you; but here's something I forgot to leave last night—something for that pressure at the top of his head—directions on the vial—five drops in a cup of warm milk before he sleeps."

Miss Schultz regarded him with pained toleration. She had her opinion of doctors who forgot important medicines. In this interval she was herself being regarded by the three other occupants of the room with something less than toleration.

Seaver again addressed her as she took the vial.

"And by the way, Mary, since you are here, these gentlemen"—he indicated them with a genial hand—"are friends of Mr. Billop's; in fact they're greatly interested in his health"—Mr. Peck here strangled a cough—"so perhaps you won't mind telling them how you find the patient. They know, and no one knows better than I know, that a nurse's verdict is often sounder than a physician's, who may see his patient but once a day."

Miss Schultz surveyed the three gentlemen. Her eyes fastened upon the frail Mr Peck with a gleam of sudden interest. Mr Peck squirmed in his chair until she looked away, addressing Seaver.

PHOTO BY A. J. BAKER, PORTLAND, OREGON

Hopi Indian Girl

(Continued on Page 36)

The very attractive pattern shown on the floor is No. 1- Congoleum Art-Rug No. 524. In the 9 x 10½ size it costs only $ .00

GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK
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Gold Seal CONGOLEUM ART-RUGS

Fresh as the Morning!

So much of the charm of a bedroom depends upon its air of immaculate daintiness. And that's why women everywhere like colorful, sanitary *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rugs for the floors of these rooms where cheerfulness and cleanliness should reign.

But these popular rugs come in such a wide range of attractive patterns that it's easy to find one appropriate for any room in the house. There are richly colored Oriental motifs for living and dining room—delightful floral designs for bedroom—and neat tile and woodblock effects for kitchen and bathroom.

No Dusty Beating and Sweeping

And the tedious housework Congoleum Rugs save! All the cleaning they ever need is just a few strokes of a damp mop. Another convenience—they lie flat and smooth without fastening of any kind—never ruffle at the edges or corners.

Yet with all their beauty, their sanitary, durable and easy-to-clean features, *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rugs are low in price.

Popular Sizes—Popular Prices

6 x 9 ft.	$ 9.00	The rug illustrated is made only in the	1½x3 ft.	$ .60
7½x 9 ft.	11.25	five large sizes. The smaller rugs are	3 x3 ft.	1.40
9 x 9 ft.	13.50	made in other designs to harmonize	3 x4½ft.	1.95
9 x10½ft.	15.75	with it.	3 x6 ft.	2.50
9 x12 ft.	18.00			

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted.

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THE above illustration gives a truthful impression of the dependable protection afforded by a pair of Weed Bumpers.

Equip your car with these dependable "collision absorbers" without delay. Put them between you and the reckless or inexperienced drivers.

Ride inside the "Safety Zone."

There is a Weed Bumper for every car made. Five designs in addition to the Weed Spring-Bar Bumper shown above. Write for illustrated folder. Give us name of your dealer and car.

AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, INC.
Bridgeport, Connecticut

(Continued from Page 34)

"Very nice of you, doctor, I'm sure. We nurses aren't always appreciated at our full value by the profession. There have been times when I certainly could have told —— However, about this poor young man downstairs, of course, I needn't tell you because you must have seen. Sad, isn't it? And he's so cheerful with it all, so different from those I've seen go out protesting, fighting for life to the very end.

"This morning he's almost blithe. He says it's due to my influence, but of course they always get notional toward the finish. He's frank about his going too; not like some that pretend they don't realize it, though I always believe in bringing the truth home to them."

Miss Schultz paused, again fixing Mr. Peck with a professional eye.

"Exactly, Mary; I've heard lots of reports of your excellent nursing."

Mr. McIntosh sat forward in his chair and diverted the gaze of Miss Schultz with a pointed finger.

"How long, miss, will you be giving him?"

Miss Schultz calculated briefly.

"I can't say as to the number of days," she admitted, "not as competently as Doctor Seaver can. But after I had a good look at him I decided not to send for my trunk. The things I fetched in a suitcase will be ample."

"Thank you, Mary, and that's all. I'll look in as usual about five."

Seaver closed the door upon Miss Schultz and faced his callers, grinning, but there were no answering grins. Mr. McIntosh had slumped back in his chair and was staring moodily at the floor. Mr. Peck openly wore a look of anguish. Even Mr. Clinch had been impressed. His jaw had dropped, his eyes seemed to have been pushed forward

"All that money!" sighed Mr. Peck.

"'Twas a madness," said Mr. McIntosh.

But Mr. Clinch had now recovered.

"Say! Didn't Doc tell you how she'd talk?"

"But she's such a knowing talker—so convincing," Mr. McIntosh submitted.

"And I'd never been stung!" lamented Mr. Peck.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen!" Seaver broke out. "Is Mary the physician in this case, or am I?"

"And didn't you say yourself right here that nurses often know more ——" began McIntosh

"What if I did? I had to start her. None of you been stung yet, please take notice. I wanted you to see her—and hear her; and now I want to know if I ought to keep her on in the job"

"He asks that!" Mr. McIntosh was plaintive

"No!" said Mr. Peck.

"No!" said Mr. Clinch. "Not that battle-ax!"

"Remember," said Seaver, "there's the other side I mentioned. Her full agreement with Billop might act to invigorate him. The human mind is a curious contraption. The sick human mind is a genuine tangled maze."

"She'd be fatal," said Mr. Peck. "With two looks at me she had me feeling bad."

"Leave psychology to one side—that's my view," said Mr. McIntosh.

"Listen, men!" Mr. Clinch faced them, shining, inspired. "This psychology stuff works two ways, so here's a whale of an idea: Let him have a trained nurse, but let her be a peach—see what I mean? Instead of a battle-ax aged forty-three, find him someone that's a lovely view and ain't hardly cast her first vote yet. Do you get me? Give him an interest in life, give him an aim, give him something to look at besides his tongue, give him something to think about besides how he hurts in different spots. Doc knows a lot of nurses. Find him a simple peach, Doc. Then watch us win our bet! Cheer me, men—now, all together!"

The cheers of Mr. Peck and Mr. McIntosh were silent but heartfelt. They beamed upon the speaker. They glowed with new hope.

"She shall be found," said Mr. McIntosh.

"A peach!" murmured Mr. Peck. Then more thoughtfully, "But not a fluttery person"

"And not one of these mush-heads," suggested Mr. Clinch.

"A comely lass with a head on her shoulders," elaborated Mr. McIntosh.

"All dressed in white, with one of these Dutch caps that has the brim turned back," said Mr. Clinch.

"Shiny stockings!" murmured Mr. Peck, beholding a vision

"You old reprobate!" cried Mr. McIntosh fondly.

"I'm a man," muttered Mr. Peck defiantly.

"A peach covers everything," declared Mr. Clinch. "We all know what a peach means."

"We do; we will be knowing quite all of that," agreed Mr. McIntosh—"a winsome thing that'll frolic with yon limpet between whiles she'll be nursing him with sugared water."

"Say, friends, she'll make a new man of him. Funny we didn't see it at first. Listen, Doc! You can dig up one, can't you"

The others turned anxiously to Seaver.

"Very well, gentlemen, if that's your decision. Yes, I can probably dig up one, as you put it. It may take a little time But remember, I warn you right now that the course you're suggesting isn't free from risk"

"Risk, with a sweet young thing like that?" demanded Mr. McIntosh, who already saw her. "And what risk?"

Seaver deliberated.

"They're the kind of risks you can't foretell. All I can say is, you invite complications. I wouldn't have held out for Mary Schultz—no. But why go to either extreme? Why not simply the ordinary, capable nurse, a pleasant woman who'll do her work and not talk the man into his grave—and not be an exciting spectacle plain, wholesome-looking, but not exciting?"

"The loveliest view you can find," persisted Mr. Clinch.

"Who'll engage him in innocent diversion and joviality," added the purblind McIntosh.

"Shiny stockings," murmured Mr. Peck with a ribald leer.

"So be it, gentlemen! I've warned you. I admit my reasons are vague perhaps you're right not to heed me. But if anything goes wrong, don't look hurt when you hear me say I told you so."

"Who is it now building a bridge for retreat?" demanded the caustic McIntosh.

"Not a fluttery person that would wear him down," repeated Mr. Peck.

"Not one of these mush-heads," repeated Mr. Clinch.

"You'll have mastered the other specifications," observed Mr. McIntosh.

"All right, I'll scout around," said Seaver; "but don't blame me if you ever come to wish we'd kept Mary Schultz."

"We won't, we won't!" they chorused.

"A bonny wee bit like her to bring complications!" added Mr. McIntosh, who, it was plain, now vividly beheld the successor of Miss Schultz.

IX

MISS SCHULTZ reigned happily for a week, unconscious to the very end that, from the first, a conspiracy had been forward to dethrone her. Doctor Seaver, among his other accomplishments, was skilled in diplomacy. He had been aware of the high esteem in which the nurse was held by his patient, and he had avoided any direct attack upon her intrenchments, fearing that this might strengthen her position. His strategy was roundabout, its first innocent display being a suggestion that Aunt Beulah's apartment was not the ideal setting for a long illness.

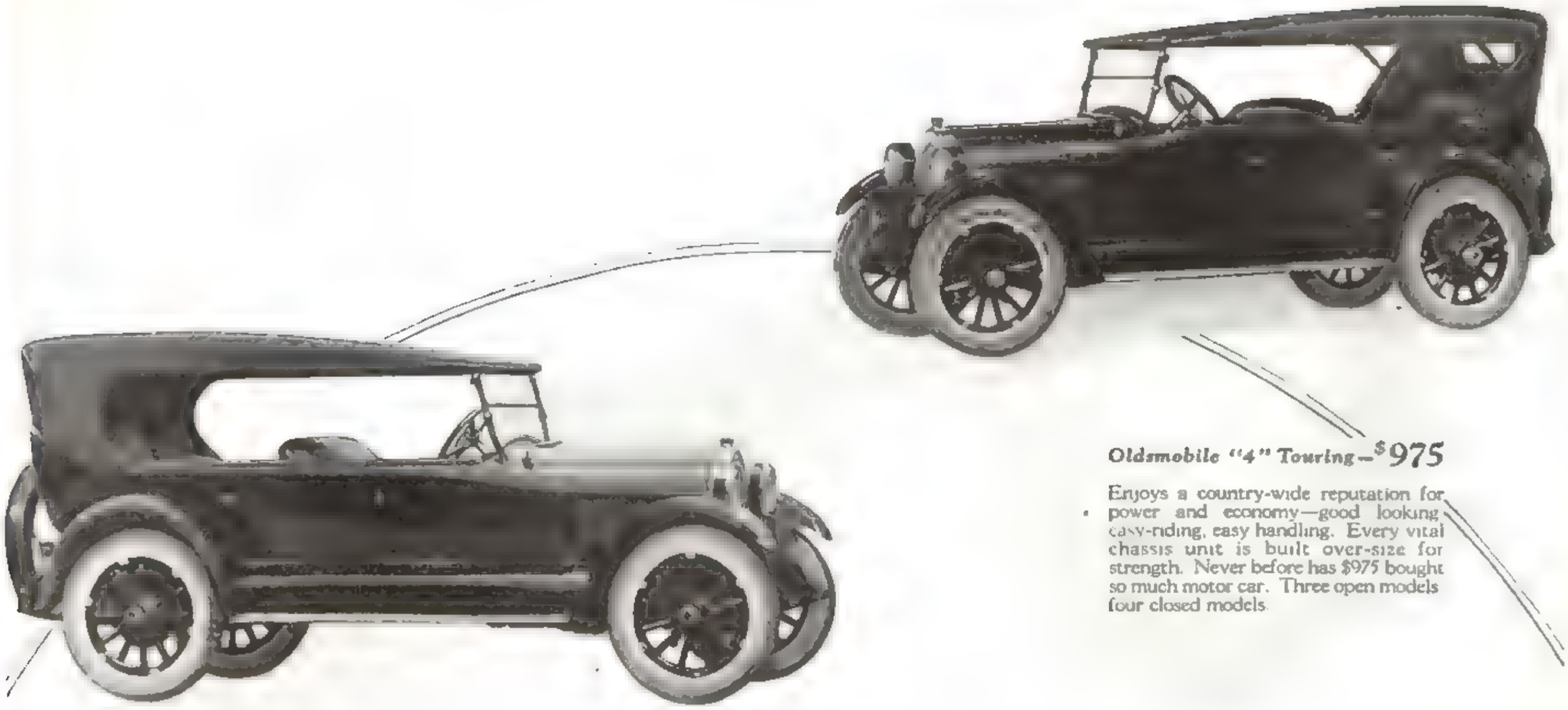
"It's too small and"—he made sure that Aunt Beulah was not within hearing—"too stuffy. You want a larger place, farther out, where you can have plenty of fresh air and sunlight—a lawn, flowers, trees, that sort of thing; a view of the mountains, something cheerful—and a big sunny room for yourself. In this cramped space"—his manner became grave—"I wouldn't answer for results. And it isn't as if you couldn't afford the change, now that these men have financed you. I strongly advise it. Clinch is a real-estate dealer. I'll ask him to find something for you if you like."

"I wish you would," said his patient, wearily pleased. "I thought of moving, only I didn't want to hurt my aunt—she takes such pride in all this. But, of course, if you recommend it ——"

He was, indeed, tired of the apartment, tired of the dimly lighted small bedroom—too small for him and the three framed portraits of the late Mr. Rush that stared disconcertingly at him from three angles.

He pictured now one of those attractive places farther out, tree-shaded, blossom-sheathed, with a lawn for strolling should

(Continued on Page 38)



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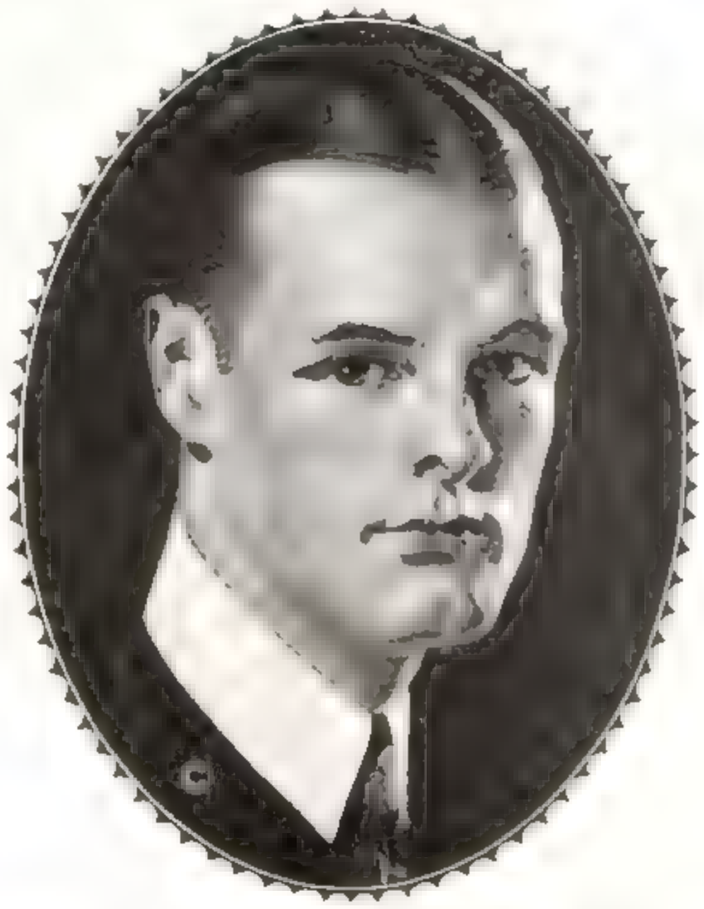

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THE TREND of fashion in men's dress indicates the popular recognition of styles that are comfortable, yet smart. Men's clothes, shirts, and especially collars, have been designed to afford the utmost in comfort without sacrificing smart appearance. Just now men favor the lines of the "roll front" style of starched collar, and this demand is met with every desirable width in

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(Continued from Page 36)

he ever again be up to violent exercise. And a big sunny room for himself, more removed than his present room from Aunt Beulah's untimely fox trots. Then he recalled her peculiar taste for scenes lately enlivened by crimes of violence. If the selection were left to her she would almost certainly choose a homelike spot next to some recent good murder.

"And do have Mr. Clinch pick out the place," he continued. "It's kind of him, and, if it's just as convenient, in some quiet neighborhood; quiet and orderly, where nothing—you know—criminal has happened so very lately. I'll be terribly obliged to him."

"Clinch will be only too glad to help. There's a man that has your interests at heart. He wants to see you improve. So do Peck and McIntosh, for that matter."

"I know, I know! I'll never be able to thank them for the noble way they've come forward just when I needed help."

"They're constantly doing that sort of thing," put in Seaver.

"I know—big-hearted Westerners, careless about money in a way that would shock Eastern men. I only wish I could feel that I'm going to live the time out, so they won't lose a lot through sheer generous instincts."

"I understand just how you feel; but don't worry about them. They saw a chance to help a fellow man, and if they lose you can be sure they'll be game losers. They'll have a good laugh ——" Seaver here achieved a quick turn. "I mean they'll be sorry for you; but they'll know they did all they could, and then they'll look about for another investment. They're that type—shrewd enough, but big-hearted. Take Peck, for instance—a heart like an ox."

"I often feel a good bit of remorse—days when I'm worse than usual—remembering the careless way they rushed into this thing. But I have your word for it that you made it plain to them they were taking big chances."

"Certainly; they knew exactly what I consider your condition to be, and I'm sure you want to do everything possible to save them from loss. You want to get well—and I don't say you haven't a fair chance—not only for their sakes but for your own. I'm sure of that, and that's why I'm going to speak frankly about your nurse. She's a woman of sterling character, but not quite the attendant I'd have picked for you, because her experience has been along other lines than yours."

Across the invalid's wan face there flitted an expression that to Seaver was enigmatic. He decided, however, that it was not one of dissent.

"I haven't kept from you," he continued, "that yours is a peculiar case; I've never had one quite like it. But I could perhaps have selected a nurse more familiar with its general needs. I ought to tell you, too, that Clinch, Peck and McIntosh happened to be in my office the other day when Miss Schultz came up for some medicine I'd forgotten to leave. They at once urged me to find a nurse with more experience with your peculiar needs.

"Of course they saw at a glance that Miss Schultz is capable; but they felt, as I do, that her knowledge has been gained from a different class of ailments. 'Can't you find someone,' they asked me, 'that has had more experience with exactly the peculiar and delicate set of conditions that our young friend suffers from?'

"I said I could hardly take the liberty of supplanting a nurse you had selected, and who, after all, was conscientious and reliable. I said I might possibly be able to find a nurse with the previous experience that would make her ideal for your unusual needs, but I wouldn't try without your approval.

"They persisted. 'Of course, it's not the money we're thinking of'—this was McIntosh talking straight from that big Scotch heart of his—'but it's the young chap himself. We want to see him strong on his pins again.' Clinch and Peck said the same. The money was an item, of course—money always is—but they were overlooking it. They long to see you on the road to recovery. They put it to me more pointedly. They wanted to know how I could square it with my conscience if I didn't try every means to persuade you to have a nurse more familiar than Miss Schultz with your obscure and often puzzling symptoms—not, mind you, that I owed it to them, but that I owed it to you. So at last I said I'd open the matter to you as I have just now. Their concern about you was really very pleasant. And now I've kept my promise."

Seaver was gently glowing with rectitude. He turned the light of it full upon his patient's face. The patient, as if blinded, allowed his white lids to fall, but did not speak.

"So that's the situation," continued Seaver. "I advise not only the move to more cheerful surroundings but I advise the change of nurses, in case we shall be lucky enough to find one with the peculiar fitness I've just described. I ought to tell you, too—you're a man that can face the truth—that your reactions since Miss Schultz came have not been what I could wish."

"I've felt that," murmured the patient.

"And I ought to tell you, further, that Miss Schultz is convinced you won't last long."

"I know it," said the patient, still with closed eyes. "She's a candid soul."

"Candor itself! She quite shocked those kind friends of yours upstairs the other day by the shortness of time she gave you. They felt a genuine alarm for you; they were saddened. And, of course, candor is an excellent thing; but there are certain psychological values ——"

"That's it—psychology," said the patient.

"Exactly," said Seaver, beginning to wonder if his diplomacy had been wasted.

He waited for a lead. His patient was still a long moment, dreaming back over the four days of Miss Schultz. She had brought him triumph over Aunt Beulah's stubborn disbelief in his mysterious ailments; her instant whole-hearted faith in these had restored his spirit, quelled certain base doubts of his evil state that would inevitably spring up, from Aunt Beulah's carelessly strewn seed, with the rank fecundity of jungle plants. She had made him feel that his worst fears about himself were justified. Above all, her manner of approach, her unrustling quiet, her noiseless felt slippers, the knowing gravity of her severe face, the delicacy of her ministrations, had subtly flattered him.

Then on the third day he had found himself in a vague uneasiness which swiftly became a disquieting suspicion that Miss Schultz might be just a trifle overdoing it. She apparently believed about him even more than he believed. This, he felt, was excessive. She conveyed to him that she was merely waiting—briefly—for what couldn't be helped. The tales of her past cases—at first refreshing—had almost palled on him. They were far too alike in their endings. Differ as they might in the beginning, he now foresaw their final lines —— "And then blood-poisoning set in" —— "The shock was too great and he never rallied" —— "I knew just how it would be—she never came out from under the anæsthetic."

He was no longer eager for these recitals. And finally she had, by her smoothing of his pillow, by certain deft contacts with his wrist, by her handling of the glass thermometer, by the soothing administration of his medicines, the bestowal of his hot-water bottle, the fetching of his watchfully guarded food, recalled to his mind—quite inconsequently, as he knew—a certain repulsive phrase which no nurse could have survived. "The Billop touch." He realized it was unjust to her, but he was now helpless under its impact when she neared him.

Seaver's diplomacy had, indeed, been uncalled for. His patient had been wondering how he could tactfully induce Seaver to—with equal tact—release him from Miss Schultz. He knew she would feel cheated at not being kept on to the end, but he was aware that that would be more than he could endure for the sake of her gratification. He was already obliged to practice a certain facial restraint when he felt her noiseless approach. He schooled himself not to reveal something that might have dismayed her—perhaps even a shiver of repugnance. This necessity called from his nether mind a certain other remembered phrase, unfortunate in its implications: "Natural Expressions Perfectly Maintained." It was not the fault of Miss Schultz; he knew that. She was merely unfortunate in her present post. He opened his eyes and spoke with a new animation.

"Psychology—that's it. She's a rare woman, but—I can speak frankly, doctor—she's simply nothing short of a psychological blight."

"Exactly," said the relieved Seaver.

"But do you think you can find this ideal nurse you speak of, one that will understand

(Continued on Page 40

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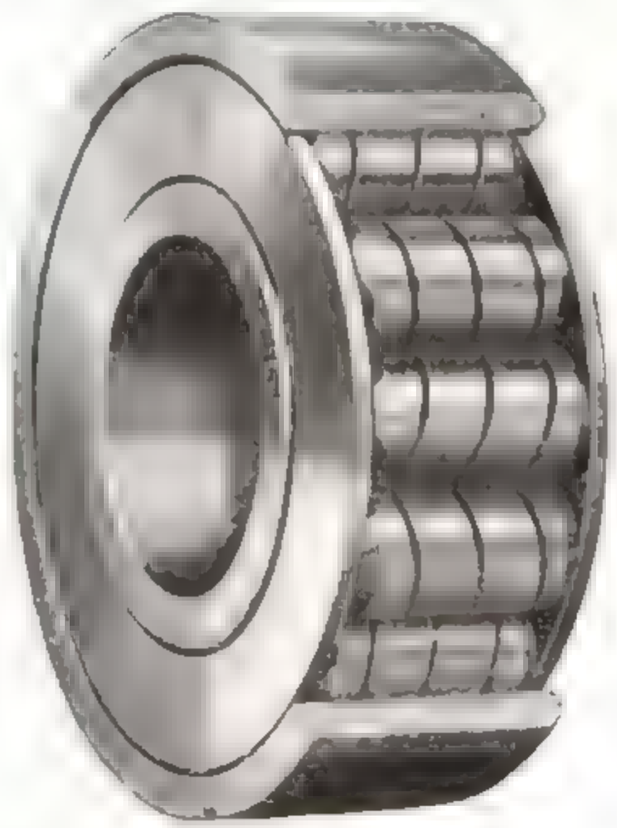

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Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

(Continued from Page 38)

my case better? And could you find her by tomorrow—even today?"

He regarded the physician anxiously. Seaver meditated.

"Let me see—perhaps, but I can't promise. I was in touch with one yesterday I believe might do. She hasn't had Miss Schultz's years of experience, but what she has had would qualify her in the way I've indicated. If you really wish me to, I'll look her up again. Of course she may have taken another case."

"Do your best, doctor. If you can't get this one get the next best. In fact, I don't mind telling you, I'd be glad to have almost anyone. There's Miss Schultz now with my tray. Would you mind staying till I've eaten? It won't be long—you see, she insists I'm too far gone to feed myself."

From his patient Doctor Seaver ascended to his own apartment, where he telephoned in turn to Messrs. Peck, McIntosh and Clinch. The tenor of his message was that he had found the type of young person they urged for the situation they had in mind. He would say nothing more about her, except that she had promised to call at his apartment that afternoon. If they could find time to be there at three o'clock they could form their own opinions. He wished not to engage her definitely without their united approval—this for reasons which he had submitted to them on the occasion of their last interview with him. Without question, she came well up to the rather difficult standards they had prescribed. Nevertheless, if they should find at any future time reasons to regret her engagement, he wished them to be able to recall without effort the circumstance of his having more than once stipulated that no blame in the matter should attach to him. It might be all for the best; then again——

The three gentlemen said that nothing would keep them from Doctor Seaver's apartment at the hour named. Doctor Seaver said "Very well," in the tone of a man washing his hands of a vexing problem.

Mr. Clinch was the first to arrive, and his eyes eagerly searched the small office as Seaver admitted him.

"Not here yet, but she'll be on time," promised the physician. "She's businesslike."

"And she's a——"

"She is—exactly. Don't worry about that part. And while we're waiting, what sort of a nice homy bungalow you got on your list that will do for Billop? Something out toward the hills, where he can get a little free air and free sun. That cell he is in downstairs is no place for even a well man. About ten rooms, furnished."

They were considering bungalow possibilities—Mr. Clinch's list abounded in them—when the others arrived. They, too, were eager-eyed, and dropped an air of flaming expectancy when they learned that the candidate for the Billop post had not preceded them. Seaver looked at his watch.

"She has nearly five minutes," he reminded them. "She'll be on time. She's businesslike; that's one of the first things you'll see about her. I doubt if you gentlemen will know much more for the present—except, of course, she's all you ordered in the way of—of scenery, was it? Oh, yes, a lovely view. That was it. She's commendable as a view. At the same time——"

"We understand, Doc—you've built your own bridge, like you said the specialists all do. We'll be sure to remember."

Mr. Clinch modulated into a vivacious description of the bungalow home he most warmly recommended for Rufus Billop. He grew lyric.

"He's making sure he'll get some of his back," observed Mr. McIntosh pointedly.

"My niece has a charming place for rent on South Oxford Street," submitted Mr. Peck.

Mr. Clinch ignored these remarks. This place he was talking about wasn't a mere bungalow; it was more like a villa, and he'd make the rent——

The figure was not disclosed.

"Three sharp," broke in Mr. Peck, regarding the large gold watch attached to his person by a tether of braided human hair. The entrance bell sounded twice, not hurriedly but firmly, the rings nicely spaced. One felt that the bell push had not been fumbled.

"Businesslike, that's what I said," reminded Seaver as he went to the door.

"Mind now, we don't embarrass the chit," Mr. McIntosh amiably warned his companions.

They heard the door open, were aware that a figure entered from the outer hall. Seaver stepped back and the figure faced them from the doorway. The three expectant ones arose with entirely gallant implications. The girl glanced from one to the other with a lack of interest easily to be detected, and looked over her shoulder at Seaver, who now came forward.

She wore the usual trim blue serge; but surely never had skirt and jacket covered and revealed a figure of more balanced and beautiful vitality. Her small hat, too, was of the inconspicuous sort; but at that, no hat could expect to be really seen, resting on that richness of raven-wing hair, shading that face.

"Gentlemen," said Seaver, "Miss Dolores Hicks. Miss Hicks—Mr. Peck, Mr. Clinch, Mr. McIntosh, all close friends of the young man I spoke to you about."

Each of the gentlemen bowed with more manner than he habitually employed in similar crises.

"We're delighted to meet you, my dear," said Mr. McIntosh.

Miss Hicks glanced sharply at him, then as sharply at Mr. Peck, who said, "You are even better than we expected." She quite ignored Mr. Clinch, who added heartily, "Say, won't she be a treat for the lad!"

"Sit down, please," invited Seaver. Miss Hicks sat down with marked self-possession. It might have been suspected that she was slightly bored by this effusive reception. She glanced inquiringly at Seaver. "I ought to tell you," he continued, "that these gentlemen are not only close friends of the young man but they have an especial interest in his welfare. You see, he's a sort of protégé of theirs. They've rather taken him under their wing. Naturally, they were a whole lot concerned that he should have not only a skilled nurse but one with a cheerful mind, a wholesome outlook on life, one that would possibly divert him from too steadily dwelling on his illness—if you get what I mean."

"Take his mind off himself," added Mr. Peck, his lusterless eyes unwaveringly upon the points of a pair of patent-leather slippers firmly placed before Miss Hicks.

"Bring the sunshine and the roses into his dull life," suggested Mr. McIntosh in a flight of poesy he had never planned. As he explained later, the words had come of themselves.

"Give him something to live for," added Mr. Clinch, scorning subtleties.

Miss Hicks again glanced at the three, then at Seaver. Her gray-green eyes—delightful eyes—had taken on during the last speeches a hardness of surface, brilliant but concealing. Her small mouth with its upward pointing corners, in repose until now, opened in promise of speech. Her voice, when it came, was low, with a warm, purring roughness.

"Let's have this straight—is it a nurse you're needing, or is it a vamp?"

Polite sounds of the utmost amazement, shocked amazement, issued from the three. Seaver lifted his hand in refutation.

Mr. Peck said, his eyes on the right slipper pushed forward by its wearer when she spoke, "My dear young lady!"

"Because if it's vamping," continued Miss Hicks, "we needn't waste time. If I had to vamp for a living, it wouldn't be in a uniform. And besides, I have a splendid offer from an eye-ear-nose-and-throat man downtown—an office job where you know what your hours are, which you never do in nursing. And that's another point—if this job is nursing, and not the nonsense you men make it sound like, I must have sane hours or I'll still take the eye-ear-nose-and-throat job. My last case, I got there at two P.M.—I was an angel of mercy till two P.M. the next day, and when I was going home for a rest the woman's daughter said 'You'll be back by 3:30, won't you?' When I told her there wasn't a chance of it, she asked if I was sickly. Now you know the worst. Is it nursing, straight, and do I have a night's sleep every now and then?"

Her voice had held them rapt. Now reassurances began to leap from the three, incoherent but earnest. Seaver quelled them with a look.

"Better let me explain," he suggested. The three fell awkwardly silent. "It's straight nursing and no nonsense, Miss Hicks. Be easy in your mind there. As to the hours, I can promise there'll be no cause for complaint. The patient requires a certain amount of attention during the day, but even this will have none of the disagreeable features of so many nursing cases. Your nights will be your own. If complications were to set in there would be a night nurse. You'll find the work light. I think you'll find it even agreeable. To be frank with you, the patient is rather a hypochondriac; he needs the appearance of nursing more than actual nursing. It's a case where I believe your personality would be of peculiar value in its effects. That's all—it's what these gentlemen meant, and nothing more—that a young woman like yourself would inevitably cheer him out of his doldrums. I think you'll come to like the place. Will you try it?"

Miss Hicks briefly tapped the right slipper under the beady regard of Mr. Peck.

"I'll try it," she announced, "though I ought to tell you something. I can put myself out for people that are sick and no mistake, but I haven't a lick of patience with those that only think they are. Maybe I won't have the lovely effect you think I will on this patient."

"We'll chance it if you will," said Seaver.

"You're bound to benefit the lad," said Mr. McIntosh, "him looking at you day after day—at the wild-roseness of you."

"There it goes again," said Miss Hicks accusingly, her eyes resuming the glaze.

"He means it right," Seaver assured her. "He's wrapped up in your patient. He wants to see him well."

"I do," said Mr. McIntosh sincerely.

"We all do," quavered Mr. Peck, raising his eyes. "He means a lot to us."

"Be as nice as you can to him, sister. No vamping—understand what I mean; but you'll do him more good than all the Doc's medicines—you—just you!" Mr. Clinch closed on a note of deep feeling.

Miss Hicks studied him coldly, impersonally, as if he were an indifferent feature of a landscape in no way remarkable. He was curiously relieved when her eyes left him for Seaver.

"And I don't care so much for these apartments," she declared.

"The young man is to move," said Seaver. "Mr. Clinch, here, has chosen a most attractive bungalow out Hollywood way."

"Hollywood," murmured Miss Hicks. "Very well. It won't hurt to try."

She rose. The others were on their feet as soon as she. Mr. McIntosh cocked an antic eye upon her.

"Frolic with him, my dear, if you can bring yourself to. It's what the poor lad needs."

"The continual sight of you," said Mr. Peck dreamily.

"You lived here long?" asked Mr. Clinch. He was not curious. He wanted to hear her speak again.

"Born here," said Miss Hicks, not regarding him.

"Old settler, eh? But not so old as some." Mr. Clinch was not rebuffed.

"Old settler," assented Miss Hicks as she moved toward the door. There she turned to chill Mr. Clinch with the briefest of glances. "My sister," she added, "was the first white child in this county to be struck by a flivver. She turned to Seaver. "All right, doctor, it's a go. I'll try out your think-sick."

Seaver closed the door upon her. Mr. McIntosh stared warmly at the door and could be heard to mutter.

"What's that?" demanded Clinch.

Mr. McIntosh became understandable. "And to think," he said, "I was afraid we'd embarrass the chit!"

"Yes, think of that!" said Mr. Peck in fervent tones.

"She's a kidder all right," said Mr. Clinch.

"But is she not bonny?" urged McIntosh. "The black hair of jet, the big eyes of sea-green, deep when she makes 'em to be."

"And hard like marbles when she doesn't." This detail was supplied by the stricken Mr. Clinch.

"If ever I am confined to my bed with an illness——" began Mr. Peck. He did not finish—he left them to imagine a vision that for the moment beguiled him.

"Anyway, she's not one of these mush-heads," said Mr. Clinch.

"The sable mane of her," came the softened voice of Mr. McIntosh, "and that mouthful of rare teeth and the white, white skin with just a bit of warmth beneath!"

"She dresses," said Clinch judicially.

"Like a society maid," added Mr. Peck.

Seaver confronted them.

"So be it," he said. "But just remember——"

"We do, we will!" they chorused genially.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"We have just removed a pair of Goodyear Cords with the beveled All Weather Tread from our Cadillac closed cars, which gave us about 18,000 miles on the rear. They were then transferred to the front and one of them blew at 24,400 miles. The other one still shows considerable apparent value and we are carrying it as a spare ... On our trucks these tires give practically this same kind of service. —E. D. Ward Company, *Worcester, Mass.*

* * *

"I have a set of Goodyear Cord Tires with the beveled All Weather Tread that have already run more than 18,000 miles over farm roads and through fields and pastures, and appear to have from 5,000 to 6,000 miles more service in them. Let me also put in a boost for the best tube on the market, the Goodyear Heavy Tourist Tube. —L. H. Frasks, *Wichita Falls, Tex.*

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"I have been using a set of Goodyear Cord Tires with the beveled All-Weather Tread on my truck for a year or more, and find they give excellent service in every way. I have tried other kinds, but feel that no one makes a mistake in using Goodyear Cords."—H. O. Davidson, *Bertram, Tex.*

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"Just ten years ago today I purchased my Ford runabout and have run it continuously ever since. On July 7, 1915, I purchased a pair of All-Weather Tread Goodyear Tires, and if my memory serves me correctly, each of the rear tires has been off only once, the last one on July 2, 1921, for a puncture. The entire inner fabric was in perfect condition and the treads are scarcely worn down to equal a smooth tread tire."—Walter M. Monroe, *Providence, R. I.*

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"I have driven a set of Goodyear Tires on an Essex coach over eight thousand miles within the past year, and believe they are good for ten thousand more."—W. H. Stone, *Greensboro, N. C.*

"I could not ask for better service than Goodyear Cords have given me. Two of mine have run over 11,000 miles without a puncture. The other two were stolen at the 7,000-mile mark, and they seemed in perfect condition at the time the burglars took them off wheels."—E. O. Kellum, *Atlanta, G*

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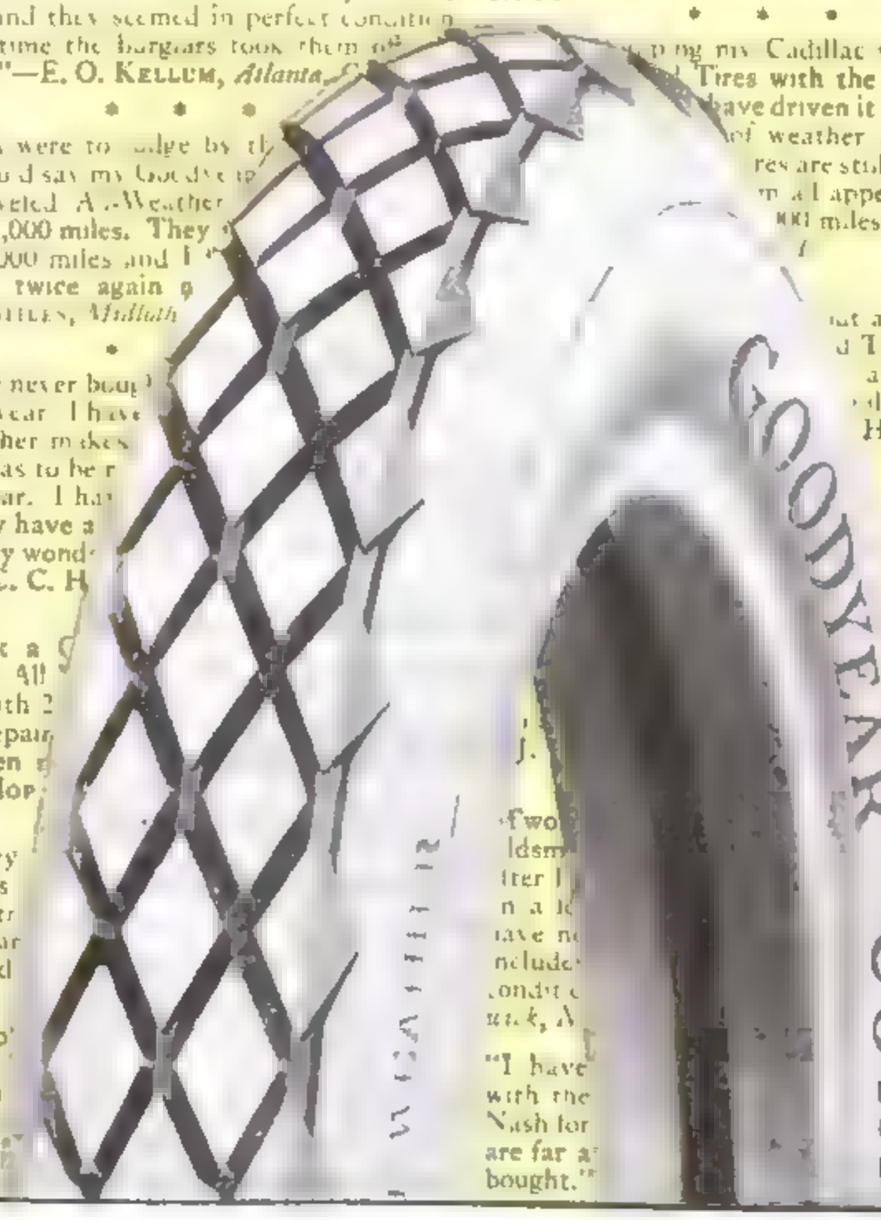

each, all on one- to three-day trips on mountain roads in countries with considerable dirt road travel. —Louis G. Pharmer, *Lake George, N. Y.*

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"I have driven my Buick sedan 21,000 miles, over poor roads, through ice and snow in winter, and still have two of the original Goodyear Cord Tires with the beveled All-Weather Tread, and they look as if they would go at least 2,000 or 3,000 miles yet. The other two went 13,500 miles and 14,382 miles. Can you beat it?"—Louis R. Hahn, *Haverstraw, N. Y.*

"Some few years ago I bought a Peerless equipped with Goodyear Cords. These tires gave me over three years of daily service. I do not believe there is a better tire made than Goodyear."—W. H. Brown, *Americus, Ga.*

* * *

"It might interest you to know that I purchased a Winton on April 30, 1921, and have driven it 15,800 miles, touring on the original Goodyear Cord Tires which are still on my machine and behaving nicely."—Max Wiener, *New York, N. Y.*

* * *

"The first set of Goodyears I used on my Marmon went more than 17,000 miles with only one puncture and never a blow-out. I am now running on Goodyear Cord Tires with the beveled All Weather Tread, they have gone over 15,000 miles, and look good for at least 5,000 miles more, as they have no cuts, bruises, bulges or sand blisters on them. I have driven automobiles for the past eleven years, consider myself an extremely hard driver of a car—40,000 miles in this Marmon in two years—and am so amazingly pleased with the duration and service of Goodyear Cord Tires that I feel I must, unsolicited, praise your tires and relate my experience with them."—M. B. Howard, *Springfield, Mass.*

* * *

"After the trial I have given Goodyear Tires I am a firm believer in the slogan, 'Goodyear Means Good Wear.' In a Hudson equipped with three Goodyear Cord Tires with the beveled All-Weather Tread that had already been run 2,500 miles, I toured 10,000 miles from Pennsylvania to the Coast via the Yellowstone, down to San Diego, back across the Mojave desert, the Southwest and the South, up North again to Pennsylvania, all without a blow-out, and the tires look good for many miles more of Goodyear service."—Charles G. Huber, *Lebanon, Pa.*

THE satisfaction delivered users by Goodyear Cord Tires is proverbial. That satisfaction now is deeper and more intense than ever before. The brilliant performance of the *new* Goodyear Cord Tire with the beveled All-Weather Tread is the reason. Read what these typical Goodyear users say, then ask yourself if the tires that are good enough to win such enthusiastic approval are not the tires you want on *your* car.

GOODYEAR

"We have seen Goodyear after Goodyear run 12,000 to 15,000 miles, some even as high as 19,000 miles. We have in mind one Franklin that has been driven nearly 20,000 miles to date, and which had three of the original Goodyear Cords in use and the fourth being carried as a spare."—Harry Clendenin, General Manager, Guilford Motor Car Co., *Greensboro, N. C.*

* * *

"I put a set of Goodyear Cord Tires on my Cadillac sedan on April 1, 1921, and used those tires for fifteen months, driving my car over 14,000 miles without a puncture during that period. I removed these tires and sold them for thirty dollars."—A. J. Arnold, *Providence, R. I.*

* * *

"I am using Goodyear Cord Tires with the beveled All-Weather Tread and I believe you have solved the problem of tire trouble."—Carrol Browne, *Lockhart, Tex.*

* * *

"Our Dodge roadster traveled over 14,000 miles of Wyoming, Colorado and New Mexico roads on the original four Goodyear Cord Tires that came with it. We had no blow-outs and few punctures, and needless to say when we bought our new one a few weeks ago, we saw to it that it carried Goodyear tires."—Mrs. L. D. Harper, *Denver, Colo.*

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"The service I am receiving from my Goodyear Cord Tires with the beveled All-Weather Tread is most assuredly very satisfactory, and I believe that they are going to be the best tires I have ever used."—Sam A. Earley, Jr., *Taylor, Tex.*

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Jr., *Greensboro, N. C.*

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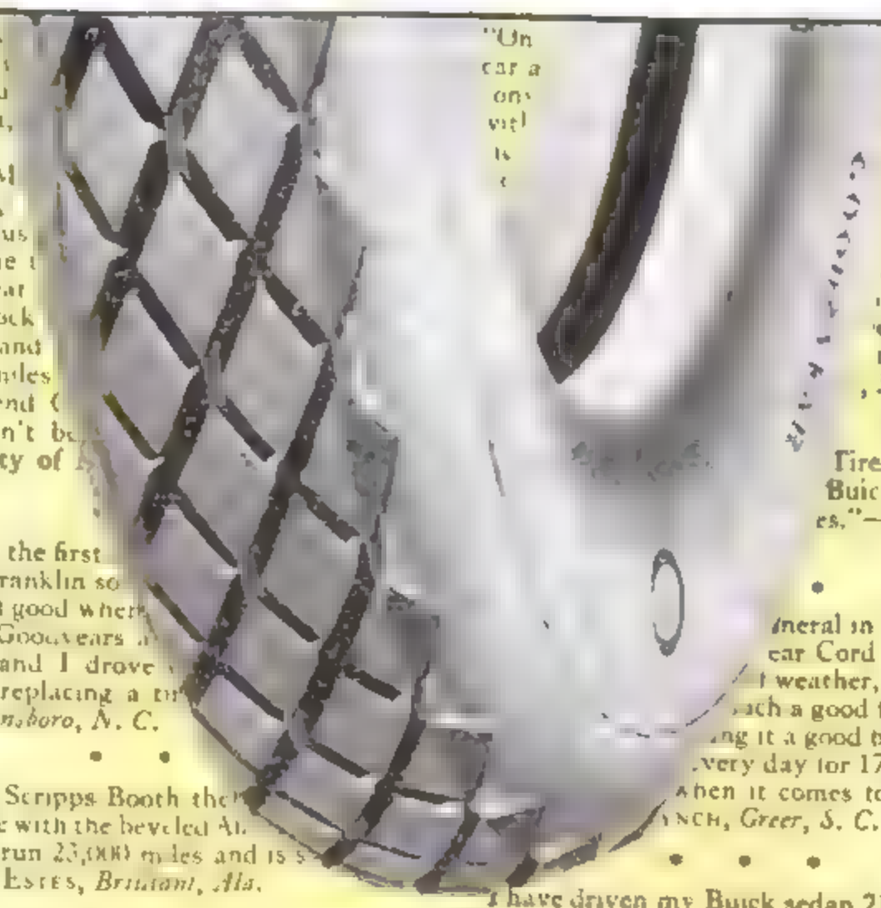
"On my Scripps-Booth the
Cord Tire with the beveled All-
that has run 23,000 miles and is
—C. W. Estes, *Brittain, Ala.*

* * *

"In August, 1920, I purchased a new Studebaker equipped with Goodyear Cord Tires. On July 14, 1922, the right front blew out, and upon looking at my speedometer I discovered this tire had gone 31,580 miles without ever having been off the rim for any reason. The others have shown me over 20,000 miles



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"I have driven my Studebaker 15,448 miles on the same Goodyear Cord Tires with the beveled All-Weather Tread with which it came equipped, and they are still good for a few thousand more."—H. F. Bechler, *Chicago, Ill.*

* * *

"In the forepart of July, 1920, I purchased a set of Goodyear All-Weather Tread Tires. July 30, 1922, one of the rear tires failed—mileage, 18,240—cause of failure, stone cut. The other three are running strong, good for many more miles. Why experiment when you can insure against tire trouble for two years by buying Goodyears?"—H. F. Whitney, *Long Hill, Conn.*

* * *

"I have used probably 30 to 40 tires in the past four or five years, and I have had better success with Goodyears than with any other. On my Nash I now have a set of Goodyear Cord Tires with the beveled All-Weather Tread. They have gone 12,000 miles, and I expect to get 8,000 or 10,000 miles more. When I want new tires they will be Goodyear only."—F. C. Miller, *Cedar Rapids, Iowa.*

* * *

"I ran a set of Goodyear Cord Tires with the beveled All-Weather Tread 9,000 miles on my Buick, and when I traded the car they looked good for at least 9,000 miles more."—W. R. Berry, *Ft. Valley, Ga.*

* * *

"I am now using the new Goodyear Cord Tire with the beveled All-Weather Tread, and advise all my friends to use this tire as the one they can get most service from and the one that will prove to be more satisfactory than any other tire they can buy."—Edward P. Soule, *Athens, Ga.*

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ITS COLOR MAKES IT HANDSOME TO OWN AND HARD TO LOSE

—for her the jaunty Parker

Lady Duofold

The slender Lacquer-red beauty with flashing Black Tips and strong gold girdle for monogram

A $7 Pen in a $5 Size

Gold ring-end included free—Ribbon $1 extra

TO the world's appraising eyes, Lady Duofold is a pen that says of the woman who carries it—"She's artistic; she's capable; she's alert! And her choice is not restricted by a meagre purse." So we leave it to the women with originality and mental capacity to discover this beautiful pen—this ink-tight perfection—and make it the favorite of Social, Business and College life. Indeed the ladies fairly lionize this Parker Classic.

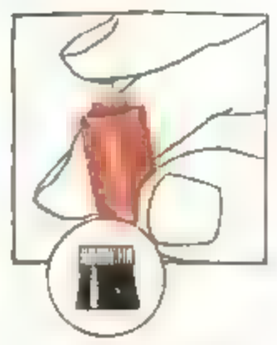
Not so big around as the men's Parker Over-size Duofold, but a generous ink capacity for a'that; and the same super-smooth point that no style of writing can distort, no years of use can wear away. Quite the most fashionable of pens, and quite the most inspiring of writers. A real $7 quality for $5.

Lady Duofold, like the $7 Over-size Duofold, may also be obtained in *plain black* or in a larger size without the gold girdle—price the same regardless of style.

Look carefully for this inscription—"Geo. S. Parker—DUOFOLD—Lucky Curve," and avoid pens made to deceive.

Any good pen counter will be glad to supply you, notwithstanding that inferior pens offer larger profits.

Give Duofold and Lady Duofold for prizes, give them for birthdays and other anniversaries. No gift today is more coveted.



Immerse point, press button, release finger and count ten while Duofold drinks its fill. Keeps hands, clothes and handbag clean.

AT ALL LEADING PEN COUNTERS

Write us if you do not find the real Parker Duofold near-by

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Parker LUCKY CURVE Lady Duofold

With The 25 Year Point

Over-size Duofold $7
Black-tipped Lacquer-Red; or flashing Black all over

Duofold Jr. $5
Black-tipped Lacquer-Red; or flashing Black all over

LACQUER-RED OR BLACK **$5**

DIXIE DAY, HERSELF

(Continued from Page 11)

dramatically remaining virtuous and sweet. And still her business was persistently dropping off. In spite of everything, mind you; in spite of all the ingenuity expended in giving variety to her productions, for no two pictures had been alike. In Golden Hair and Golden Heart she had been a miller's daughter. They never made her a miller's daughter again. She was a baker's daughter next, then a farmer's daughter, then a carpenter's, an ironworker's, a bricklayer's, and so on.

In Golden Hair and Golden Heart the scene had been in a Middle-Western city, but the locale was always changed; to the Far West, to the Far South, to the Far East, and to the vast open spaces of God's great white country, where every scene is hemmed in by snow and the Royal Mounted Police or it is not Canada. Infinite variety of costuming, too; but whether in the little knee-length dresses of a fisherman's daughter, revealing her shapely bare legs to well-studied advantage, or whether in the dashing garb of a ranchman's daughter, revealing her shapely knickered legs to well-studied advantage, somehow or other Dixie Day had persistently lost money, because her pictures had been bought by a steadily decreasing number of exhibitors. Naturally, these few exhibitors bought her pictures because they liked her in that sort of pictures, and they said so when asked for an opinion. That a larger number of exhibitors might like her in an entirely different line of productions was one step past the capacity of imagination of the average heads of the average picture-producing company. And the benumbing answer to every argument was Golden Hair and Golden Heart!

"Do you want to know how to make money off Dixie Day?" suggested Julius. "Her contract's up in five months. You just pay her off now to the end of her time and save the money you'd spend on her pictures; because, believe me, Dixie's day has been twilight for a long time, and now it's good night."

A hearty laugh on this wise crack, but it was from Julius alone; for Andy Lochlaren was a solemn business man and David Schusshel was a sentimentalist; and it was with a rather pensive sadness that David gazed out of his windows to where the distant ocean sparkled under the sunlight He was an old man, and it always hurt him to give up any long-standing association. The longer anyone remained with the M. P. C. the more they were certain of remaining longer, if that were possible.

"What do you think about Prudence Joy?" he asked abruptly.

"A couple of ha-ha's for Prudence Joy!" returned Julius; and now there was a certain amount of rancor in his tone, for here was his chance to get back. "Who's Prudence Joy? Seems to me I did see the name some place, but I don't quite remember if she was a mail-order beauty-specialist advertisement, or the woman who murdered five husbands successfully and was caught murdering the sixth."

"As bad as that?" asked Andy Lochlaren, startled.

"The exhibitors don't ask about her any more. We had her going once. They liked her pictures, and they wanted more; but you let Tennyson Guldengeld keep her off the screen for nearly a year, and she's out. She's a dead one! Her sales value's gone."

"That's what she says in her telegram," worried David. "How much money we spent on her, Andy?"

"Very little. We had planned, if you remember, to appropriate a quarter of a million to boost her into a big star as soon as your young protégé, Guldengeld, found proper vehicles for her; but he never found them, because she wouldn't be his little playmate, I understand. Her exploitation went into the general publicity expense, and whatever she cost us was well made up by the pictures in which she appeared."

"She's a profit to us then as she stands."

"Oh, yes; if we lose her, she's made us money."

"Lose her?" blurted Julius. "How do we get that way? I thought we had her for a five-year contract?"

"She was Guldengelded," explained Andy with a sidelong sternness at David, who squirmed uncomfortably in his chair as both recalled how the Old Man had been in such a hurry to rush away to the races in Cuba that he had allowed young Tennyson to give Prue that temporary release without benefit of Lipsheim, the legal wizard of the industry. "We thought we had loaned her to Rodney Adams for one picture, but the Pinnacle tells us that we released her forever to Rodney Adams' direction, and they're signing up both of them."

"Ha and another ha," was the raucous comment of Julius. "That takes all the joy out of Prudence for us. Well, it must be a cinch or the Pinnacle wouldn't be willing to make the first step toward a big lawsuit. Has Lipsheim looked over that release?"

"He says it's a fine fight," and once more Schusshel's face began to take on a purple tint. "Izzy wants to get out an injunction, and wants us to sustain him in it; but this sustaining is expensive when it comes to lawsuits with the Pinnacle. They'd make us spend a couple of hundred thousand and then lose us out, maybe."

A contemplative silence fell on the conference, and then observed Julius by way of consolation: "Oh, well, we can spend the quarter of a million we'd have to spend to exploit her into a star, on a younger one. Prudence is a little old to start. She's twenty-three."

"She can look like a little girl, off the screen an' on," said David, raising his head in sudden irritation, for he was fond of Prue. She was as a member of his own family. "She don't look like more than sixteen."

"Yes, but she is twenty-three. What they want in this business is youth, and it don't last long."

"No, it don't last long," and old David rose and went to the window. His cigar had gone out. He threw it at the wastebasket and lit a fresh one. "All right, Andy"—he turned abruptly back to the conference—"wire Prudence Joy to go to Izzy about her release that she asks for, and wire Izzy to give it to her. We got to make it seem like he's doing the business out there, anyhow. And wire Izzy that he's to put Dixie Day in any kind of pictures he likes, because we don't renew her contract." He paused, and his twinkles began to come back. "And, Andy, you can wire Izzy that I said Wagley's got to stick. And, say, bring me that telegram and I'll sign it myself. And do the same when he wires back about Gansfeder and about Hollison."

Andy Lochlaren studied David Schusshel in the eternal puzzled wonder with which that solemn-minded man had always regarded the impulsive old one. The chief was chuckling, a score of wrinkles around his kindly yellow eyes. Why should he chuckle, when he was dealing this blow to Izzy, whom he liked?

A dog can never understand why a rooster crows, nor the rooster why the dog barks, though they may live in the same barnyard all their lives.

III

THE great, flamboyant blossom of picturedom was on the M. P. C. lot springing up luxuriant and in full bloom in a single night, as it were; the blossom whose fragrance delights the nostrils of every motion-picture worker, whose colors delight the eye and whose juices delight the senses to delicious madness; the vividly striped and intensely perfumed passion flower of politics. With the arrival of Wagley it sprouted; with the arrival of Gansfeder it budded; with the arrival of Hollison it unfurled into glorious efflorescence; and not a single soul on all the vast expanse of the lot, from the night gateman to Isidor Iskovitch himself, but felt its vivifying influence.

There is no studio without its politics, without its cliques and factions, its toadyisms and its favoritisms, its life-and-death battles for positions and power. Amid this carnage the art of the pictures must develop, and how it has developed under such stimulus is best shown by the pictures themselves. What could be fairer? No lot, however, enjoyed such politics as that which now matted dankly and deeply the entire acreage of the M. P. C., for the soil was so perfect to encourage such a growth. To begin with, Izzy Iskovitch, during five years, had built up such a partisanship by friendly contact and helpfulness and fair dealing as to be most formidable. Every director, actor, carpenter, electrician, cameraman or whomsoever one might like to name owed something to Izzy Iskovitch, if only a pleasant word and a cheerful grin. Next, there was a general feeling that Izzy was a smart boy in the business and had earned his advancement honestly. Next, there was that old idea that the East and West shall never meet, a mistake attested by fields of gory slaughter to mark every spot where East and West have met. So immediately on its being generally understood that Izzy's gaudy new job was to be rendered null and void by split authority in the hands of the three wise men from the East, there were a thousand thoughtful minds on the M. P. C. lot figuring ways to put tacks under their tires, sand in their cylinders, soap in their radiators, anything to impede their progress and make them appear like monkeys on a stick—monkeys with the paint soaked off.

It has ever been the custom of men to gauge the brains and virtues of strangers by their externals; and within an hour after their respective arrivals every worker on the M. P. C. lot knew that Wagley wore spats and flowing neckties and long front hair which flopped down over his eyes; and with that description Wagley was necessarily the bunk. Gansfeder was a youngish fellow who wore his feet pointing outward, walked hump-shouldered, had secretive little eyes and a foolish grin, and was eternally slipping stealthily around corners as if in search of a lost nickel and suspecting everybody of having stolen it; and it was a certainty, after one glance at the man, that if anybody there had Gansfeder's nickel he could proclaim it openly and be unanimously protected. Hollison was a severe-looking, sandy-stubbled man with a slight cast in one eye, and was cultured. He knew all the styles and periods of architecture without looking at the book, and could make dubs of anybody on the technical staff, which gave him a superior position satisfactory to himself, but was no endearing comfort to the dubs; and it was a foregone conclusion that until he had time to hire every man in the technical department and find adherents of his own, he'd have to do everything himself if he wanted it the way he wanted it.

So much for the strength of the defenders. But the attackers, though small in numbers, had only to unload their troubles on the Western Union or the Postal and get victory by return wire; so it looked like a long-drawn-out and a bloody battle and the pep of it was in the very air. But General Iskovitch was serene and calm. Never had his grin been more cheerful, his dark-brown eye more aglow with peaceful purpose. To one and all he expressed peace, as, for instance, to Brooks, now head of the scenic department, but whom Izzy had selected to be his technical director, had not the shift from the East come so suddenly.

"Say, governor," blurted Brooks, stopping the G. M. as he crossed the lot, "is this new scenario editor production manager or what?"

"He's on the pay roll as scenario editor. What's the matter? Is he showin' you how to build sets?"

"Well, no; but he dropped in awhile ago and wanted to know what we had in the way of Corinthian columns, and I showed him, and he looked them over and sniffed and walked out."

"Say, listen, if he didn't sniff too hard I guess we gotta stand for it," grinned Izzy. "Looky, Brooks, these new fellas that's come out here from the East has got a hard time gettin' broke in, an' we gotta make it easy for 'em. See? Give 'em the glad hand, be pleasant an' polite, an' if Mr. Wagley wants some new Corinthian columns, maybe for some story that he's thinkin' up for somebody, and the new technical director'll make 'em for 'im, an' the new business manager'll O. K. the expense, why, I can't help it if the production costs run up."

Brooks, who had been born sometime previously to yesterday, stared at the former cost hound a moment, and then he laughed, and then he slapped Izzy on the bony back with the mighty thump of partisanship.

"I got you, governor! Pleasant and polite, and give them anything they want!"

Watch This Column

Don't fail to see "The Shock"

Do you recall the San Francisco catastrophe and the wildly exciting events that accompanied it? Wouldn't you like to see them reproduced vividly in a picture drama, with a fine romance running through it? Then I recommend Universal's picture, ***"The Shock,"*** with LON CHANEY and VIRGINIA VALLI in the principal roles.

VIRGINIA VALLI and LON CHANEY in *"The Shock"*

Naturally the play is full of thrills—such scenes as an entire city in flames, thousands fleeing in a panic. The entire cast was chosen with relation to its fitness, and the splendid acting impresses me especially. I would like to have your written opinion of the picture and the people in it. What do you think of the cast?

* * *

I want you to know that UNIVERSAL'S great spectacle ***"The Hunchback of Notre Dame,"*** Victor Hugo's classic, is rapidly nearing completion The screen critics say it will be "the screen production of the age." And remember the name ***"Merry Go Round"***—one of the most beautiful love dramas ever filmed. It will surprise you. Also watch for GLADYS WALTON in ***"Sawdust,"*** a tale of circus life, and HOOT GIBSON in an outdoor romance entitled ***"Shootin' for Love."***

* * *

Do you realize what a wonderful thing your neighborhood theatre is? It brings the whole world to your door. It is always there, ready to entertain you. You can drop in when the show is half over and still see it all. It is a standing remedy for loneliness—and an actual necessity. It will bring all these wonderful pictures to you.

* * *

What makes *you* go to the movies? Is it the story, the star, or the title? Does the name of the producer mean anything to you? Please write and answer all these questions, and mark your letter "personal." Am I right when I declare that you can't see all that is best in pictures unless you see UNIVERSALS?

Carl Laemmle
President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

"The pleasure is all yours"

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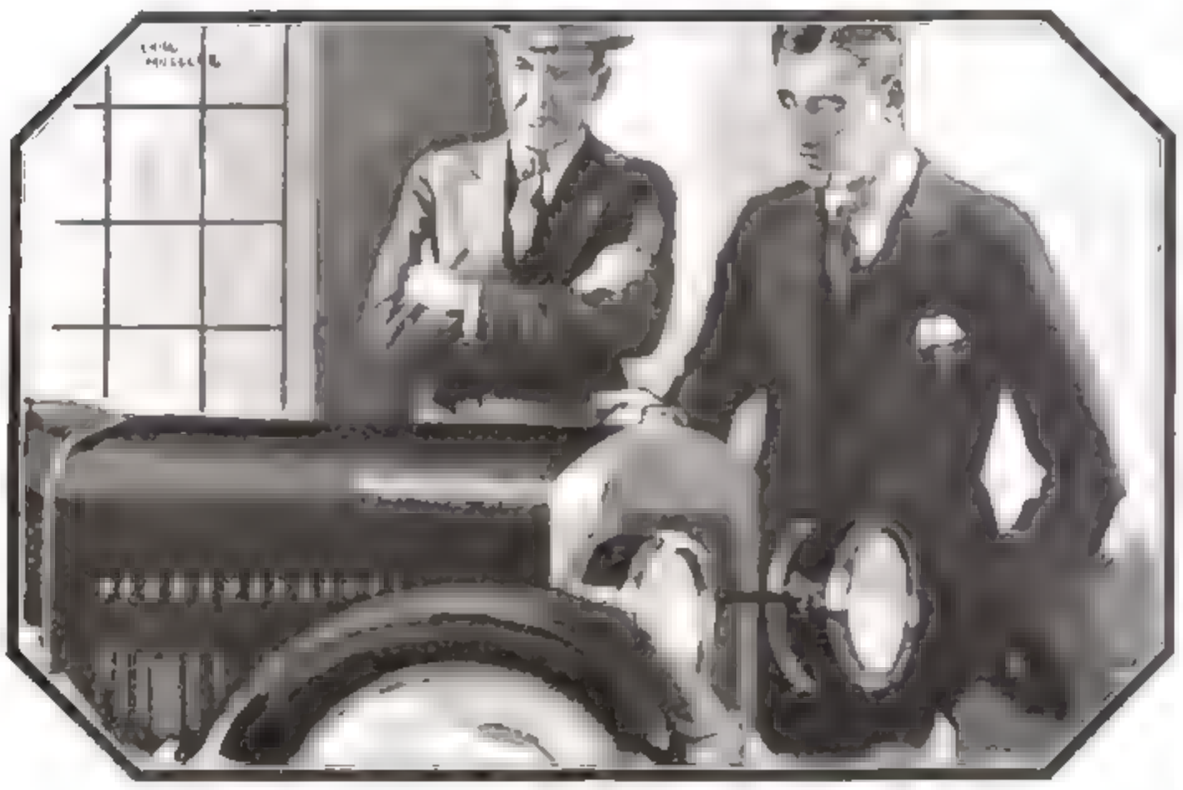

He is thinking with his ears

NOISE in the engine brings worry to the motorist. At the lightest knock, at the slightest grind, the active imagination sees scored cylinders, burnt bearings, bent connecting rods, in fact, all the ills of which noise is the symptom.

The first sound from worn all-metal timing gears may be a small matter, but it rapidly becomes a serious irritation.

When timing gears grind

In time this snarling grind of the gears will upset your peace of mind. It shouts "Something's wrong! Can you fix it? Better turn back; you are ruining your engine!"

To set you free from the worry of rasping, howling timing gears, the manufacturers of automobiles sought a gear material strong and durable as metal, with the added qualities of resiliency and silence in operation.

They found it in Celoron, a laminated phenolic condensation material, bonded with Condensite. This is the material from which Celoron Silent Timing Gears are cut.

Celoron gears are silent gears

Celoron Silent Timing Gears banish noise from the timing case. They keep your motor running smoothly, quietly. They retain accurate timing. In action they are permanently positive and *silent*.

Celoron Silent Timing Gears are water-, grease-, and oil-proof. They are resilient, cushioning shocks, reducing wear on metal mating gears and the machines they drive.

Celoron Silent Timing Gears can be used in any timing gear train. *They already are standard equipment on many quality cars.*

Your service station or repair man can put Celoron Silent Timing Gears in your car.

It isn't a long or expensive job. Then you will drive in comfort.

Celoron, the material

Celoron, widely used for mechanical and electrical purposes, is produced in standard sheets, rods, and tubes. It is tough, hard, chemically inert, insoluble, infusible and of great dielectric strength. It can be put through all regular machining processes. It is more readily machined than metal.

DIAMOND STATE FIBRE COMPANY
Bridgeport ... Pennsylvania
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CELORON SILENT GEARS

"Sure." And the boy shook hands with him. "You got the idea; treat 'em friendly."

Nothing wrong about that conversation. It could be repeated in court to the credit of both men; but before night it was understood all over the lot that pleasant and polite, and give 'em anything they want was General Iskovitch's present strategy, and a snicker went with the slogan.

This was why no wild wire of protest had clicked its way back East on the arrival of Gansfeder and Hollison, for Andy Lochlaren's wire, signed by David Schusshel, concerning Wagley had been sufficient. Wagley was to decide on all stories and devise the treatment and adaptation thereof, subject to the general manager's veto; but the wire had included a hint that the veto had better be sparingly indulged or it might be used up. Concerning Gansfeder and Hollison, Izzy received no instructions, since he put up no rods to attract the lightning. He merely went to Finkel, Fenstein & Flackman's, Attorneys, where he was met most eagerly by a brisk young man in well-pressed black, who bore quite a strong resemblance to General Iskovitch.

"Hello, Izzy! Did you come down on some legal business'"

"Yes, I wantta see Mr. Flackman."

"What for? I'm a lawyer, Izzy."

"Sure you are, Leon, an' if there was an Iskovitch as smart as Mr. Flackman I'd go to him with my business. You're a good enough junior member of a firm, Leon, but it takes experience if a lawyer's got maybe some time to buck up against Lipsheim, that's the smartest motion-picture lawyer in New York."

"Oh, well, Lipsheim!" returned Cousin Leon, perfectly satisfied and most cheerful. "If it's Lipsheim, why, Flackman's the man you want."

He disappeared with great alacrity, and a moment later returned and conducted Izzy into the private office of Flackman, a wiry little man who was all points; pointed shoes, pointed finger nails, pointed wings on his collar, pointed nose, pointed chin, pointed ears; and the wrinkles around his black eyes and flexible mouth ended in abrupt little points which made him seem to twinkle all over.

"This is my Cousin Isidor, Mr. Flackman," stated Leon, with the pride which all the Iskovitch tribe felt in its smartest member. "He's the new general manager of the Magnificent Pictures Corporation, and he wants to see you on a little legal business."

"I'd be very happy to handle the M. P. C.'s west coast business," acknowledged Mr. Flackman, shaking hands with a cordiality well shaded to the opportunity. "I thought Huntsdinger & Daube were still handling the M. P. C. business."

"They are," returned Izzy briskly. "It ain't the M. P. C.'s business I wantta see you about, Mr. Flackman; it's my own, although it deals with M. P. C. matters."

"Oh, I see," and Flackman's cordiality lowered considerably to fit the opportunity. "Have a seat, Mr. Iskovitch."

"Excuse me, I'll go out," observed Leon, and disappeared.

Flackman sat at his desk and considered his client keenly.

"I think I must tell you, Mr. Iskovitch, that I am not seeking much personal business. I have my hands very full and I am only seeking desirable corporation connections which pay me a good retaining fee and insure a growing usefulness on my part."

He was no more sharp in his scrutiny of Isidor than that potential magnate was in his scrutiny of Flackman; and though he might be a boy elsewhere, in this little office, with its vertical black-enameled filing cases in orderly array on one wall and its black-enameled bookcases full of yellow-backed books in orderly array on the other wall, not a thing misplaced, not a scrap of paper visible and everything as sleekly groomed as Flackman's hair, Izzy was ages old, seasoned by centuries and perfectly at ease, for here at last to his hand was one of the tools of his trade.

"Well, that's the kinda lawyer I'm lookin' for, Mr. Flackman; one that can be of growing usefulness. I ain't a corporation yet, but I'm gonna be. I said it five years ago, and I say it now, that I'm gonna be the biggest motion-picture producer in the industry. An' I want a lawyer to go on up with me that's as smart as the M. P. C. lawyer in New York."

"Lipsheim," smiled Flackman, and in the smile was both admiration and respect for Lipsheim and this new client. "You flatter me to come to me, Mr. Iskovitch."

"Well, maybe," granted Izzy. "You can't tell till you buck against each other, an' that might be a long time yet in my affairs. How much retaining fee do you get if you do tackle personal cases, Mr. Flackman?"

Every point on Flackman twinkled.

"A thousand dollars."

He had named his regular fee to be impressive, for he had read in the crystalline structure of the dark-brown eyes in front of him a hint of future greatness; but he meant to be easily influenced into a compromise when the pleading came, and the representation from the new client that he was a poor boy and working on salary. Suddenly Mr. Flackman's points relaxed, for out of the poor boy's inside coat pocket there came a little folded check book, and from his vest pocket a fountain pen.

"What's your initials, Mr. Flackman?"

IV

WAGLEY stepped into the general manager's office with the calm superiority of a conqueror and laid down three books, two magazine stories, a play and two manuscripts.

"Here are the stories I have selected for immediate production," he said. "I am submitting them for your O. K., although that is a matter of formality, since they were O. K.'d by the New York office before I left there." And he finished this trifling bit of red tape with a flop of his long front hair.

"Then they don't need my O. K.," observed Izzy, with apparently no worries on his mind whatsoever as he looked over the books, the stories, the play and the manuscripts, smiling as he recognized every one of the titles. Wagley's pets, accumulated through his three years of activity as Eastern editor, whatever that might mean, the literary purchasing agent, in fact, and these eight favorites had been rejected by every general manager in that period of time. All safe here. Regulation things such as the M. P. C. had been doing, and such as Julius Bimberger thought he could sell; but not one production which would increase the M. P. C.'s steadily waning prestige. The figurehead placed the mass of literature in a neat little pile at his right hand and took up the top book.

"This'n'll be a very expensive production, Mr. Wagley; an' if you're meanin' to make the part of Paul Worth for Hartley Danforth, it'll cost more'n we can spend on a program picture, unless you cheapen the backbone outta it."

"You've already read it?" And Wagley was astonished.

"Sure! I read it the first time you sent it out, when Jake Steinberg was the G. M. I read all these. This's full o' ships, an' we ain't got any ships out here. The Pinnacle's got some; but they're so expensive that Mr. Schusshel won't pay the rent, an' when we do a sea picture it's gotta be done on a little schooner that looks like a rowboat an' costs us two hundred and fifty dollars a day. This'n's gotta censorship angle that couldn't even get by in Los Angeles, an' if you take out that angle you got no story. This'n's about a preacher that goes to hell for a woman an' reforms in the end, an' I seen three continuities where they tried to keep the story without makin' religious people sore, an' the continuities was all flops; but I guess you gotta way to show that maybe he wasn't a real preacher, anyhow, or somethin' like that."

So Izzy went through the list, with a memory for details of situations and even the names of characters which made Wagley begin to reconsider his trifling estimate of his youthful G. M.

"Apparently you don't think well of this assortment," he observed.

"Sure not! I'm gonna veto 'em, too, an' I'm gonna write a letter about 'em, tellin' why I veto each one. But that don't need to stop you none. You got your O. K. from New York, an' you'll be sustained over my veto, an' then I'll be pleased to help you all I can."

"Fair enough," returned Wagley with quite a warm impulse to the boy. In New York he'd been led to believe he'd have an obstinate fight on his hands. "I'm afraid you're right about that Danforth book; but I've been talking with Hartley, and he complains a lot about the cheapness of the stories he's had.

"It will give him class to appear in richer surroundings, and I've already taken up the matter with Gansfeder. He will O. K. the additional cost."

(Continued on Page 48

SINGLE-EIGHT

A New Production by

PACKARD

Those who ride in a Packard Single-Eight invariably say it surpasses any previous motor experience.

The new engineering principles embodied in the Single-Eight mark it as a car apart from and above any claimant for comparison.

A single ride establishes new standards of appreciation—of fleetness, acceleration, flexibility and motoring luxury.

In appearance, the Single-Eight typifies the connoisseur's ideal of a superlatively beautiful motor car. Its grace of line and brilliance of finish make it dominant wherever it appears.

The Packard Motor Car Company invites you to ride in this beautiful new car—to see for yourself that it exceeds in every way the previous best among fine cars.

Furnished in Nine Distinguished Body Types, Open and Enclosed, at Prices Ranging from $3650 to $4950, at Detroit

(Continued from Page 44)

"Then I don't have to," asserted Izzy, grinning cheerfully. "All I gotta do is write a letter stating why I veto the cost, an' all Gansfeder's gotta do is to wire New York getting authority to override my veto, so that don't need to stop you none. I suppose you'll be wantin' quite a fine set, Mr. Wagley, for them United States Senate scenes"

"I've already taken it up with Gansfeder and Hollison, and I can assure you we'll have a picture which will be a credit to the M. P. C." Wagley, his red tape all neatly knotted, was about to swing out when he remembered something and returned. "By the way, I had a talk with Dixie Day this morning, and she is complaining bitterly about the type of stories she has been having, but more particularly about the one which you were putting through when I came. Now, I brought a story with me for her, Mr. Iskovitch, that ——"

"Send 'er to me!" And suddenly Mr. Wagley was aware of an indefinable change in this boy who had seemed so plastic. On his youthful lips there was a hard set, and in his soft brown eyes there was a crystalline glitter. "Y'know, Mr. Wagley, I told you about Dixie Day at the same time I told you I had my instructions about you from New York, an' you could go ahead. I told you I had a couple stories for her, an' I'm like you, I got my O. K. from New York. You can write a letter about it, if you wantta, so you can be on record."

"Fair enough," grudgingly admitted Wagley, and with a flop of his front hair went out to put his pets in harness and revolutionize the industry.

He had scarcely gone when Izzy sent for Simmons, who was now slaving daytimes under the Eastern banner and nights under the Western.

"Here's their first eight productions, Simmons. Go through 'em, you an' Wells, an' find out what big sets they're likely to use, so we can plan accordingly. We already got our fancy court-room set."

There were the hollow eyes of night work atop of Simmons' flat countenance, but there was that in the gleeful glint between the two friends which cured fatigue. Brooks came immediately after in response to a call.

"Say, Brooks, listen! I'm gonna wantta fancy court-room scene in about a couple months or so from now, an' I don't wantta spend any money on it; an' Wagley's gonna wantta United States Senate set in a picture that's gonna be done right away, an' they don't care how much money they're gonna spend on it."

"I got you, governor!"

Huge delight swept chunky Brooks from his dusty little skullcap to his dusty shoes.

"Well, say, Brooks, listen! When you come to make this Senate set, can you——"

"Leave it to me!" And Brooks slapped Izzy on the bony back.

"You better get with Simmons an' Wells tonight, if you got time, then, an' ——"

"Excuse me, Izzy." Dumdum Iskovitch, eating a banana. "Dixie Day's outside, with her make-up on, and she's supposed to go right over to her set." He placidly watched Brooks out of the door, and then he came closer to the desk. "Say, Cousin Izzy, how long will it be before I can get a raise?"

"A hundred an' five years. An' if you don't stop always eatin' when you come around me, I'll fire you. An' don't call me Izzy during business hours. It don't sound good from a office boy. Now get out in a hurry, an' tell Miss Day I'll see her right away."

"All right, Izzy," returned young Eli, grinning cheerfully, and, thrusting half his banana down his throat, he went out and googled to Dixie to come in.

Dixie was still a beggar's daughter, in rags and tatters from neck to knees, but her hair was most elaborately coifed in long curls and her nails most beautifully manicured, and she was full of virtue and sweetness. She was doing some retakes, and the close-ups had been photographed, so, there being nothing but a few long shots left, she took off her hot wig, revealing her straight bobbed brown hair.

"I'm as sore as the mumps, Izzy. When you told me you was going to change the style of pictures for me I thought you'd let me impersolate a lady at last, and wear some clothes. I hope I can play a lady and wear clothes as well as Mae Parsons or Gladys Babe or Prudence Joy! How did I ever draw this roughneck servant girl you cast me for which?"

"Now you listen to me," and General Iskovitch, who for five years had studied the character and disposition of every person on the M. P. C. lot, rose, leaned against the desk in front of the beggar's daughter, took her plump hand, held it and patted it. "I'm your friend, Dixie, an' I want you to trust me. Leave it to me an' I'll steer you right. I think you got it in you to be a big-hit comedienne; but if I'm makin' a mistake, why, o'course, we both flop. Now, I want you to be a good little sport an' take a chance with me—an' I'm not sayin' a word about your jumpin' over my head an' takin' your troubles to outsiders."

"Say!" Dixie's emphatic sentiments required her to pop up and talk standing. "If you mean that worm Wagley, I never did it! He ast me how I liked this cheese that you wished on me, and I said not so good, and I don't! But further than that, Izzy, I want you to believe me, I didn't ultimate a single syllable! It was him said all the rest!"

"The dirty bum!" cried the Iskovitch, forgetting for the moment the refinement of language which he was acquiring to go with his elevation; and he paused to contemplate this new light on the character of Wagley, for he believed Dixie implicitly. It was commonly reported from director to director that she hadn't brains enough to tell a lie, though this was slander; for her truth-telling was not a matter of intellect but of heart.

"I could call him worse, but I got to remember whom I am," she stated with a burr in her voice which hinted of language long suppressed. "Anyhow, little man, I peeped my last peep about this new part. You can tell it to Creiker, if he's going to direct me, that I'll roughneck through this rôle like I was born to it. And as far as being a good little sport goes, the leaders in that is all behind me. Put it there!" And her other hand came down on the little man's with a smack. She'd have kissed him as heartily except for her Cupid's-bow make-up, which she dared not leave behind, and jerking on her wig she strode out. Her cheery voice floated back from the reception office, "Hello, darling! Whoops, that certainly is an illimitable hat, Prue!"

Izzy, grinning over his easy handling of Dixie, and warm with friendliness for her, suddenly sobered as he heard the name of Prue, and the grimmest look he had ever worn came on his lips as he walked behind his desk.

Prue came in with trepidation. There was a trace of unhappiness about her eyes, too, which Izzy was quick to notice; but it made no change in him, other than that sharp tug at his sympathies. He smiled and held out his hand, and in the eagerness with which she took the hand he could have drawn her to him more than half willingly; but instead he seated her, and beamed on her with the admiration which had never altered in him since the day he had first met her, both hunting a job at the M. P. C.

"I understand the Pinnacle's gonna exploit you big. The announcement that came out this morning was a swell."

"They spend money like water over there." Prue brightened. "I'm to have cover pages on half a dozen magazines, individual billboards, Sunday features—oh, everything!"

"Fine!" He was particularly enthusiastic, and on his lips there sprang, for an infinitesimal flash, a trace of that grimness. "I suppose you came around for your release?"

"I'm awfully sorry, Izzy. I'm sorry to leave here; I'm sorry to have seemed to have gone back on you. I'm sorriest of all that I found it necessary to telegraph Mr. Schusshel."

"Don't you worry none about that," said Izzy steadily, reaching in the drawer of his desk for a folded paper. "A lotta hard things has to be done if anybody's gonna be successful." He held the paper for a time as if reluctant to give it up. There was again that fleeting trace of grimness as, with sudden decisiveness, he handed it to her. "It ain't signed yet, Prue. Take it over to the Pinnacle, an' if their lawyers is satisfied, bring back your old release an' I'll sign this'n."

Reluctance on her part to take it, then, with sudden decisiveness like his own, she accepted the two-page document which relieved her from a lawsuit and freed her from the M. P. C. Impulsively she rose and came to his chair.

"Izzy, if you'll just say the word I won't sign the contract which is waiting for me at the Pinnacle. If you want me, I'll come back."

The bony hands which lay on the arms of the G. M.'s chair trembled, then they gripped the wood, for in another instant they would have reached up to her, would have clasped her; but no human being who has striven for five years to achieve one goal, and has still the strength to struggle, can be swept away by any impulse that can be checked by half a moment of thought; and to such a person that half moment always comes.

"No, Prue, I want you to go right ahead an' do what you planned."

She waited a moment, still undecided, still hesitant, still regretful, still torn by a feeling of disloyalty; but as she lingered his bony finger pressed the buzzer button, the door opened and the Dumdum stood there, his piano legs spraddled, eating a slice of ginger cake.

The interview was over. Prue was gone, and the grim line sat firmly on the general manager's lips, though there was a gulp in his throat which took several swallows to down.

V

THAT general is a great strategist who can for months conceal the iron hand beneath the velvet glove, and hold his patience and bide his time as did Izzy Iskovitch while the three wise men from the East berode the M. P. C. lot on horses so high that they had no need to look for hurdles.

But softly. Beneath the politely pleasant surface of the place there was a quietly seething underlayer, wherein there were deeds and doings, and well might Gustave Gansfeder blink his little eyes and grin his silly grin as he shuffle-footed around corners and poked his long nose into crevices in search of any lost nickel; for there were many of the nickels now, elusive, evasive, and always round the corner, never to be located, but rolling up and up into an unseen overhead of staggering proportions. No single worker could be held responsible for the costs on Wagley's pictures running so high, any more than any single coral insect could be given credit for building the mighty reef, for the trick was done by nickels. If a carpenter could take two minutes longer in nailing a pair of planks together, he did it; if a painter could drop a brush, it used that many more seconds of time; if a cutter could lose a piece of film, without sending his job along with it, he did it; if an electrician could leave a set of lights burning a few minutes longer than they were required, he used those lamps with glee: for "Little drops of water, little grains of sand, make the mighty ocean and the pleasant land."

Then the sets. Wagley and Hollison had a pride in their work, had they, and they wished to make a showing; so, at the M. P. C.'s expense, they added a little here and a little there to the perfection of detail, and found such enthusiastic cooperation in the technical department that never a set came inside the cost estimates. Moreover, it was strange how often, in the better sets, the stairway was built on the wrong-hand side, or a door was where a window should be, and the like. Matters of no great moment in the making of most pictures, for the action could be altered in the shooting; but matters of great seeming moment to Brooks and Simmons and Hillary Wells and Isidor Iskovitch, who haunted these works of ingenuity during the building, to see that the mistakes were faithfully carried out and to view them with the eye of abstract calculation.

There is no legitimate word in the English language corresponding to the verb "to gyp," which means "to job," and there is no legitimate word exactly corresponding to the verb "to job," unless it be "to gyp." Perhaps never, even on a motion-picture lot, where this is a fine art, was such a wholesale job of gypping done as was during this period perpetrated. It was also during this period that Dixie Day's The Slavey's Revenge was completed; and Izzy, viewing it all by himself in the projection room, weighing his judgment against his future, as he had at every step of his progress, believed that he had struck twelve with Dixie's change of character from a vapid ingénue to a rough comedienne.

A G. M. of less astuteness would have shot that gem straight into New York to show them how mistaken they had been and how right was he; but it was not in the plans and strategies of General Iskovitch to begin his battle with a little sortie, but to open up simultaneously with right, left and center; so he shelved The Slavey's Revenge for a later diversion; and, full of foreshadowed success, he walked into Gansfeder's office to make sure of something. He found Gustave humped at his desk with his forehead in his hand, going over and over some long and fat columns of figures, still in search of those elusive nickels; and he was pale and hollow-eyed, for New York was deviling him about the cost sheets.

Izzy himself was pale and hollow-eyed, for that matter, as was Wagley, as was Hollison, as were Simmons and Hillary Wells; for the three wise men from the East and the three wise men of the West now held almost nightly conferences—separately, of course.

"What can I do for you, Mr. Iskovitch?" asked Gansfeder, looking up with his changeless grin and that eternal peering suspicion in his little eyes.

"Oh, I ordered a cyclopedia dictionary set for my office, an' I brought you the order to O. K."

"You did it!" And Gansfeder, who was jealous of his authority, glared with such sharp awakening that one might almost have fancied he had at last located the nickel. "You shouldn't do it!"

"Say, listen, Gus! I knew it'd be all right or I wouldn't. I knew all I'd have to do would be to bring it in to you an' you'd O. K. it."

"Well, I don't know," worried Gus. "I O. K.'d so many things I'm sick of it, because every time I put down my name the costs go up, and I don't know what makes it cost so much."

"I file a protest about it every day," returned Izzy, grinning cheerfully. He'd been for three years the most energetic and efficient cost hound the M. P. C. had ever known, and he could tell to the nail what it should cost to build a set, to the flicker how much it should cost to light a scene, and had he but chosen he could have shown Gansfeder all the missing nickels tucked away in those fat columns of figures. "The Slavey's Revenge that I just made for Dixie Day didn't run so high, did it?"

Gansfeder had removed his hand from his forehead, but now he put it back, for the cost sheets on the Dixie Day picture had worried him more than the others, it was so absurdly low, and to save him he could not find where the difference lay. It would have required an all-seeing eye to detect the building of that coral reef by little grains of matter shifted from the Wagley pictures; a half day of lights here, which should have been charged to The Slavey's Revenge but was slipped in on A Rich Man's Home; four electricians charged on The Peril and one and a half of them sneaked over to work on The Slavey's Revenge in the set adjoining; and the like of that *ad infinitum*.

"Hurry up an' gimme that order, Gus. I gotta lot to do, an' if you're goin' up to San Francisco to that convention Thursday an' Friday an' Saturday, I'll have more on my hands. You're sure goin', ain't you?"

General Iskovitch waited in breathless suspense, for on the answer to this question depended his signal to right, left and center. Gustave slowly drew the order to him and signed it, thinking deeply the while.

"I don't want to go, but the company's paying for it," he finally decided, in much distress as he looked at his work; "so I'm going."

Hot dog! General Iskovitch hurried from the room with his unimportant order, and the next noon, as soon as Gansfeder had started for the train, the velvet glove split and the iron hand came through. All ordinary appointments were called of, and the office of the general manager was thronged with suddenly arriving directors and actors. On the stages a swarm of carpenters and technical men started working like mad. Wagley and Hollison, who held their two-hour luncheon conferences as indispensable to the M. P. C.'s well-being, came on the lot somnolently at about three o'clock, but were painfully wide awake in two and one-quarter minutes, and demanding to see the general manager; but the door was blocked by Dumdum, who, stolidly devouring a quart of peanuts, informed them that only those people could see his Cousin Izzy whose names were on the list protruding from his top pocket, and there were no W's or H's on that list. Even as they were thus rebuffed, two actors came out smiling the smiles which actors only smile when they have received contracts. They had been quietly cast for weeks, Wagley gleaned from their

(Continued on Page 51)

The Mark of Quality

The same fundamental principle of welding pieces of metal into solid, seamless units is now applied by Firestone to the building of better inner tubes. At [illegible] is used in the former the [illegible] is embedded in the [illegible] and at [illegible] the vulcanizing point are made stronger and more durable than any other part of the finished products.

STEAM-WELDED
—Joined into a Single Airtight Chamber

Experts estimate that slow leaks in inner tubes make a material reduction in the mileage of tires. Whenever you drive on underinflated tires, the exaggerated flexing and bending weakens the casings—shortens tire life.

The steam-welding process adopted and perfected by Firestone overcomes this source of trouble. The laminations of the tube wall, the splice and the valve patch—the vital parts of the tube—are fused with steam under uniform pressure. You get a leak-proof air chamber—one that gives the tire the support which enables it to deliver its maximum mileage. Antimony compound and laminated construction are additional Firestone tube superiorities which contribute to their greater strength and heat resistance.

Buy your tubes by name—just as you buy your tires. The Mark of Quality and the name Firestone are your guarantee of a genuine Steam-Welded Tube.

Most Miles per Dollar

Firestone

STEAM-WELDED TUBES

Why not settle, once an this question of Correct

LET us show you exactly why your Ford engine operates best on a clean-burning oil, such as Gargoyle Mobiloil "E."

First, you pour in the oil. Your Ford manual tells you to open the top pet-cock on the oil reservoir, and to pour oil into the filler until it runs from this top pet-cock.

Suppose you pour in an oil *heavier* than "E." It is easy to supply too much, unless the oil flows out freely when the upper pet-cock level is reached. Heavier-bodied oils flow sluggishly. Consequently there is a danger of over-supply.

(POINT 1)

When you pour in Gargoyle Mobiloil "E," it runs out at once when the oil is up to the pet-cock level. The correct oil level is obtained with CERTAINTY.

But possibly you do not think that this over-supply of oil makes any difference. Well, let us see what happens.

You notice that there is no splash trough for the rear cylinder. It is lubricated by the fly-wheel splash. (The third cylinder also receives some of this splash.)

If there is *too much* oil in the reservoir there will be too much oil splashed to the third and fourth cylinders. From the cylinder walls this excessive amount of oil reaches the combustion chambers where it is burned up.

With an over-supply of oil heavier than "E," don't be surprised if you find extra heavy carbon deposits in these rear cylinders.

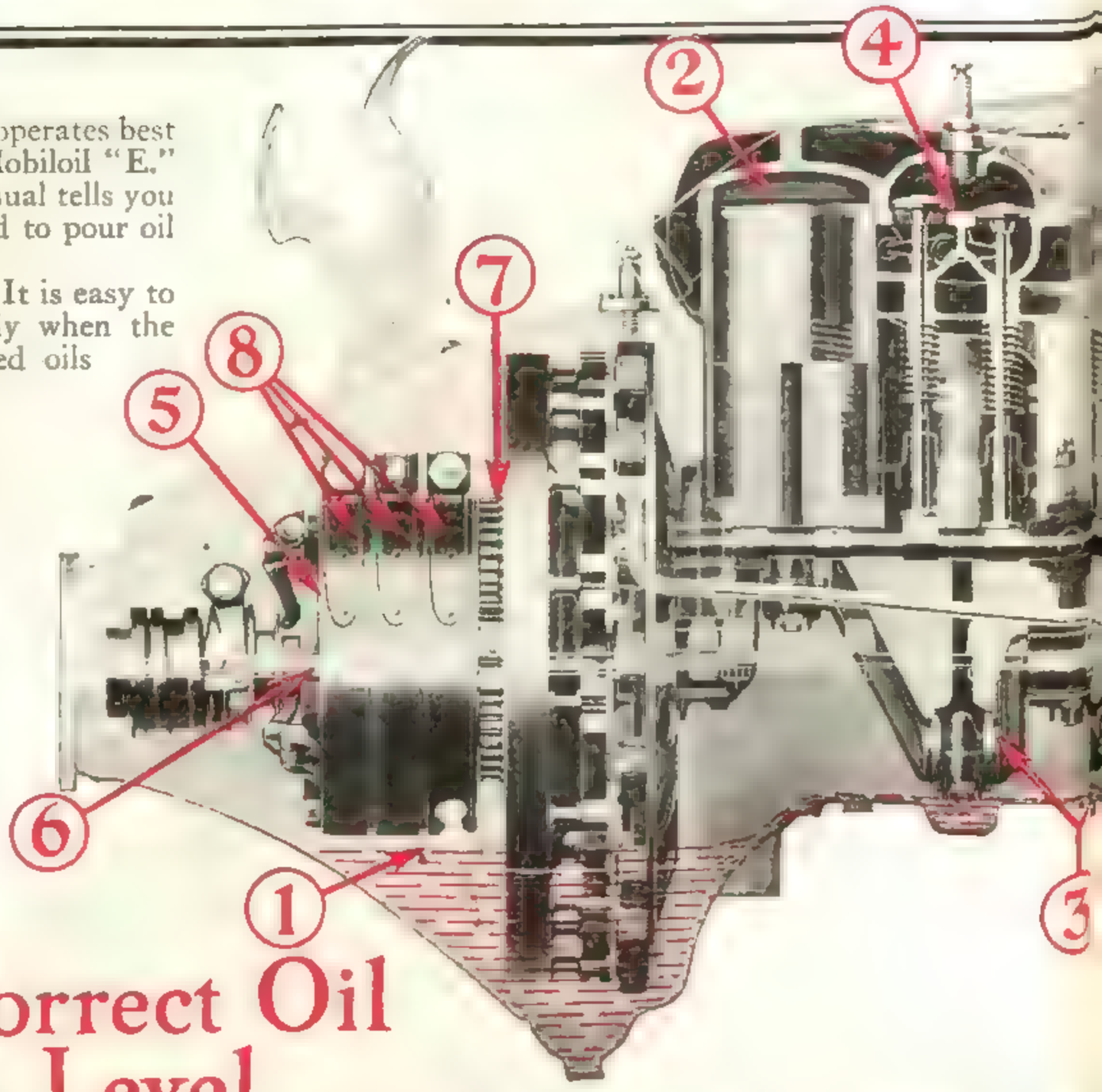
(POINT 2)

The exceptionally clean-burning character of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" minimizes the tendency toward carbon formation in the combustion chambers.

Next let us look at the connecting rods and splash troughs. Cylinders 1, 2 and 3 are lubricated by the dipping of the connecting rods into the troughs underneath. Remember that these connecting rods have no oil holes, no oil grooves, no dippers. To lubricate the friction surfaces the oil must work its way through the close clearances between the ends of the bearings and the crank cheeks, and then distribute itself over the bearing surfaces.

(POINT 3)

Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is sufficiently fluid to reach and lubricate these surfaces with ease. An incorrect or heavier oil very often does not.



Correct Oil Level

Next, let us consider the pisto
The Ford pistons over-run
top of the cylinder bore. Con
quently, any oil carried up
the piston rings is forced into the valve chambers. A hea
oil does not burn up readily, but remains to gum the valv

(POINT 4)

Gargoyle Mobiloil "E," being a clean-burning oil, is readily consum and expelled. It does not remain to foul the valves, seats, and ste

The Ford multiple disc clutch runs "wet"—is continually
a spray of engine oil. All manufacturers of this type of clu
recommend an oil which will give positive, quick engagem
with no slipping, and an instantaneous release.

Heavier oils used in Ford engines cause a drag between
clutch plates. "Creeping" is the result. The car starts ah
when the engine starts, although the clutch is released.

Gargoyle Mobi

Domestic Branches: New York *(Main Office)* Boston Indianapolis Minneapolis Milwaukee

VACUUM O

for all, ubrication for your Ford?

Your Ford instruction book (Answer No. 100) says:—

"We recommend only light high-grade gas engine oil. . . Heavy and inferior oils have a tendency to carbonize quickly; also 'gum up' the piston rings, valve stems and bearings."

(POINT 5)

Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" gives positive and immediate clutch engagement and disengagement. There is no "creeping."

Just a word about the transmission. In the Ford you have a Planetary transmission employing three *close-fitting* sleeves, mounted on an extension of the crank-shaft. A heavy-bodied oil is not well adapted to work into and thoroughly lubricate the sleeves and bearings.

(POINT 6)

The body and character of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" enable it to distribute thoroughly and meet this lubrication need perfectly.

As to the transmission gears: There are three sets of triple gears mounted on close-fitting pivots. These gears are bronze bushed. The bearings fit tightly—in fact, so tightly that oil heavier than "E" is handicapped in working into and correctly lubricating the bushings and pins.

(POINT 7)

Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is of such body that it freely creeps in between the close-fitting parts and thoroughly lubricates the gears and bearings.

Chattering of Ford transmission bands comes from incorrectly adjusted bands or worn-out linings, and is aggravated by unburned fuel mixed with the lubricating oil. In such cases the diluted oil should be replaced with fresh oil and the bands correctly adjusted or the linings renewed. To attempt to remedy such mechanical conditions by the use of oils containing foreign material which may separate, or decompose under heat, is obviously wrong, and likely to cause gumming of the valve stems, carbon deposit and other troubles.

(POINT 8)

Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is free from foreign material. Its use and proper attention to the adjustment and renewal of the bands will give the greatest possible freedom from chattering. At the same time it will correctly lubricate the engine.

This concludes our trip through the Ford lubrication system.

* * *

AFTER careful consideration of the above Ford characteristics the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Engineers saw plainly the need for a free-flowing oil of high quality, and with minimum carbonizing tendencies.

To meet these exacting needs of the Ford engine, clutch, and transmission, Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is manufactured.

The results secured by Ford owners through the use of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is ample proof of the high quality of this oil and the correctness of this recommendation.

Put Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" in your Ford today.

FAIR RETAIL PRICE—30c A QUART

When the dealer sells a quart of Gargoyle Mobiloil for less than 30c, he does not make his fair, reasonable profit. Lower prices often accompany substitution of low-quality oil for genuine Gargoyle Mobiloil.

Prices are slightly higher in Canada, the Southwest, and the Far West.

il "E" for Fords

COMPANY

Chicago, Buffalo, Rochester, Philadelphia, Des Moines, Detroit, Dallas, Oklahoma City, Pittsburgh, Kansas City, Kan.

Barrett ROOFINGS

Your Home *Deserves* a Fine Roof—

In building your home, hardwood floors, modern plumbing, attractive furnishings are all important—but not so important as the roof. A poor roof means leaks and expensive repairs. A roof of Barrett Giant Shingles gives lasting weather-tight protection—adds value to the house.

These Giants are 50% thicker than the ordinary type. Their base is a tough high-grade roofing felt—absolutely water-proof.

And strikingly beautiful! Their weather surface is everlasting mineral in dark red, moss green, or shadowy blue-black. Their thick butts give the interesting shadow effect sought by architects. Highly fire-resistant, they make your home safe against flying sparks and embers. And yet Barrett Giant Shingles are soundly economical. Low in first cost, they never need painting or staining and on reroofing jobs can be laid right over the old roof—a great saving of labor and trouble.

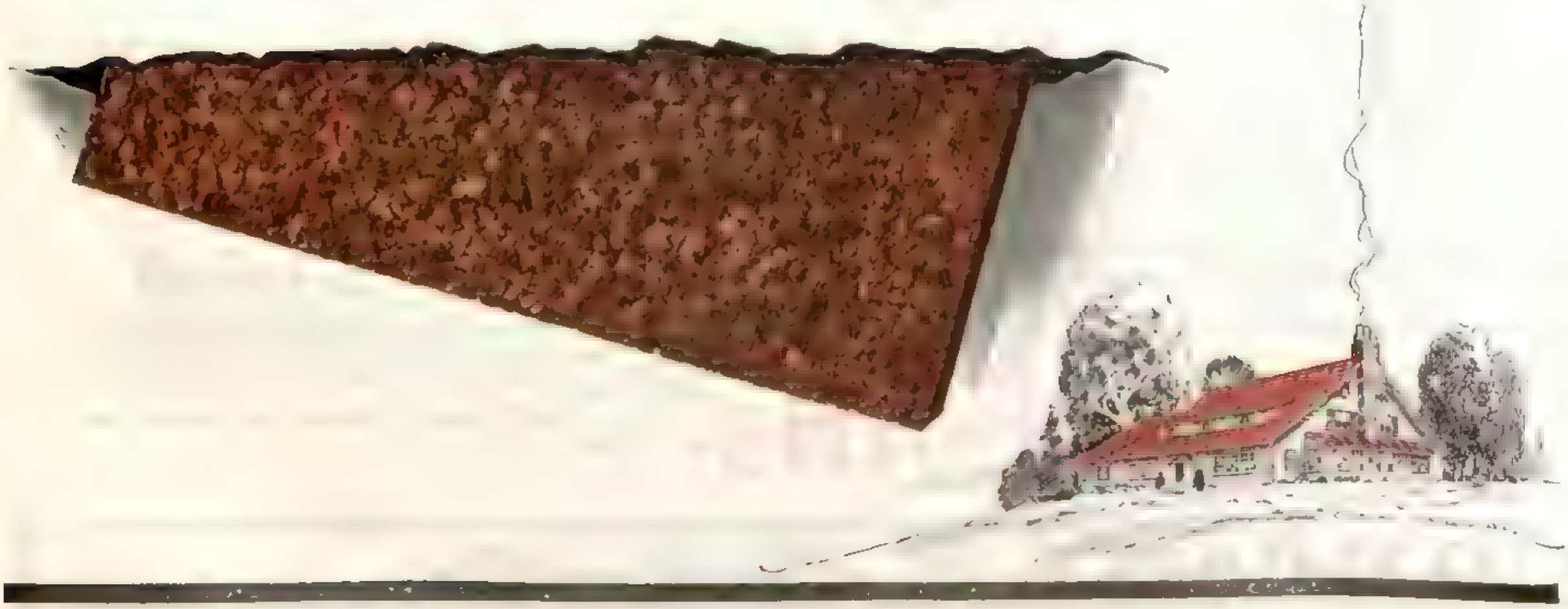
See Barrett Giants at the nearest architect's or contractor's office—at your lumber, hardware, or building material dealer's.

Meantime write for "Barrett Handbook for Home Owners and the Farmer." It describes all types of Barrett Roofings.

The Barrett Company

40 RECTOR STREET—NEW YORK CITY

THE BARRETT COMPANY, LIMITED
2021 St. Hubert Street, Montreal, Que., Canada



(Continued from Page 46)

merry chatter as they passed, and to play in pictures the names of which were total strangers to him!

So excited that he had a squint in his good eye, Hollison rolled Eli Iskovitch aside and tried the door violently; but it was locked, and the crisp voice of a busy person, apparently young but vigorous, ordered whoever it was to wait until sent for.

Aghast, the scenario editor and the technical director rushed to the office of the latter, where Hollison succeeded in getting the figurehead on the phone after many ineffectual attempts, and yelled:

"See here, Mr. Iskovitch! They're working on sets all over the stages for pictures 'authorized by you, but for which I have seen no scripts, had no requisitions or handled in any way. What is this? I want an explanation!"

"Just keep your shirt on an' you'll get it, Mr. Hollison. Hold the wire a minute. Say, Mr. Dundreary, you may be the best heavy in the business, but you know two hundred is all this part pays. If you want the job sign that contract. If you don't, I gotta see a few other heavies right away. All right, Mr. Hollison. Now looky here! You got nothin' to do with these sets. They're alterations of sets already up, an' that brings 'em under Higgins, of the rental department, an' the alterations of 'em is bein' done as usual under his O. K."

A click on the phone attested the end of that interview, and Wagley and Hollison looked at each other blankly. Out of a clear sky had come rank mutiny on the part of their subjugated boss! Why, up to this noon not a visible pebble had been placed in their paths! All was pleasant and polite, and they could have anything they wanted. And now—why, four big productions were being put under way, the scripts all ready, directors picked long since, the casts all filled, the sets all planned and making ready; and suddenly the two Eastern men felt isolated, aliens in a foreign land, wabbling without the third leg of their stool!

"I'm going to wire New York," said Wagley, suddenly rising, his hair hanging unnoticed over his eyes.

"What's the use?" And Hollison looked at his watch. "It's after six o'clock in New York. You had better remain in the office until you see Iskovitch and hear what he has to say, then send in a night letter, going into full details."

This was so eminently sensible that Wagley went up to the general manager's outer office and waited. It was seven o'clock and dark before he was admitted to the moist and disheveled G. M., who was sitting back limply in his chair, out of breath and fagged from his dynamic day; but he sat straight up when Wagley entered, and fatigue dropped from him like a discarded cloak, while into the crystalline structure of his dark-brown eyes there came a something which Wagley had never seen there before.

"What are you doing?" demanded the scenario editor, still puzzling over that change in the boy's eyes. He never had noticed those eyes before, but now he could see nothing else.

"I'm tendin' to my business, Wagley. I'm gettin' ready to make some pictures."

"Without my sanction! You were distinctly informed, Iskovitch, that I was to have the selection of all stories. You've usurped the authority given me by Mr. Schusshel and Mr. Lochlaren."

"Sure!" snapped back the answer. "What you gonna do about it? Tonight at eight o'clock I start shootin' with all four companies."

"I'll—I'll ——" spluttered Wagley, but a bony finger was shaking close to his nose, and the figurehead was shouting:

"You won't do nothin'! There ain't any way you can stop me before I get some work done to cinch these contracts I gave out. Your night letter won't be delivered till nine o'clock A.M., in New York, which is six o'clock A.M., here, an' if you gotta answer back the minute they read it, I'd have a whole night's work done. Looky, Mr. Wagley, from now until tomorrow morning I'm the general manager of this plant, an' there ain't anybody gonna stand in my road or stop me, or I got plenty huskies glad to toss 'em through the gate."

Wagley at last found his voice and an argument.

"Why, boy, you don't know what you're doing! You can't make those contracts stick without Gansfeder's O. K."

"Say, listen!" And as Izzy leaned over his desk Wagley suddenly noticed how the gangling boy's jaw and chin stuck out. "What you don't know would fill all the books I ain't read yet. Them contracts is just as good as if they was signed by Mr. Schusshel himself. I'm a regular authorized official of this concern, an' I ain't never had any instructions that anybody hadda O. K. anything I signed. It's been the custom maybe for business managers to O. K. contracts; but that has nothing to do with their legality, an' every one o' those agreements that I gave out can be sued on in court an' collected. I know what I'm talkin' about, because I had the best legal advice obtainable, an' the M. P. C. is already in for close to a hundred thousand dollars that they've as good as spent on my pictures—an' they're goin' through! Now beat it, Mr. Wagley, and send your night wire, because mine's already filed."

Quite happily, entirely rested, and feeling in no need of dinner whatsoever, Izzy hurried out into the lot and viewed with that peculiar pleasure which comes to every motion-picture worker the blazing lights which bored up through the night, revealing gaunt and spectral façades here and towers there, and vague scurrying figures, and the blazing squares which marked the entrances to the stages, in half a dozen of which carpenters were pounding and paper hangers were papering and painters were painting and property men were moving things out and moving things in, and decorators were tearing down things and hanging up others. Mad enthusiasm everywhere, and never a carpenter lost a stroke in nailing a pair of planks together and never a painter dropped a brush; and there were loud and jovial greetings for the G. M. wherever he went to view the magic transformations taking place.

It was marvelous to see the Senate Chamber resolving itself into the court room for which it had been designed; to see the castle hall which had been built as a Southern patio transform itself into its original intention; to see a fountain, long since piped, play where a fireplace had stood, and a set which had been out of proportion when it was an Oriental divan seem perfect as it became a drawing-room. As a business man Isidor Iskovitch enjoyed himself hugely, for he was getting those sets for his pictures at a fraction of what it would have cost to have them built. They were fine sets, and the Wagley pictures had paid for them—and production cost was a mighty important test of art in the New York office.

Already directors and actors and cameramen and electricians were thronging the half-finished sets, and were presently shooting in corners while carpenters still pounded in other corners; and it was like the thrill of pushing through a railroad on franchise time or beating the enemy to a strategic hill. Until the crack of dawn Isidor Iskovitch watched enthusiastic partisans building his general managership for him, and it was just as he yawned and threw himself on his bed in his clothes for an hour or so of sleep that David Schusshel, operating on New York time, put his spectacles astride his well-complexioned nose and bent his benevolent yellow eyes on his pile of telegrams, and gave a start, and then a gasp, and pushed an agitated buzzer for Andy Lochlaren, who came in pale on top, his pallor only relieved by the blue of his eyes and the blue of the tip of his sharp nose; and in his hand also was a sheaf of telegrams.

"Didn't I tell you the boy was erratic?" spluttered Andy, who seldom became excited more than once a year, and this was the occasion. "Lord knows what he's done! I gather from Wagley and Hollison that Izzy has suddenly gone crazy, after having behaved himself for months; that he's starting four pictures without consulting anybody, not even us; that he's obligated the M. P. C. already to a hundred thousand dollars' worth of expense on his four pictures, which means we'll have to put up a half million at the lowest calculation before we're through."

"Yes, I got that," said David, "and I gather from Izzy that the boy hasn't had a chance since he took the job except to say yes to your yes men. It ain't right, Andy."

Andy stared at David Schusshel in the hopeless indignation of a sane business man.

"You're not going to sustain the boy!"

"I sustained everybody else in California. I been doing nothing else but sustain somebody by wire. Every day Izzy vetoes something, then I have to give a separate individual O. K. for the other people to go over his head. I been clear down the alphabet sustaining people, twice this week for Hollison, and now I've come to 'I.' It's Iskovitch's turn, and Izzy gets sustained!"

"You don't know what kind of pictures he's going to make; you don't know how much money he's going to spend on them; you don't know anything about them."

"Well," said David, "I made a lot of other pictures I didn't know anything about, nor how much they were going to cost me, and these can't be any hr-r-rottener than some we already made and got our money out. And say, Andy, I'm not sustaining Izzy, either, because I'm so sure the pictures are going to be good, but because Izzy's got the nerve to do what he's doing. And say, if I didn't have the same kind of nerve like that boy's got, the M. P. C. would have passed out a long time ago!"

Thus it was that the morning brought the joyous news which spread jubilation throughout the camp of the West—the first rout of the East! Izzy Iskovitch was sustained! He was the G. M. for four pictures, anyhow, although the Old Man had sternly and emphatically ordered him not to take the bit in his teeth again.

It was a day of jubilation, wherein neither Simmons nor Wells nor Izzy was able to work, though they tried; but Izzy did manage to remember to send The Slavey's Revenge to New York, with the earnest recommendation that Dixie Day's contract be renewed.

At the end of a hectic week there came back this wire:

Dixie Day picture rotten. Julius and entire sales force and Andy unanimous. I think so myself. If you renew her contract, this is a legal notice that it will be at your own responsibility and you will have to pay her salary yourself.

DAVID SCHUSSHEL.

The potential magnate sat in quiet thought with that telegram for a long, long time, and once more he put his future at the mercy of his judgment. He sat alone for half an hour, while he mentally ran The Slavey's Revenge, foot by foot, from beginning to end, and when the last reel had rolled off he was satisfied. It was a hit picture, or might he never see his name put up Isidor Iskovitch Presents! He sent for Dixie Day at once, and she came in her slavey make-up, for she was already on her last picture for the M. P. C., The Slavey's Triumph, and she bounded in on her general manager with her usual heartiness.

"Hello, kid! What is the new jolt for your little friend the impusilated underling?"

"It's a jolt all right," said Izzy soberly. "Say, Dixie, I'm gonna do something that oughtn't to be done so far in advance. I'm gonna slip you some bad news. Look at this telegram."

She read it and her hand trembled. She read it again, and she almost whimpered.

"I knew it! I just had an intuition that I'd be a ruined woman if I ever made that roughneck picture! I don't see why you wouldn't let me play a lady!"

"I'm sorry," and Izzy took her hand. She snatched it away from him, but he calmly reached for it again, and patted it; and she let him keep it while she sniffled, for she was as susceptible as a cat to a friendly stroke. "But you know, Dixie, I told you we'd have to be sports together on it, an' maybe we'd flop, an' we seem to have done it. I suppose you was expectin' quite a raise if you renewed your contract."

"I'll tell the cock-eyed world I was!" sniffled the cast-off comedienne. "Two hundred bones up or I'd instigate my independence and go where they could appreciate ability."

"Well, I hope you get it," and General Iskovitch patted her hand most soothingly. "I'll tell Creiker to arrange your shooting so you can get around to the studios an' see what you can do."

"Thanks, old darling. That part'll be all right. I'm known in the profession and I got friends at every studio. Getting a job is no trouble for me a-tall! But I hate the way I'm leaving the lot. It hurts my arrogance!"

Four days later, while the quartet of pictures which carried the Western colors were racing neck and neck along the most efficient production lines ever seen at the M. P. C., Dixie, in her street clothes, and a flamboyant fullness of pulchritude which would have astounded the fans who knew her as a vapid and colorless little ingénue, found the G. M. in the castle hall and drew him around the scaffolding with panic in the large round eyes which had been her chief asset.

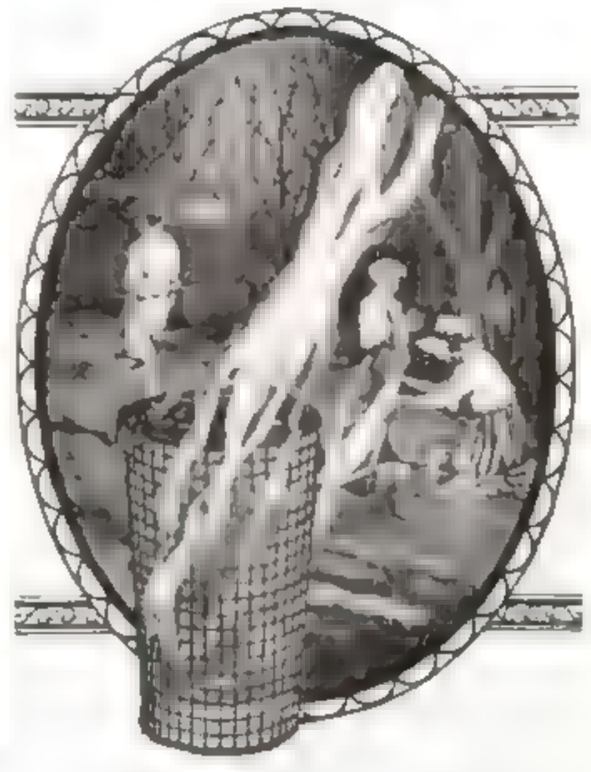
"Izzy, I'm a dud," she confessed in an awed half whisper. "I'm an old shell that

Clean Parks and Beaches

No Picnic Litter

CYCLONE CATCH-ALL BASKET

THE SAFE BONFIRE



People feel that "The public's business is nobody's business". So our parks, beaches, camp sites and picnic grounds are usually a disgrace. This ideal rubbish burner affords an easy disposition for luncheon fragments, boxes, paper and other refuse.

Placed at convenient spots, it appeals to our sense of fairness. Easy to throw in the rubbish, touch a match and be off. No danger from burning fragments. Endorsed by fire authorities everywhere.

At home, too, you will appreciate this convenience. Keep the Cyclone Catch-All Basket in kitchen, hall, cellar or closet. Once a week carry your trash out and burn it. Handle rubbish only once.

Made of heavy crimped wire, finished in baked green enamel. Light and easily carried. 19 inches high. Sold by department and hardware stores everywhere.

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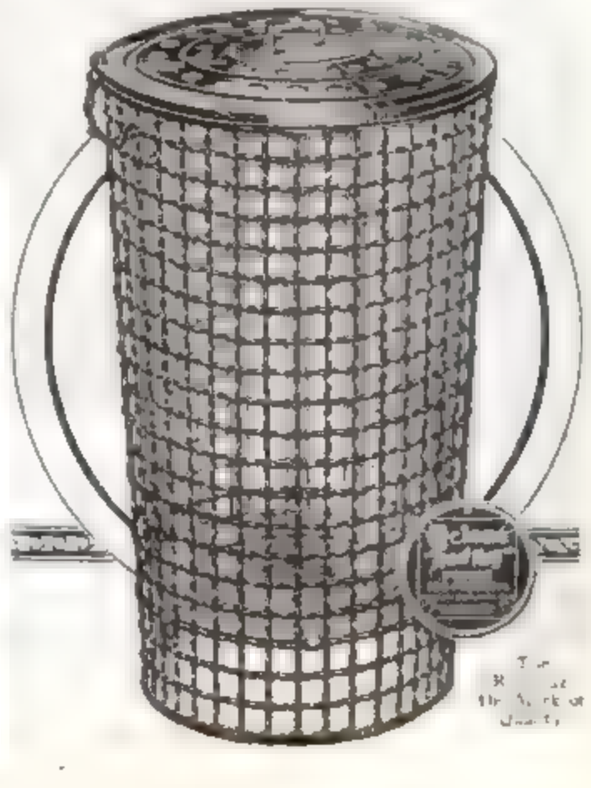


Announcement

AN entirely new type of pressed steel shaft hanger combining unusual strength and rigidity with accurate alignment adjustments and a pleasing and graceful design.

This new American Pressed Steel Shaft Hanger is the result of a quarter of a century of experience in power transmission problems.

This shaft hanger is in every way a worthy companion to the American Pulley, for twenty-five years accepted as a standard of pulley excellence.

This hanger carries with it the guarantee of The American Pulley Company, the same guarantee which stands back of the American Pressed Steel Pulley.

More complete description of these new American Pressed Steel Hangers is contained in a special folder. A request will bring you a copy promptly.

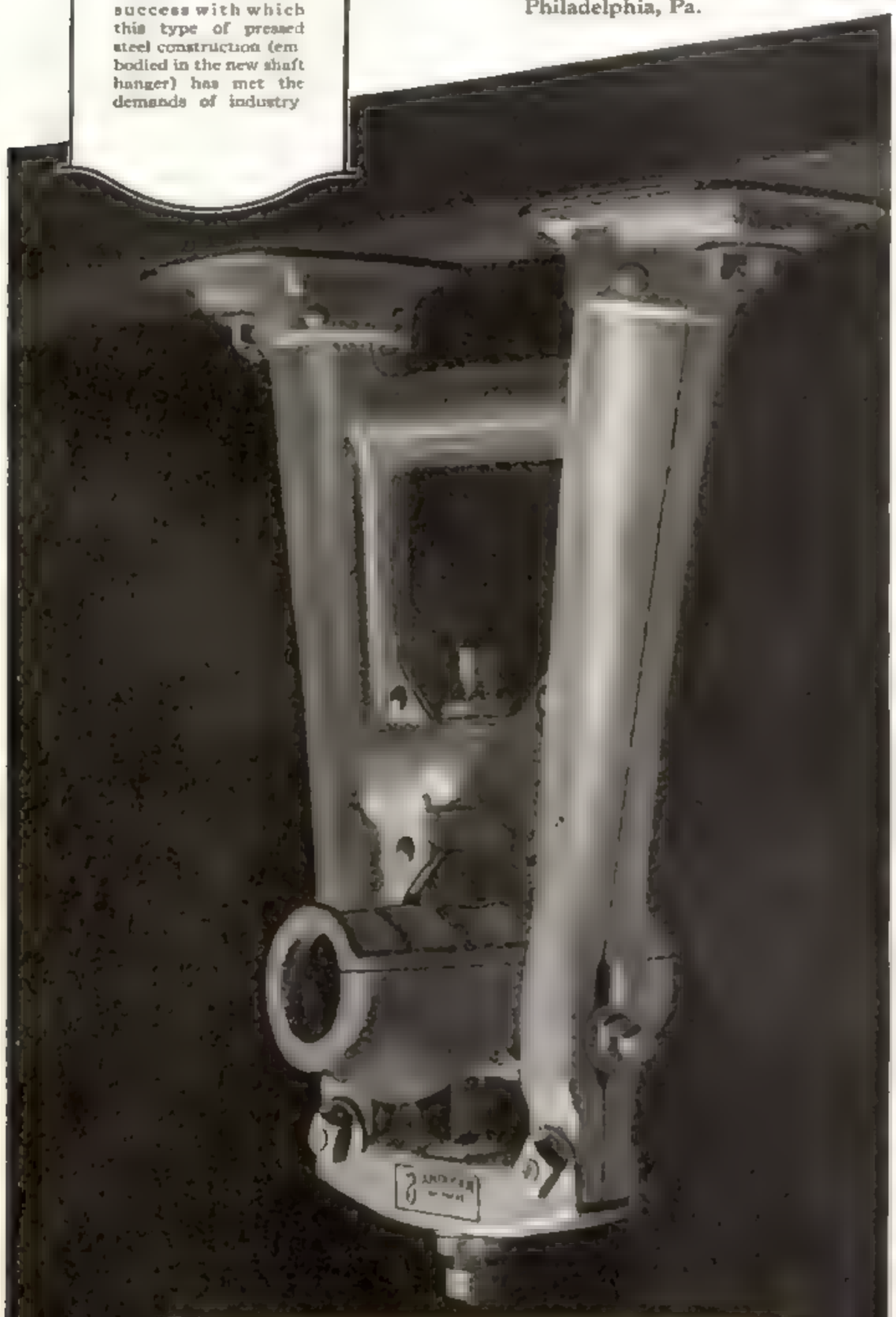
For complete list of distributers, see MacRae's Blue Book

The American Pulley Company

Manufacturers of Steel Split Transmission Pulleys, Steel Sash Pulleys, Pressed Steel Shaft Hangers, and Pressed Steel Shapes.

Philadelphia, Pa.

NEARLY six million American Pulleys in service in the United States and foreign countries attest the success with which this type of pressed steel construction (embodied in the new shaft hanger) has met the demands of industry



won't make a puff. I've been on the M. P. C. lot too long, and I'm a has-been program stewer that was once a squab. I'm a ham!"

"What's the matter? Don't they want you, Dixie?" asked General Iskovitch in no degree surprised. "Not even at your regular salary?"

"Not at any price," she admitted with her usual candor. "I thought I was the goods, but I woke up and found the gin was bad. Why, I tried to slip myself in with a bunch of radishes over at the Earthwide, but somebody cut the string and I fell out."

"All right, Dixie. That being the case, I'll sign you up myself."

"Whoops!" she cried, and throwing both arms around him she kissed him with a resounding smack. "Somebody tear me away from this sweet little man before I crush him to a pulp!"

VI

A TELEGRAM from Dixie Day, Herself, making a personal appearance with The Slavey's Revenge at a theater in Omaha:

Me and the picture struck twelve. They like us fine. Love to all.

From the exhibitor in Omaha, by request:

Miss Day putting her picture over strong. Her monologue is a scream and her voice fills my theater like a coon shouter.

From the branch manager of the M. P. C. in Omaha:

Don't care for Dixie Day's picture myself. The exhibitors like her in ingénue poor girls, but audiences here eating her up.

Hot dog! General Iskovitch, with his three telegrams in his hand, hurried over to Projection Room Three in a spirit of elation known to every successful gambler, for that picture promoter who permits his star to make a personal appearance is taking a long chance with his public, she not having any camera to soften her disposition or director to tell her minute by minute where to place her right foot and how to elevate her left eyebrow and how to crook her little finger. In the darkness of Projection Room Three were Simmons and a cutter, putting the final polish on that gripping melodrama, The Midnight Mystery; but Izzy, familiar with every inch of that masterpiece, had no present interest in it. He snapped on the lights and said to the cutter:

"Say, Jimmy, listen! Hillary Wells is over in Two with When Daylight Dawns Well, ask him to come over here, quick." Then he slid into the stiff working bench beside Simmons, and grinned as he had not grinned in months. "Dixie Day went over big! What have we gotta do to this film yet?"

"Give it a showing. It's ready." And Simmons, pulling the telegrams from Izzy's tense clutch, read them with a reflection of Izzy's grin on his tired flat face; then he looked toward the screen as if the picture were still there, and frowned abstractedly, for the nervous moment had come to let go, and there might still be improvements which he could make. "There are a couple of titles with which I'm not entirely satisfied."

"There always would be. You could play with a picture like this for a year and keep doin' somethin' to it, an' maybe you'd spoil it. Hustle up them inserts, an' get finals for them few temps right away, for if Dixie Day holds up through the week, The Midnight Mystery starts to the New York office Saturday!"

Hillary Wells came lounging in and read the telegrams which were poked at him, stretched his long legs in front of him, and a beatific grin came on his tired angular face.

"I get the distant thrill of opening night from this, and the same worry about midweek. It's a Wednesday-night audience that counts, my boy."

"I'm satisfied now!" exulted Izzy. "How's When Daylight Dawns, Wells? Are you ready to let go of it?"

"I hope I never see the damn thing again!" But When Daylight Dawns was his pet and his pride—a tense, cleanly told drama, without a false note in it—he had hung with it night and day for months in the writing, night and day for weeks in the shooting, and night and day ever since in the projection room; and he was confident that he had such a picture as would do credit to the screen and himself and his general manager. "I hate the thing. And I hate my other misbegotten child, Love and a Sword."

"So will I if I don't do any business," grinned Izzy, who knew quite well Hillary's deep affection for his swiftly moving and passionate romance of old colonial days. That and His First Wife's Husband, Simmons' farcical comedy, completed the four pictures on which Izzy was staking his battle for supremacy; and they were all finished. The work being done on them now was only an excuse to hold them back until Dixie Day, Herself, by gloriously vindicating the figurehead's judgment, should pave the way for their favorable reception in the New York office.

Three days later; a night letter from Dixie Day, Herself:

You really are an irresistable picker. I am very preponderous on the stage and next season I think of appearing in Romeo and Juliet legitimously. Society has opened its arms to me and I am at last in my proper social stations. Love to all.

From the branch manager, at the end of the week:

As requested, am reporting on Dixie Day engagement. Biggest business any picture of hers ever did in this territory, and will have increased sales; but the exhibitors like her better in poor-gurl ingénues. Dixie herself made Slavey's Revenge stick with her strong personal hit. Our best society had her out to teas and dinners and parties in every spare hour she had, and they're laughing yet at some of the stuff she pulled.

Hot dog! Thrilled with advance victory, General Iskovitch boxed up his four pictures and started them to New York, and at the same time mailed copies of all the Omaha telegrams and duplicates of all the Omaha press notices to David Schusshel and Andy Lochlaren and Julius Bimberger. He underscored heavily some of the passages in the copies he sent to Julius, for he had a long score to settle with the wide general sales manager and his battalion of yes men. For instance, the placing of a sales rating as high as 90 and 95 per cent on the extravagantly produced mental paupers turned out by the Eastern triumvirate. Of course, they were productions made from stories which Julius himself had sanctioned; but the judgment of Isidor Iskovitch, potential magnate, was solemnly against them. They were the same unprogressive, unintelligent line of absurd flapdoodle on which the M. P. C. had built its upward climb for the first fifteen years and its downward climb for the past five; and it filled the boy with a humiliation which he could scarcely endure that these things had to be made and distributed under his régime. Oh, well, anyhow, he had put across four which represented his ideas of advancement, and had put ahead of them a good sales value for himself in the triumph of Dixie Day. She was a dead one, was she? They wouldn't have her in anything but simp ingénues, wouldn't they? Well, say! Who had spotted Dixie for a great comedienne? Who had the nerve to back his judgment with his money that she'd be a big profit earner in a changed line of productions? Who? Why, the M. P. C.'s general manager that they were trying to make a figurehead out of but couldn't get away with it. Hot dog!

A night letter from Dixie Day, Herself, making a personal appearance with The Slavey's Revenge, in Denver:

I am not the millenion here I was in Omaha, though my act is more refined. I wrote it myself. There is no society in this tank and refinement is above these plebes' antecedents.

From the exhibitor in Denver, by request:

Why do you turn these hens loose to expose their brains? I got Dixie Day for nothing and I paid too much.

From the branch manager of the M. P. C. in Denver:

If society is lonesome without Dixie Day in Hollywood, pull her back quick. This town don't have to be told which fork to use with the soup, and that monologue of hers on how she lives at home needs an alarm clock. The only good thing about it is she's so refined you can't hear her back of the fourth row. The picture flops with her. The exhibitors like her better in poor-girl ingénues.

Suddenly rage possessed the well-contained Isidor Iskovitch, and the strain under which he had been all these months manifested itself in a totally unexpected hysteria, made the more violent because he did not know how to curse. He smacked his bony fists on his desk, he knocked over his chair as he jumped up, he kicked down the

(Continued on Page 54)

DOLLAR FOR DOLLAR

The price of Dodge Brothers Motor Car is a genuine index of its value.

Enabled, by their vast resources, to finance themselves—

Selling directly through dealer to purchaser—

Adding nothing to the price of the car to support a free service policy—

Concentrating on one chassis for their complete line—

Eliminating the overhead involved in furnishing many body types with special finishes—

Dodge Brothers are actually able to conserve several hundreds of dollars in the manufacture and sale of each car.

This saving is not only reflected in the price; it is returned to the product itself, and in this way passed on to the purchaser—a dollar's worth of motor car for every dollar invested.

DODGE BROTHERS

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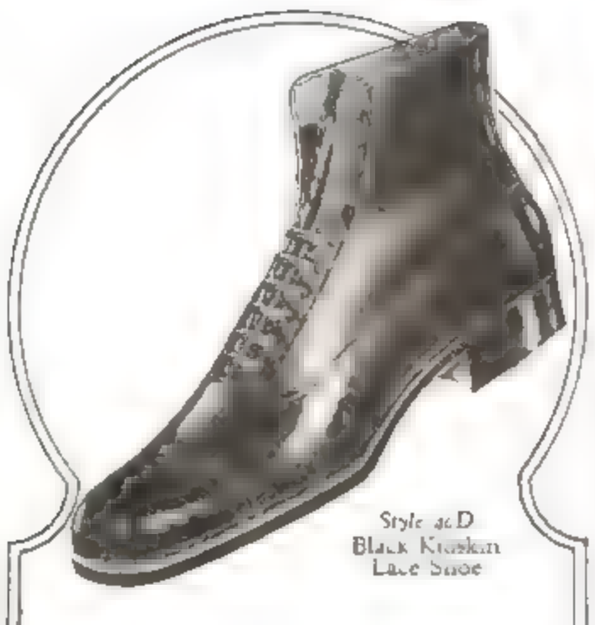

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Exclusively for Men and Boys

Hanover Shoes for Boys and Little Men are especially made for growing feet. They're staunch, serviceable and good-looking. $2.50, $3 and $3.50.

Style LM 208
Little Men's Brown
Russia Lace Shoe

(Continued from Page 52)

standing ash tray, he grabbed up a pile of books and threw them one by one with all his might at a film can in a corner, he stamped up and down the room gesticulating with wrath; and at that most inauspicious moment Dumdum came stalking in eating an Eskimo pie, his mouth decorated with white and brown. He googled through his delicacy, "Did you call me, Izzy?"

"No, you bonehead! You're fired! Get out! Go home and tell Uncle Eli to take you to the cemetery and bury you! Get out, I tell you!" And grabbing up one of the books on the floor, he threw it at his little Cousin Eli, missed him, broke the glass panel in the door and felt better. His little Cousin Eli stood staring at him out of round, flat, china-blue eyes, his mouth roundly open with an unchewed bite in startling evidence, then slowly his mouth closed on the bite and he stamped out. He was back in a moment, however, with his hat on and his lunch box under his arm.

"Say, Izzy, I guess I can't remember what you told me to tell my father. Maybe you better write it."

Izzy laughed, and felt that he owed the Dumdum something for his restoration to reason.

"Take off your hat and get busy. You ain't fired yet, but I don't know how soon. Hustle out an' get a man to fix this door."

"All right, Izzy," and young Eli's round blue eyes filled with tears, though he pumped up his cheerful Iskovitch grin as he sniffled his way toward the door.

"An' say, Eli, listen! Ask Hillary Wells to do a head spin up here, quick."

That was the inspiration which came out of Izzy's wrath. Wells! Hillary had written the monologue on How to Fall Downstairs with which Dixie had made her hit in Omaha. Wells should be able to carry out a publicity idea of Izzy's which might yet save the day, although the only infallible way to save an egg is to eat it before deterioration sets in.

Oh, rotten! Izzy had no need to send copies of the Denver telegrams to New York. They'd have the bad news there soon enough! Wells and his harassed G. M. worked like Trojans on that publicity idea, and filled the mails with bright and shining blurbs; but the egg beat them to it. On Thursday came a telegram from David Schusshel:

"Am giving you the privilege to call Dixie Day off the road yourself. Give her her last two weeks' salary and let her go. She's killing what little business she's got left."

On Friday came the regulation wire from the sales department:

When Daylight Dawns 60 per cent, Love and a Sword 55, His First Wife's Husband 57, The Midnight Mystery 73. Detailed criticisms follow by mail. We did not think much of these pictures. They are above the heads of our trade and have about the chance of The Slavey's Revenge, which looks now to be a flop after opening well in Omaha.

JULIUS BIMBERGER, G. S. M.

So much for General Iskovitch's carefully planned strategy!

On Saturday morning Dixie Day, Herself, walked into the private office of her general manager and impresario in the repressed drab costume of Nebraska's oldest and most aristocratic society leaders, and in marrow-freezing haughtiness observed, with her head tilted at an angle and a lorgnette handy for emergencies:

"I have never been grosslier insulted, Mr. Iskovitch. Where did you ever excuvate that Mrs. Malaprop of the Movies publicity? Say, who revolved these scurrilitious items that's making a guttersnipe out of one entitled to reign in the best circles, like I did in Omaha?"

She paused for an apology, but the grim-visaged young man in the chair only stared thoughtfully at the star, who was due to make a personal appearance in Salt Lake City the next day.

"Say," she began again, swinging her lorgnette haughtily, "what smart Alick trumped up the blurb that I got my education out of a dictionary that was chewed by a goat and my mother pasted the leaves together wrong? What bloozy bimbo's idea was it that I got my training for The Slavey's Revenge by working in a Chicago hash house, where I got famous for tossing plates of eggs from the kitchen door to the front table without mussing a yolk? What goofy giggle-hound framed the story that at my first party I tried to drink my lobster cocktail because it was in a glass, and finished by masticaishing the slice of lemon out of my finger bowl? Who thought up the impusilated pervarication that the first time I was ever led out on the floor to dance I thought my partner wanted to wrestle me and I broke his collar bone?"

And still General Iskovitch sat grimly at his desk and made no move.

"Say! Can't you hear what I'm telling you or what? Aren't you got manners enough to answer a lady when she addresses you? Understand me, Mr. Iskovitch, I'm through with this rough stuff! When I start on my contract with you, I pick my own stories and I impersonificate nothing but society queens and the nobilities; and I get publicity befitting my social cast. Not the kind that gives me the razz like they did in the Denver newspaper office when they showed me that those opprobulous attacks enimated from this very office! It was you, Izzy, that I thought was my friend, that heaped this catechism on me! Wherever I go they laugh at me, and pull this Mrs. Malaprop of the Movies stuff! If I ask anybody to pass the butter, they all stops to listen to see if I make a break. Izzy, you made me the laughingstocks of the whole United States!"

"Hot dog!" General Iskovitch jumped from his chair and grabbed a time-table out of his desk. "Say, Mrs. Malaprop, as we go I'm gonna give you your orders, because that contract that you was talkin' about was made by the best legal brains in California, an' you'll find out that it says you gotta do exactly what I say or I can hold you outta a job for life; an', believe me, when I got the biggest hit in the show business, I'm gonna make it stick!"

He grabbed out his watch, he grabbed down his hat, he grabbed Dixie Day, Herself, by the arm and started for the door.

"Where you taking me?" she demanded.

"To Salt Lake City!" And the ring of triumph was in his voice.

VII

ON A CALM and pleasant morning when all Nature smiled and the invigorating Atlantic sea breezes circled around and through the Eastern offices of the M. P. C., Andy Lochlaren and David Schusshel sat at the desk of the latter in placid conference, when suddenly the door swung open and there slammed in a gangling, long-necked, flat-stomached young man with the pink of youth still in his olive cheeks, the glint of intense purpose in the crystalline structure of his dark-brown eyes and a strap-handled bundle of letter files in each hand.

"Why, hello, Izzy!" exclaimed David Schusshel in astonishment. "What are you doing here? Who's been running your job while you've been gone?"

"My cousin Eli," snapped Izzy. "That's my office boy, the one they call Dumdum on the lot, an' he's good enough for a G. M. job where all you gotta do is say you don't like everything an' have it passed over your head. Where's Julius Bimberger? I want to see him—in this room."

Andy Lochlaren was smiling that smile which would have been mad hilarity in another man, and he made as if to say something; but David touched him on the elbow to stop him, and ordered:

"Send for Julius, Andy. Well, Izzy, you put across Dixie Day fine. She's got more publicity on that Mrs. Malaprop of the Movies than any stunt we ever pulled. Why, she's the laughingstock of the United States, and her sales on The Slavey's Revenge are going right up."

"Much obliged," said Izzy, casting on his friend David Schusshel a malevolent eye. "I got your telegram right here that says you thought The Slavey's Revenge was no good," and he tapped Letter File Number One significantly.

Julius Bimberger came in with his hair plastered across his wide forehead as stiffly as ever, and seeing the visiting G. M. he pounded across the room with great heartiness and gripped the boy's hand in a wide clasp.

"Hello, Izzy! I got to hand it to you on Dixie Day. All the exhibitors that come in laugh about her and spring one of her funny words, and they're buying The Slavey's Revenge like hot cakes."

"Yes, I got your report on it, sayin' it's rotten," returned young Mr. Iskovitch, and now that intense purpose in his dark-brown eyes began to glitter and to glint as he pulled up Letter File Number Three and opened it. "Say, listen, Julius, a man like you oughtn't to never put himself on record. You only been right five times in three years."

"A couple of ha-ha's," retorted Julius, taking the statement as repartee, and he sat widely in the widest chair. "That's a whiffy wheeze. Why, I picked ——"

"Now wait a minute, Julius," interrupted Izzy. "You got plenty o' faults without makin' a liar outta yourself, an' I'm gonna save you from it. I got the dope on you right here. In this letter file I got every report you ever made on a picture, an' I got it all tabulated, showin' the ones you picked an' the ones you flopped; an' with only them five exceptions, the ones you picked was flops and the ones you flopped was winners. There's the evidence!" And he slapped it on David Schusshel's desk in a neat pile, arranged in numerical order, with the tabulation on top. "Now all you gotta do is compare my tabulation with the sales records, an' if you wantta send in your resignation then all right, an' if Mr. Schusshel wants to fire you all right, an' if he wants to keep you all right; but you gotta keep your nose outta my pictures!"

There was a snicker from Andy Lochlaren, for the boy was funny in his intensity; but the boy wheeled on him:

"You needn't say anything, either, Andy Lochlaren! I got you right here in this Number Two Letter File!"

David Schusshel lay back his head and emitted a loud laugh, then he turned to Izzy with mild reproof:

"Wait a minute, my boy. A man's got a right to an opinion even if he's wrong, hasn't he?"

"No! Not when he's in such a position where he can use his opinion to damage good work and boost rotten work; not when he's in such a position that his opinion carries any weight with other people. One of the reasons why I'm here is that Julius Bimberger made a percentage report on my four new pictures that I worked on all this time night and day, and the best he gave any of 'em was 73 per cent sales value, when he gave some of this trash that's been turned out by Wagley as high as 95; so I brought the goods to prove that he's exactly 97 per cent wrong. Why, say, dammit' — and Izzy's voice rose to a boyish treble—"this dirty bum had the nerve to recommend that my best picture, When Daylight Dawns, oughtta be laid on the shelf, an' I ain't gonna leave this place till that picture gets a special showing an' see what people that's got some judgment thinks of it!" He was almost crying now. "That picture's gonna get a square deal if I have to hire a theater myself to show it in New York, an' I'll make money on it too! An' this dirty big loafer wanted to put it on the shelf!"

"That'll be about all out of you!" roared Julius Bimberger, rising in ponderous wrath, and inspired to take refuge in the male human being's first and most potent argument as he shook a threatening fist. "If you open your yawp again to hammer me I'll ——"

"You'll get out of the room, Julius," interrupted the voice of David Schusshel, suppressing the treble of age which crept into his tone; and his yellow eyes were moist. "We been putting this boy through a hard course of sprouts this past six months, and I guess he's got a bellyful; an' me, I got it full too."

"But look here, Mr. Schusshel ——"

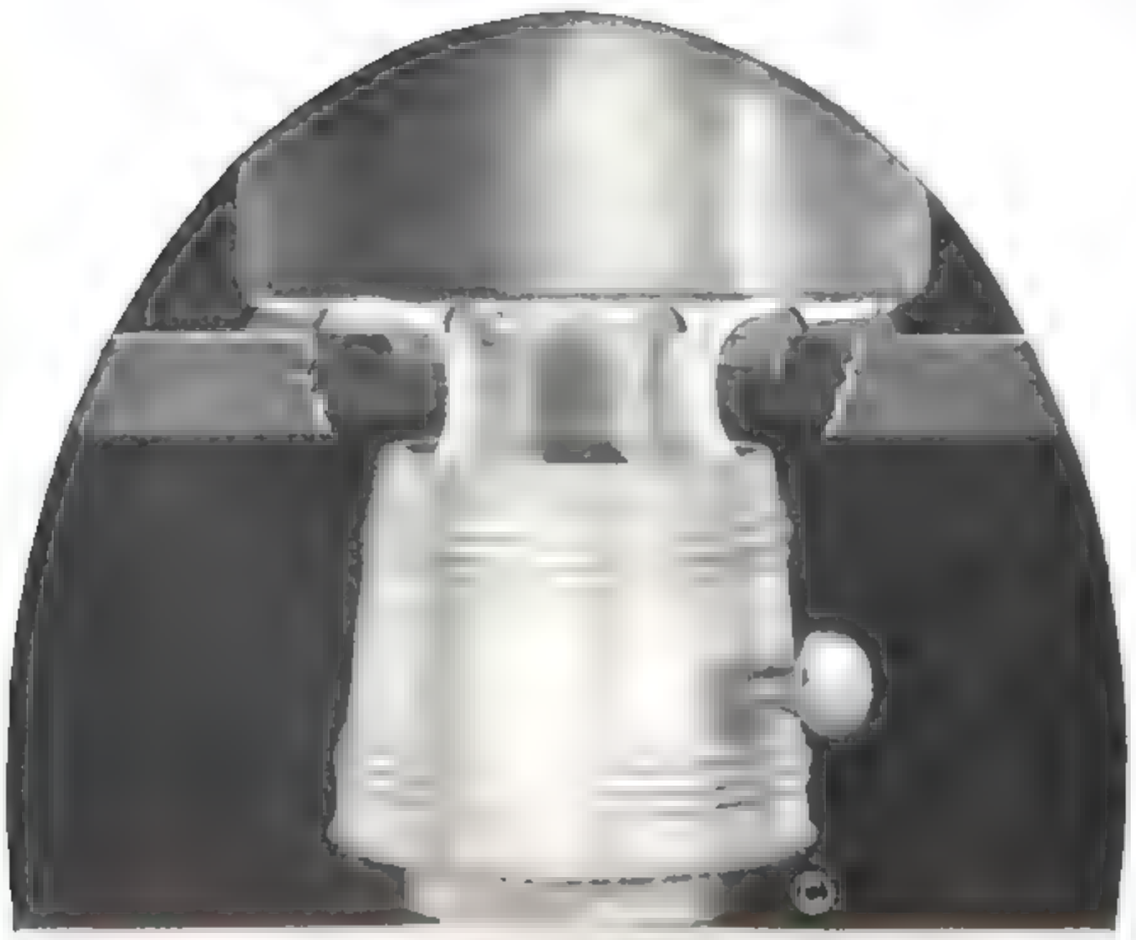
"You go back in your office or I'll fire you right this minute!" roared David, pounding his fist on his desk; and Julius went in all his wideness, breathing heavily.

When he had gone the Old Man lay back in his chair and had the heartiest laugh he had enjoyed for a long time; laughed until he held his sides, while the solemn Andy went over to the visiting G. M. and offered his hand.

"You didn't give me a chance to say hello, Izzy. We're happy to see you once more among our midst—so happy, in fact, that I don't mind telling you that you were right and I was wrong. And we didn't shelve When Daylight Dawns. Mr. Schusshel and myself thought it wonderful, but suspended judgment on its sales value until we had some first-class exhibitors look at it; and we have it in a first-run house on Broadway. It will show in about a month. We have a first-run house in Cleveland for Love and a Sword; one in Chicago and one in St. Louis for His First Wife's Husband; and we're holding The Midnight Mystery for special exploitation. We had a showing for the trade papers yesterday, and from what the boys said I think you'll be surprised by the notices you get."

"Say, by golly, Andy, you're telling him everything I wanted to tell him myself," objected David, but Izzy was still holding

(Continued on Page 57)



More Heat—Less Care

The Florence mantel back and chimneys are of lustrous porcelain enamel; the rest of the stove is finished in a satiny, durable, baked-on enamel with nickel trim.

A modern kitchen without gas bills

IMAGINE this beautiful, wickless range in your own kitchen. Think how convenient it would be to turn the Florence heat regulator, light the burner and have an intense blue flame close up under the cooking just like a gas stove.

Each Florence burner is large and powerful. A Florence is so economical it will soon pay for itself. Burns kerosene—the cheapest fuel.

This modern stove—the wickless Florence—is in reality a gas stove, because it burns the gas of vaporized kerosene, which is directed in full intensity close up under the cooking, and almost no heat is wasted. Easily cleaned. Easily controlled by turning the heat regulator.

In your vicinity is a furniture or hardware store where you will find a Florence filled with oil. Try it, and convince yourself that it is just what you need.

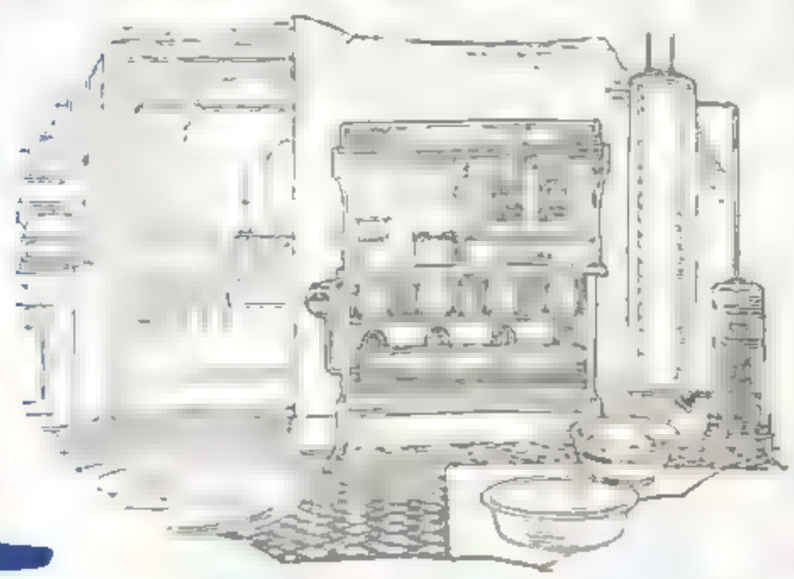
Write for free illustrated booklet, "Pointing the Way to a Cool Kitchen."

Florence Leveler

This new Florence Leveler is attached to each burner of the Florence by turning the [illegible] It is easy and [illegible] to stand absolutely level no matter how uneven the floor.

Look closely at the single burner illustrated above. One great advantage of the Florence burner is that the cooking utensil is close over the flame, where it will get the full force of the heat.

To light the Florence burner, just touch a match to the asbestos kindler and in a few minutes you will have an intense blue flame.



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FLORENCE

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The Independent Artists of the Screen

MOST of the great artists of the world have wished to be relieved of business worries.

They excelled through single-minded devotion to their art.

In the art of the screen Paramount has provided this ideal creative condition, thereby reaping the reward of leadership.

Directors, stars, players and master-technicians, are extremely appreciative of the freedom from all worry of finance and organization which Paramount gives them.

They have choice of the richest material of story, personnel and equipment. Literally nothing is asked of them except that they give their best.

And back of it all is the intoxicating thought and stimulus that thousands of audiences are ready for and expectant of the Paramount Pictures they will make.

This is the virtue of making to an ideal rather than to a fixed cost—and these are the real independents.

9 Current Paramount Pictures

"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town"

BEBE DANIELS AND ANTONIO MORENO
in "The Exciters"
By Martin Brown
Scenario by John Colton and Sonya Levien
Directed by Maurice Campbell

"THE PURPLE HIGHWAY"
with Madge Kennedy
Supported by Monte Blue, Pedro de Cordoba and Vincent Coleman
Adapted by Rufus Steele from the play "Dear Me"
By Luther Reed and Hale Hamilton
Directed by Henry Kolker

THOMAS MEIGHAN
In a Peter B. Kyne story
"Homeward Bound"
Directed by Ralph Ince
Based on "The Light to Leeward"
Screen play by Jack Cunningham

AGNES AYRES
in "The Heart Raider"
Screen play by Jack Cunningham
From a story by Harry Durant and Julie Herne
Directed by Wesley Ruggles

A Herbert Brenon Production
"THE WOMAN WITH FOUR FACES"
with Betty Compson and Richard Dix
By Bayard Veiller
Adapted by George Hopkins

JACK HOLT in
"A Gentleman of Leisure"
From the play by John Stapleton and P. G. Wodehouse
Adapted by Jack Cunningham and Anthony Coldeway
Directed by Joseph Henabery

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION

"CHILDREN OF JAZZ"
with Theodore Kosloff
Ricardo Cortez, Robert Cain and Eileen Percy
Adapted by Beulah Marie Dix
From the play "Other Times" by Harold Brighouse
Directed by Jerome Storm

DOROTHY DALTON in
"The Law of the Lawless"
Supported by Theodore Kosloff
Charles de Roche and Tully Marshall
Adapted by Lloyd Sheldon and Edfrid Bingham
From a Pictorial Review story by Konrad Bercovici
Directed by Victor Fleming

A William deMille Production
"ONLY 38"
With May McAvoy, Lois Wilson, Elliott Dexter and George Fawcett
Screen play by Clara Beranger
From the play by A. E. Thomas
Suggested by a story by Walter Prichard Eaton

Paramount Pictures

Paramount Pictures are all the vogue. In number and quality they predominate throughout the season —a great theatre succeeds with great pictures

In Omaha at the Rialto—

Continued from Page 54

to the hand of Andy, speechless, a big gulp in his throat, and the Old Man, looking on the tableau, began to twinkle. "Say, Izzy, what's in the rest of those letter files?"

The boy laughed a little huskily.

"Well, Number One is the goods on you, Mr. Schusshel, an' Number Two is Andy, an' Number Three is Julius, an' the other three are Wagley an' Hollison an' Gansfeder. Y'know, I'm gonna tell you somethin', Mr. Schusshel. I don't step a foot back on the lot unless them fellas is gone."

"How about it, Andy?" inquired David with sly triumph. "You know you sent them out there—I didn't, and you can put that in the Number Two Letter File, Izzy."

"The boy wins on production cost if on nothing else," grinned Andy. "You're pretty handy with the telegraph blanks, Izzy. Suppose you frame a recall for my three experts, and Mr. Schusshel will sign it."

"Oh, no, you send it." Izzy was beginning to be at nonchalant ease. "All I want is for them three to be called back East again, an' Loebman sent out to be business manager again, an' Simmons to be scenario editor again, an' Brooks technical director, all under my exclusive authority, guaranteed by contract."

"You don't need any contract, son," smiled the boss, beaming on him affectionately. "I'll sustain you. I stuck with you all through, only you didn't know it."

"An' nobody else did," retorted Izzy, still smarting with the hurt they had put on him—for a test. "Your word's good with me, Mr. Schusshel—but I wantta contract."

For a moment old David rubbed the bridge of his nose with his broad forefinger in annoyance and hurt pride, while Andy sat back and snickered; then David's brow cleared and he beamed benevolently again.

"All right, Izzy, I'll have a contract fixed up so you can hurry back and get on the job."

"There ain't so much hurry. I'm gonna stay East about a week an' study what's goin' on in the business. Prudence Joy's picture for the Pinnacle opens tomorrow night, an' Prudence is on to make a personal appearance with it."

"They say it's a knock-out," speculated Andy, distinct regret in him, and David Schusshel winced. "The Pinnacle has sent her up like a skyrocket, and this picture will put her in the first rank of money-makers. I hear her work is wonderful."

"Yes, that's where you fellas sustained me again. For five years I been sayin' Prudence Joy was a comer, an' now she's here! I got my eye on a big play for her, an' if we can buy it right I wantta take it back with me for her next starrin' vehicle with us."

A silence so emphatic as to seem like a noise settled in that room for a tense moment, and then Andy Lochlaren broke it with the one awed monosyllable:

"No!"

"Sure!" And now the voice of Izzy rose in shrill triumph. "I got back her original release that the Pinnacle's lawyer could twist into a permanent release, an' I gave her a permanent release that we can twist into a temporary one. It's gotta joker in it that nullifies any contract that's based on it, because when you pull it apart an' see what's inside it, it says she's subject to our recall any time we want her. An' she's ours, though she don't know it yet, an' we get a million dollars advertising for our interest in loanin' her to Rodney Adams!" On Schusshel's desk the first button to the left called an office boy, and Izzy punched that button. "That joker is in the preamble, an' it was made by my personal attorney, that's the smartest picture attorney on the west coast—Mr. Flackman, of Finkle, Fenstein & Flackman's. I brought 'im along to explain that release to Lipsheim for the battle you'll have with the Pinnacle, so the M. P. C. can pay the expenses of his trip; an' while he's here him an' Lipsheim can fight it out about my contract—an' I gotta little bet on Flackman." The door opened and the boy came in, but Izzy did not turn. "Boy, give Mr. Flackman my compliments, an' tell 'im it will give me great pleasure to introduce 'im to Mr. Schusshel, if he will be so kind as to step this way."

"By golly!" said David Schusshel, and breathed a deep breath. "Say, by golly, I wish I was young again! I'd like to start in business all over again, like Izzy!"

"You got enough fun as it is," and Izzy regarded the Old Man with a contemplative smile before he inquired, "How would you like to get Dixie Day back again? You know she's makin' personal appearances in Newark this week, an' I'm goin' over to see her tonight."

"She's already under contract to somebody," worried Andy. "She wouldn't say to whom."

"You bet you my life she is!" Izzy clapped both his bony hands on his bony knees to laugh. "She's under contract to me, an' I'll sell 'er to you. She gets a raise of two hundred bones; an' besides that, her personal-appearance expenses; an' besides that, a fifteen-thousand-dollar bonus!"

The smiles left the faces of both Andy and David, and it was Schusshel who said most regretfully:

"I don't like that, Izzy. I thought you had correct principles. It wasn't ethical for you as general manager to sign up one of our stars, to hold us up for an advance and a bonus that you'll get a split out of. I—I didn't think you'd do that, Izzy."

"Oh, didn't you? Well, I got your permission for it. You even dared me to do it!" And grabbing up Letter File Number One, he swiftly and deftly produced a telegram which he thrust into old David's hands, which David read with a sudden chuckle and passed to Andy.

"Oh, well," said the Old Man, "you did it before she made her hit, and that makes it all right. If you'd done it after she made her hit it wouldn't have been right. You're entitled to your winnings. You took the risk."

"Sure!" agreed Izzy, and they were all three satisfied with their respective ethics.

On this, pointy little Flackman came in, and from then it was sober and serious business, with pudgy little Lipsheim presently added, and each sleight-of-hand performer avid for each other's tricks; but just before the G. M. started for Newark, the Old Man, going to the door with him, observed, "Say, Izzy, I have to compliment you on the low cost of your four fine pictures."

"Yes, I watched 'em close."

"I'll bet you did. But say, they cost lots less than just what close watching would get you. It's remarkable what little those fine-made pictures cost, and also it's remarkable how much more Wagley's pictures cost than they ought to."

"Yes, they didn't watch 'em close."

"Somebody did!" roared the Old Man, and as the yellow eyes of David Schusshel sought and held the dark-brown eyes of Isidor Iskovitch there came between them a grin of deep, deep understanding, and of mutual admiration and respect; for the true qualities of a great motion-picture magnate were in each of them.

Izzy wore his dinner suit like a veteran when he walked into the midnight show on the roof with the famous Mrs. Malaprop of the Movies on his arm, flamboyant in her pulchritude and with no trace whatsoever of her briefly enjoyed ladylike hauteur, for she had made such a hit with public and press alike by her malapropisms that she was proud of her ignorance. She had it all over the rest of the movie queens, because she could be her happy comfortable self for life, with no pose to sustain and no mistakes to dread. Moreover, she clung with a warm cling to the arm of Isidor Iskovitch, for he was the candy kid just now, the star of her life, the little wiz who had saved her from obliviousness, and she owed him an eternal debt of gratitude.

As they reached their little table and remained standing a moment to glance around the busy throng of half black-and-white and half variegated color, Izzy's quick eye caught a group which was the center of such casual observation as New York bestows when it is busy; for there sat the reigning sensation of moviedom, that tremendously successful young emotional actress, Prudence Joy, who had literally wept her way into stardom, and who, for two days now, since the opening of her first Pinnacle picture, had all the space in the movie columns. With her were Rodney Adams and some eight or ten notables of the Pinnacle company, big stars and big executives, together with their lackeys and flunkies and hangers-on of both sexes, and Izzy's lips took on that trace of grimness; then his eyes softened and the straightness of his lips relaxed as the force of Prue's daintiness swept on him. The lights were glinting on her hair of spun gold and sparkling in her clear blue eyes and gleaming on her smooth shoulders and her prettily turned neck; shimmering on her dress of silver lace. The prettiest girl in Hollywood, and the smartest, and the sweetest, and the one with the most ability.

"Hey, Prue! Oh-oh! Hello, darling!"

It was Dixie, shouting her greeting over the heads of those at the intervening tables, totally unconcerned about the attention she was attracting, and waving her plump hand frantically.

Prue looked up, saw them and laughed; and rising at once, excused herself and hurried over. There was a fervid embrace from Dixie and a warm double handclasp from Izzy, and neither noticed that Dixie had hurried away to exchange her hearty persiflage with her other friends at the Pinnacle table, for in that moment, when both Izzy and Prue were so flushed with good fortune, when both felt that they were in this big town by right of conquest, it was friendship alone, long-established friendship, which held them happily holding each other's hands, each proud of the other's success. Then, finding the vacant chairs beside them, automatically they sat, and Izzy brushed aside his temporary emotion as he would any other indulgence, coming straight to his biggest emotion—business.

"Prue, have you seen The Breaking Point?"

"Of course. That's the first play anybody sees if they can secure tickets."

"How would you like to play it, with Ernest Sapp directing?"

She gave a little gasp as the joy of that thought swept in on her mind, then came a trace of wistfulness.

"I'm afraid that's out. But I would love it!"

"Fine! I bought it today, an' the price I paid don't need to be swelled up any when they publish it."

"You did!" And now there was jealousy in Prue's tone. "Who's going to play it?"

"Oh, I'm holdin' it for you. You'll get your legal notice tomorrow to come back to the M. P. C. I wouldn't let 'em send it to you till you'd had a few days' celebration over your big hit; but the time's up now. We gotta get busy."

He found her staring at him numbly, her lips half parted, her eyes fixed and round, and scarcely a perceptible flutter of breathing in the delicately poised lace over her bosom.

"I—don't—quite understand," she faltered. "I can see you're not joking."

"You bet you my life I'm not joking!" And there was a snap and a sparkle in the depths of his eyes which had been growing steadily with this past six months of determined battle. "Y'know, that release I gave you was subject to our recall at any time, an' the time's come."

It couldn't be possible! Through with the Pinnacle?

Through—and not even the Pinnacle's elaborate legal machinery able to save her? Through with the most influential and highest-class producing concern in the business? Through with the triumphant career which had just opened for her—and back on the M. P. C. lot, notorious for the low grade of its output?

"Izzy! You're not going to do that! You couldn't do it!"

"Why not? I always told you I was gonna be the biggest in the business, an' there's only one way to do it—use everything that'll make you big. I got things my own way over there now, an' in less'n four years I'm gonna have the M. P. C. in the Pinnacle's class—an' better; because the Pinnacle's a stock-jobbing concern an' they gotta go to pieces some day. You can help me give class to the M. P. C., an' you're gonna do it! I need you!"

Somehow, in spite of the disaster which he had brought on her, she felt the thrill of his intense purpose; and it began to come to her that perhaps, after all, she might be better off with her wagon hitched to his star. That last might seem like calculation, and was, in part; but in greater part it grew out of her dawning admiration for the man in this boy; for there is nothing which so attracts as force and power held to high accomplishment.

"Are you certain that you can win me from the Pinnacle?"

"Say, listen! I got the two smartest picture lawyers in the world on this job, an' they tell me it's a cinch. They say it's easier than makin' out my contract that they been scrappin' about for four days now, an' they ain't got it yet so it satisfies either one of 'em."

Prue scarcely heard him, for she was lost in musing, then she looked up with a smile.

"It will be loads of fun to make a picture with Ernest Sapp again."

There was a gulp in Izzy's throat as he clasped her hand where it lay on the edge of

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shout for Stone's Straws when the "good, old" nineteenth hole looms up over the hill. It's written down in the rules that the "best drink tastes better through a straw."

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Always ask for a straw or two at the soda fountain.

Use Stone's Straws when serving cold drinks at home. Get a handy box at your druggist's today. Keep them on the pantry shelf. Price 10c.

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Science has recently proved how dangerous common insects are. They spread disease.

Science now comes forward with a scientific way of killing insects—roomfuls at a time. Flyosan eliminates household insect pests.

Do flies sneak into your kitchen or dining room? Close the windows. Spray wonderful Flyosan into the air. In five minutes the last fly will be dead.

Do mosquitoes disturb your sleep? Several sprays of Flyosan about your bedroom will still forever the hum of these peaky insects.

Does the snapping on of your kitchen light surprise roaches or waterbugs scuttling to cover? Spray Flyosan about the hiding places of these insects. It drives them out into the open for air. Another spray kills them.

Moths, bedbugs, ants, fleas on dogs, lice on cattle and fowl—Flyosan kills them all.

Most remarkable of all, the same Flyosan does all these things without being poisonous, without unpleasant odor, without stain or lasting traces of any kind. Fifteen minutes after using—odorless and invisible.

No wonder that in less than four years Flyosan has become the largest selling household insecticide in the world!

If your drug, grocery or hardware store does not have Flyosan, fill out the coupon below and mail it to us to-day.

If your Flyosan does not do all we claim for it we will refund your money without question.

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SAFE INSECTICIDE

Kills Flies by the Roomful
—Mosquitoes, too

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Enclosed find $1.00 ($1.25 west of Rockies, and Canada) for which please send me a complete Flyosan outfit (pint can and sprayer)

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the table. Her surrender was the greatest of his victories.

"How about a dance, little man?" came a hearty voice from just above them, and around Izzy's shoulder swung the plump arm of Dixie Day. At the tone of comfortable proprietorship, Prue looked up quickly.

"I don't know the first thing about it," returned Izzy with his cheerful grin. "All I know is you do it with your feet."

"Come on, and I'll show you in five minutes. All you got to do is keep off my toes, and I'll push you around until you get in step."

"No fair," laughed Prue, "I saw him first." And, rising, she took him by the elbow. "Come on, Izzy. I have the right to give you your first lesson."

"Well, if you haven't the illimitless gall!" objected Dixie, and caught him by his other elbow.

Izzy looked up, laughing, and saw that the two girls were facing each other with actual conflict beneath their pleasant exteriors. Suddenly all his other triumphs were as nothing compared to the overwhelming epoch which had come into his life; he, Izzy, Isidor Iskovitch, had become a factor of importance to girls, and these two were jealous of each other on his account! Something in his chest seemed to expand and lift, and insensibly he set his head at a cocky angle, while the grin on his youthfully curved lips was such a grin as nothing else had ever put there.

Hot dog!

COMP'NY

(Continued from Page 13)

eyes were ugly now; he looked more than ever like the thing he was. For a moment Tom Lattimer was almost sorry he had brought him home. After all—but he put the thought from him. Armstead, without instructions, drove the carryall around to the barn and Lattimer carried in the groceries. He was washing at the new sink in the kitchen when Armstead came in.

"Unhitched so soon, Jud?"

He spoke heartily, in penance for the unworthy doubt. Jud nodded and soaped his hands.

The gesture brought up an unconsidered issue in Lattimer's mind. If Jud ate at the table with them all Hattie wouldn't like it, and Hattie had a way of letting her dissatisfaction be very evident. He hated to hurt Jud's feelings, but it might be better, just at first.

"Maybe, the way things stand, you'd feel better if you had your dinner out here, Jud. I thought you might sort of like to be by yourself till you get used to ——"

Armstead straightened and turned, but before he could speak Dora's even voice came from behind them.

"He'd better eat with us all, father. There's work enough without trying to take care of two tables."

Armstead wheeled abruptly to study the girl's face. It seemed, to Lattimer, a long time before he shrugged and spoke:

"Don't matter to me where I eat. Guess I can stand it, if the comp'ny can."

Lattimer forgave the ugly tone. A man just out of jail was bound to feel bitter; Jud would be all right as soon as he got settled. And maybe Hattie wouldn't object; she'd eaten at the same table with the farmhands every summer before this without much fuss.

Still, all through the substantial meal he was troubled. Hattie didn't like it; she saw to it that her boys sat as far from Jud as the table allowed; she talked stiffly; there was disapproval in every motion of her graceful, nicely kept hands. Jud Armstead seemed not to notice; he ate heavily, his eyes on his plate. As soon as he had finished he went out toward the barns, without speaking. Hattie drew in a relieved breath.

"Well, Tom, I must say!"

"Now, Hattie, don't let it worry you. I'm sorry you don't like it, but the way I'm fixed this summer—and there's no harm in Jud."

Hattie laughed. "Oh, don't think I'm complaining on my own account! I hope I've better manners than that! But I should think you'd be afraid to have that man here. You can't help seeing that he's bad—bad clear through. You'll be sorry, Tom. You mark my words. He'll cheat you if he doesn't do something worse."

"He'll have to get up early if he makes it pay then." Lattimer rose, laughing. "The way farming goes, these days, he'd make poor pickings. But you're wrong about Jud. He's honest. And he'll look different, soon as he gets fed some and sunburned."

He let Armstead drive the binder, through the afternoon, and took for himself the heavier task of building the thistly bundles into shocks. There was no talk between them till evening, when they milked. Then Armstead startled Lattimer with an abrupt question about wages.

"Thought we'd settle that when we found out if you could stand the work."

Lattimer spoke mildly, but the demand troubled him. He hated to bargain with hired men; always he felt ashamed of dickering over a little difference in their sorry pay. With Jud it was meaner than with most men; the fellow was sick and disgraced; he couldn't hold out for his own price, like the others. A shrewd employer would profit by the fact, but Lattimer couldn't, somehow.

"Give a dollar and a half and board you." He named the figure he had paid the last man who had worked for him. Armstead grunted.

"Ought to get two dollars, harvest time."

"All right."

Lattimer frowned. Maybe, after all, there was something in that notion of Hattie's. Jud must know that he wasn't worth top wages. But he resisted the thought. The difference wasn't big enough to quarrel over.

At supper he was relieved to see that Hattie was herself again; she had manifestly decided to ignore Jud's presence at table, as if he were only another hired hand, like the others who had shared the family meals in other years. It pleased Lattimer; Hattie's visit would have been spoiled if she'd kept on as she had begun. He was gay himself, in high spirits. As he was hitching up for the drive to town, after supper, Jud approached him.

"You aim to trade in eggs at McVicker's for your groceries?"

Lattimer nodded, remembering that Jud had overheard that brief talk with Chrissie.

"Do better if you pay cash at Tift's," said the other. "McVicker soaks you."

Lattimer chuckled nervously. "I know, but I'm kind of short this week."

"Buy 'em off you myself at a cent more'n McVicker'll allow you." Armstead produced a handful of silver. "Warden give me five dollars. Guess I can make something, shippin' to the city when I get a crate of 'em together. Take 'em off your hands right along if you want."

Lattimer's first pleased suspicion of an attempt at charity vanished in amused understanding. He hated the petty business of selling eggs; they were, under his inherited notion of farm economics, the housewife's perquisite. He was on the point of refusing, when the thought came to him that it would be a kindness to Jud to let him pick up a penny profit, here and there, above his wages. He accepted the silver and drove away, a little relieved at the prospect of dealing with Sam Tift instead of McVicker, who hadn't been any too pleasant lately.

He had no cause to regret his bargain with Armstead as they struggled with the harvest, and yet he felt a persistent sense of something lacking in the man's attitude. He gave an honest day's labor under the harvest sun, without urging or supervision; he made little trouble in the house, so that even Hattie presently forgot to complain of having to eat with him. But he would not go beyond the letter of his bargain; he refused curtly when asked for even a trivial service that did not fall within his duty; he would not drive to the village in the evening when some errand must be done there; he shook his head suddenly at the suggestion of meeting the late train when Dave Marsh suddenly decided to run up for a week or two; he wouldn't saddle horses for Hattie's boys when they wanted to ride after supper.

"Ain't paid for that," was his word, and he seemed unaware of its effect on Lattimer, of the ingratitude it implied.

He dickered canny with Chrissie over the eggs, keeping rigidly to his original terms, although Lattimer discovered that he usually made a substantial profit on his shipments to the city.

He was hard, too, when Saturday night raised the matter of his wages and Lattimer would offer a dollar or two on account, after the usual Glen practice with permanent labor.

"Rather have the money," he would say, and when Lattimer pleaded shortness of funds he would always suggest a settlement that worked out to his advantage—for twelve dollars due him in cash he would offer to accept some disused implement for which, perhaps, Lattimer had paid thirty, or so many quarts of cream, which he sold, rising two hours earlier to deliver it to the creamery, at a profit of a dollar or two. There were times when Hattie and her boys commented on the shortage of cream for the table, and Lattimer was ashamed as of a default in his duty as host.

The old tavern filled up pleasantly as the summer passed; Eddie and his bride drove over from Pittland in a little car that could cover the six miles to the village in less time, almost, than it took to harness a horse; Lem and his mother brought a friend with them—a missionary's wife, on furlough from the Congo country, with a fund of fascinating anecdote; the cousins from Ithaca turned up unexpectedly for a ten-day visit. There were times when the table had to be reset for the children.

Lattimer, as always, enjoyed it all; he found it hard to get out to the fields, with so much life and laughter about the house; there were days when he left Jud Armstead to run the farm and drove the carryall over the hills to Narrow Pond for picnic dinners. Now and then he picked up a casual laborer to take his place and leave him free to entertain his company.

"Whyn't you take an' throw 'em out?" Armstead scowled at Lattimer's announcement of the latest arrival. "First thing you know they'll have you et clean out'n your boots."

Lattimer laughed. "Guess not, Jud. It doesn't cost anything to have company on a farm—that's one good thing about farming. I like to have the old place full; hate empty rooms. Always did."

Armstead shrugged and made no answer. His eyes were scornful, Lattimer thought, when Jud listened to a request for a small cash advance, the next Saturday, and granted it, bargaining shrewdly for its repayment in cream and poultry, at village prices. Lattimer argued the point; there wouldn't be cream enough for the table if Jud took so much, and the company liked lots of it. But Armstead stuck to his terms, and Chrissie apologized for having to serve next day's peas in milk.

"After this we'll be sure to have enough cows," she added. "When you all come back next summer you can just swim in cream!"

Lattimer's eye moved to Armstead; it was Jud's fault they were short. He hoped Chrissie's speech had made Jud aware of it. But Armstead's face was turned toward Dora, behind the huge coffeepot, in the seat nearest the kitchen door. Lattimer's glance shifted to the girl, and the look of her troubled him. Her lips were tight together, so that her mouth, somehow, reminded him of Jud's. Armstead turned slowly; his half-closed eyes were ugly again; he looked straight at Hattie Marsh.

"Guess milk'd satisfy you if you'd et jail grub two-three years," he said. His voice creaked again. "Don't drownd you in it, down yonder."

There was, to Lattimer's ear, a distressed silence about the table. They'd all been politely careful about avoiding that topic—even Hattie, who prided herself on speaking her mind about most things. Armstead seemed to take a sour pleasure in the center of the stage; his glance moved deliberately around the circle.

"State allows 'em twenty cents a day to feed you," he elaborated. "Won't fat you up much, twenty cents' worth o' grub."

"Well, that's all done with, Jud." Lattimer spoke heartily. "No matter what else there is against living on a farm, there's always plenty to eat, and no need to worry about the cost of it either. Pass up your plate, Jud."

Armstead pushed back his chair.

"Guess I've et twenty cents' worth already." He chuckled harshly. "Better get out an' earn it back."

(Continued on Page 60)

O-Cedar WAX

"Protects as it Beautifies"

A reflection of fine taste and good sense

Rich, sparkling lustre, or grimy dullness? No need to ask which you prefer for your car.

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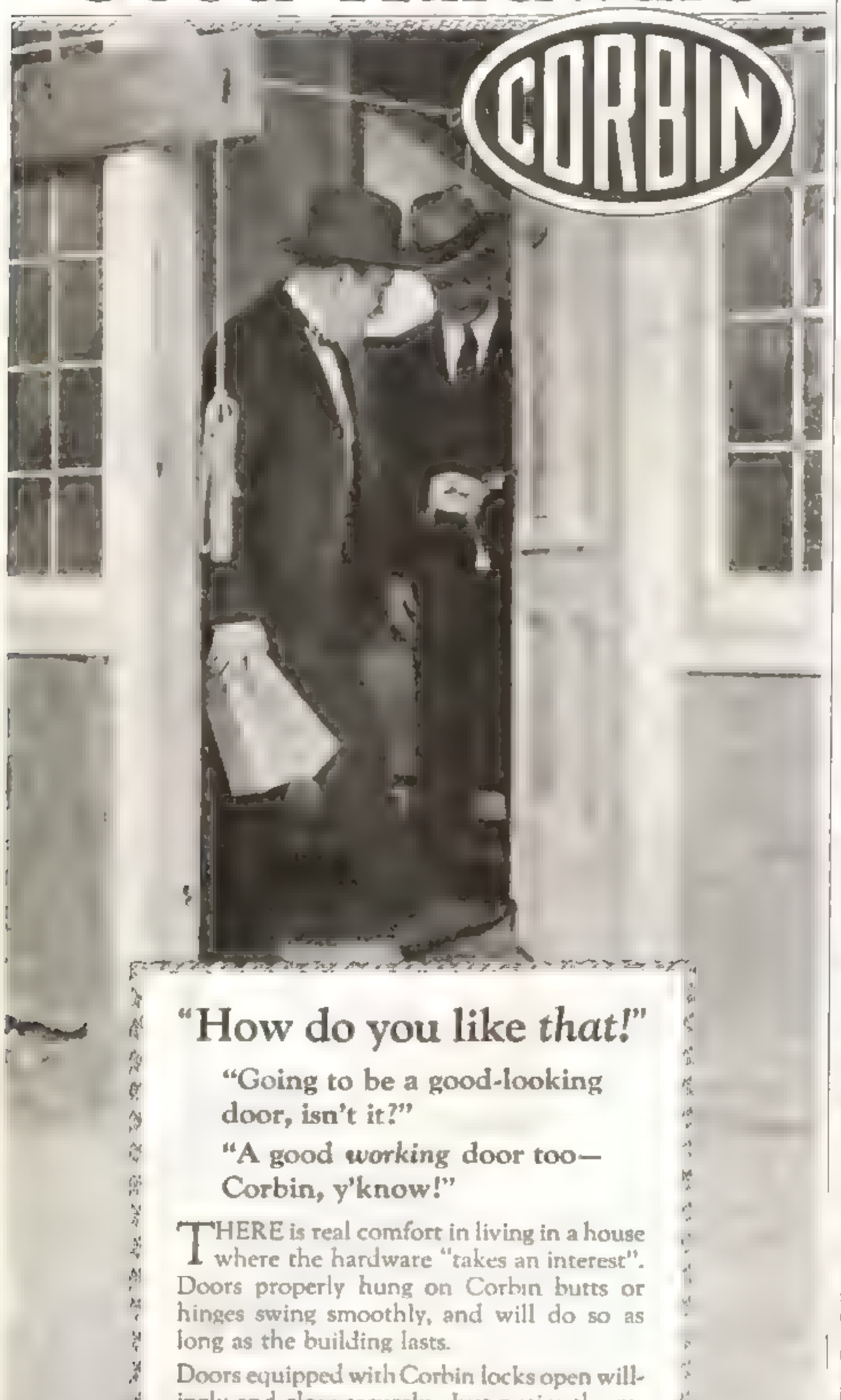
Dusts—cleans—polishes—all at one time. Saves work, saves time, saves money. It makes floors better.

Good Buildings Deserve Good Hardware



"How do you like *that!*"

"Going to be a good-looking door, isn't it?"

"A good *working* door too—Corbin, y'know!"

THERE is real comfort in living in a house where the hardware "takes an interest". Doors properly hung on Corbin butts or hinges swing smoothly, and will do so as long as the building lasts.

Doors equipped with Corbin locks open willingly and close securely. Just notice the reassuring little "click" that says "CLOSED".

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The American Hardware Corporation, Successor

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(Continued from Page 58)

They waited till he was out of hearing. Then the talk exploded.

"Well, I must say!" Hattie sounded aggrieved. "After the trouble I've taken to keep from hurting his feelings! Why, he talked as if he was proud of it!"

"Probably is." Eddie's advertising experience involved, as he frequently admitted, a good deal of psychology. "Fellow like that isn't very sensitive, you'll find. Doesn't think very far beyond food and sleep."

"Jud's all right." Lattimer felt a need of defense. "He didn't realize, that's all. Don't take any notice—there's no harm in him. It was all wrong to lock him up for that business—just an accident, the whole thing."

He tried to speak of it, though, while he and Jud fought quack grass in the beans that afternoon. It would be more comfortable for everybody if Jud didn't talk about the jail. But the man's silence was somehow infectious and right words evaded Lattimer. He was vexed at supper when Armstead revived the topic.

"If you got fed like this down to Stillburn it'd be time to worry they pampered 'em up a mite before they strapped 'em in the chair." He laughed. "Might've got it myself, only I got off light." He spoke directly to Aunt Martha. "Didn't know I killed a feller, did you? Did, f'r a fact. Dead's a salt herring when they picked him up."

There was another silence, but Lattimer felt a difference now. Mrs. Dexter, the missionary, leaned a little forward.

"But you didn't mean to, of course. We all know that it was just an accident."

"Called it that anybow." Jud grinned slowly. "Guess it didn't matter much to Chick."

"You must hit awful hard, Jud!" Hattie's oldest boy was wide-eyed, admiring. "I bet you could fight Jess Willard."

Under a cross fire of interested questions Lattimer saw Armstead's face change; he seemed puzzled, resentful. He lapsed into sulking silence and left his supper half finished. Hattie's three boys departed promptly in pursuit, their shrill inquisitive voices drifting back.

"He's interesting." Hattie met Lattimer's apprehenaive glance amiably. "I'm glad he doesn't mind talking about it."

Lattimer was relieved. Nobody seemed to mind, after all. He was glad on Jud's account. He'd feel more at home, now that he knew they didn't object. But in the morning Armstead sullenly demanded to have his meals in the kitchen.

"No need of that, Jud. Everybody kind of liked hearing about it last night."

"Seen they did." Armstead scowled. "Ain't aimin' to furnish a free show f'r comp'ny. Ruther eat by myself, I would."

"All right. But you started it, Jud. They wouldn't have said anything ——"

"Take more'n one jailbird to git between that crowd and their free vittles. Have to burn the house to git shut of 'em!"

Lattimer laughed. "Like to have it full of folks, Jud. Plenty of room, and the farm can feed 'em. Guess you don't like company the way I do."

"Got all I wanted down to the jail."

Armstead swung away toward the stable. He kept away from the household through the rest of the summer, doing more and more of the farm work while Tom Lattimer enjoyed his guests, driving a shrewd hard bargain whenever they settled accounts. One of these came accidentally to Hattie Marsh's knowledge just as she was leaving.

"I told you, Tom! He'll cheat you every time he gets a chance. You can't trust him an inch! I never heard of such a thing as the way he treated you about that colt—taking it for a forty-dollar debt when he knew all the time he could sell it for eighty-five! I wish you'd get rid of him. You're too soft-hearted to be trusted near a man like that!"

"Jud's all right, Hattie. Don't you fret about me. I'll be right here when you come back next summer."

But he was troubled. It looked like a bad winter, the way the crops were turning out. And the bank was acting sort of fussy about renewing the mortgage year after year. There wouldn't be money enough to carry a man through till spring, and the work was pretty heavy single-handed.

He explained things to Jud when they settled at the end of October.

"Like to keep you if I could, Jud, but it looks as if I couldn't make out to pay you."

"Fix that up easy enough. Git out firewood on shares. I ain't worryin' about gittin' paid. Suits me here now. Got shut of comp'ny."

Lattimer laughed and let the bargain stand. He'd have missed Jud's morose society, with the big house suddenly empty again. And the firewood notion worked out pretty well—so well that he decided to put in that little electric-lighting plant, after all. Hattie Marsh would like that next summer; you couldn't read in bed by a kerosene lamp, not with any comfort.

It cost a bit more than he'd expected, but Jud Armstead luckily was able to let him have the money. He took it out in wood, too, so that Lattimer didn't feel the expense at all. And the lights certainly made the old tavern a lot more cheerful those short days. It wasn't so lonesome that winter.

II

LATTIMER resisted an obstinate self-reproach as he tinkered with the sagging fence along the highway. He told himself defiantly that it was his farm, and if he chose to spend a morning at fence work it was none of Jud Armstead's business. This fence was important nowadays, unless it was tight and forbidding, passers-by felt entitled to stop their cars and pull branches of bloom from the apple trees, just as they'd helped themselves to fruit last fall, till it had hardly paid to gather the crop from the wayside trees.

But his conscience declined to be pacified by argument; it accused him relentlessly of having fooled Jud into thinking he meant to spend the morning getting the garden started. It told him that he preferred to fuss over the roadside fence because it gave him a chance to watch the road, to see the cars that hummed past, to talk, sometimes, when the drivers stopped for directions. It was companionable along the road since they'd finished paving it; some days as many as fifty cars passed the farm, cars from all over the country, with license plates that belonged thousands of miles away. You didn't feel lonesome if you could find an excuse for working within easy eyeshot of the highway. Of course Jud didn't understand that; he hated company; he was always sulkier and uglier in the summertime, when the house was joyously full, than in the winter, when its emptiness weighed down on Tom Lattimer's spirits.

Jud was a good workman though. Lattimer defended him against that implied criticism of his thought. He took an interest; you didn't have to keep your eye on him to make sure that he didn't soldier—it was almost the other way about, lately, with Lattimer inventing little schemes and pretexts to get out of work he detested. Funny, when you thought about it; bringing home a jailbird just out of kindness and getting the best hired man you'd ever found.

Lattimer whistled cheerfully as he worked. Down here, with cars passing every little while, he could think of pleasant things instead of worrying. He could forget all about the bank and the overdue interest on the mortgage that they were making such a fuss about. What was the use of fretting over things you couldn't help anyway?

The pale drifted bloom of the apple trees, the faint promissory smell that came to him with every stir of air soothed and reassured him. Everything would come out all right in the end; it always did. He grinned cheerily at the tired-looking man who stopped a new shining car to ask how far it was to the nearest good hotel.

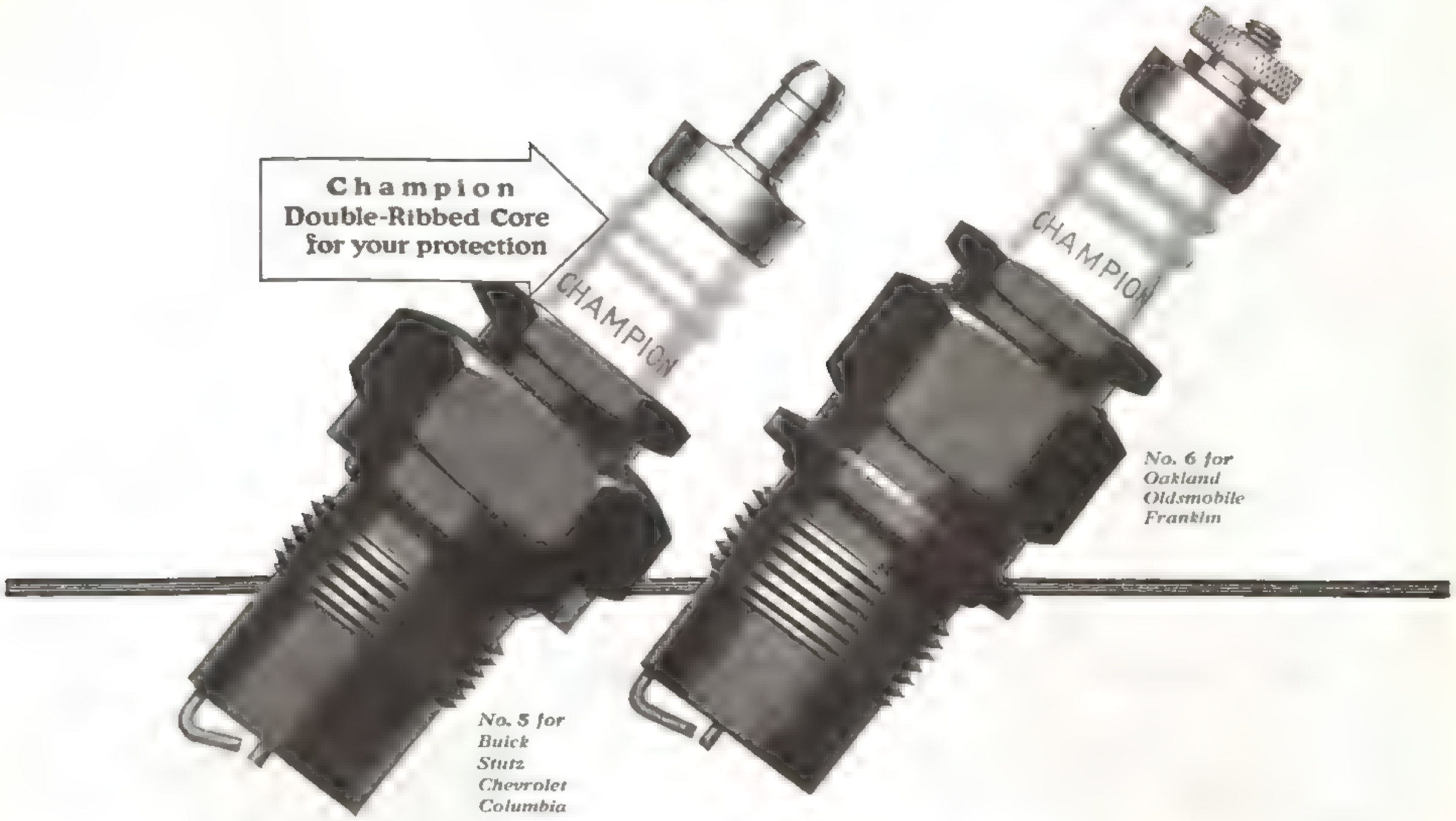
"Hate to say." He chuckled. "There's something that Eb Tucker calls a hotel, up in Glen village—six miles. But if you want some good advice you'll stay and get your dinner right here. Mighty glad to have company, and I can guarantee the food."

The people in the car exchanged whispers. The tired-looking driver brightened perceptibly.

"That's fine. I hated to go any farther before dinner. Come eighty miles since breakfast, and it wasn't anything to cheer for at that."

He unlatched the door and Lattimer scrambled delightedly to the seat beside him. Always, when he contrived to work near the road, he hoped for some such chance capture. Strangers at meals were even better than relations; they livened things up for Chrissie and the girls. Chrissie was always glad to cook something extra for them too.

(Continued on Page 63



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You know how your engine falters when one plug goes bad. You know that your car could not run without spark plugs.

With its wonderful new Double-Ribbed core, Champion is doing all in its power to protect you in the matter of spark plugs.

This core is the one real difference in spark plugs. It was developed in Champion laboratories. It cures the common spark plug troubles.

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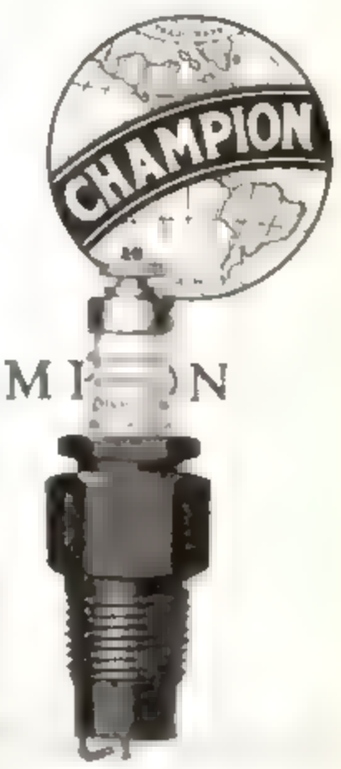

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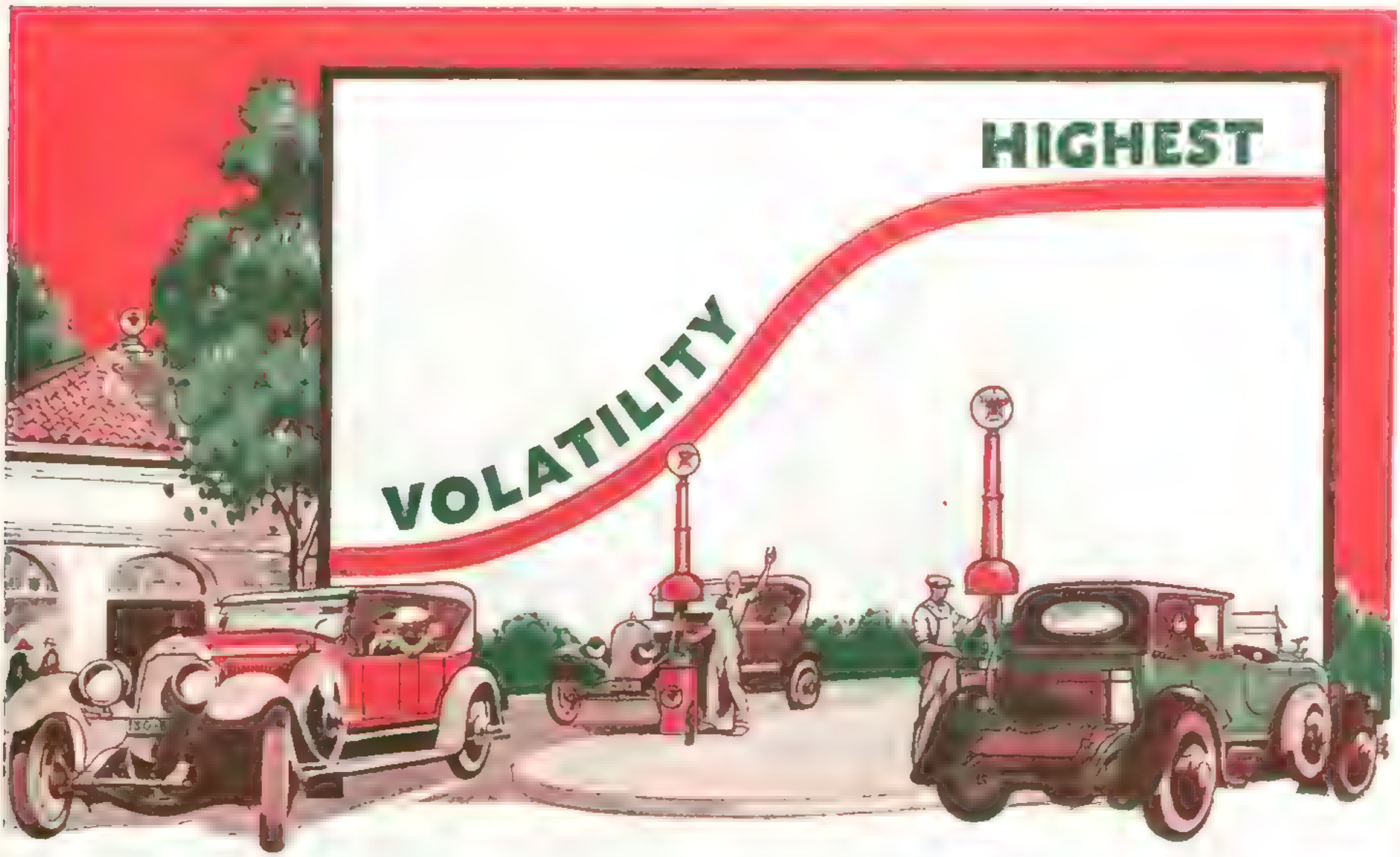

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TEXACO

GASOLINE MOTOR OILS

(Continued from Page 60)

He called as the car stopped before the steps, and Dora came to the door. Her father was sorry it couldn't have been Annie or Chrissie; Dora wasn't as glad to see folks, somehow, as the others. But she made the two women welcome pleasantly enough, and Lattimer guided the driver to a vacant wagon shed. As they came back toward the house he heard a familiar lament from the chicken yard, and saw Jud going into the woodshed with a young cockerel flapping in each hand. He moistened his lips contentedly. Chrissie wouldn't have felt just right about killing marketable broilers for the family, but of course she couldn't feed company on corned beef.

When he piloted his guest to the bathroom they encountered the two ladies in the upper hall, exclaiming over the size of the house, curious about its history. He explained, pleased by their enthusiasm; he showed them through the long west wing, with its empty rooms, exhibited the old oil painting of Joseph Lattimer, which, according to family tradition, had paid for a winter's board and lodging for the artist. The benignant rubicund face smiled at him from the canvas; he wished that Chrissie would let him keep the picture, cracked and peeling as it was, downstairs, where he could see it oftener. It gave him always a fresh sense of kinship with old Joseph; he found that his hands were rubbing gently together.

"Why, you look just like him!" One of the women observed the resemblance in which Tom Lattimer had taken a secret pride. "The way you rubbed your hands, just then—I felt as if I could see him, standing on the steps when the stage drove up!"

Lattimer chuckled. "Guess he sort of liked company too," he said. "Must have had plenty of it in the old days. I'd 've liked it better then."

At dinner he felt mildly uneasy, confronted by Jud's forbidding look; they had differed pretty often about these casual hospitalities, and Lattimer knew, as if he could hear him saying it, exactly what Armstead was thinking as he ate, silent and sulking, at the lower end of the table. He was glad that Jud had finished and gone back to his work before Mrs. Wantage asked, with a hint of diffidence, whether they might stay overnight.

"We're pretty tired, and it's so lovely here—I thought perhaps ——"

"We'd be very glad to have you stay."

Lattimer started at the sound of Dora's voice. He had expected Chrissie to consent; Chrissie loved company as much as he did, but Dora was different. Sometimes, when the house was full of summer visitors, Dora's tight-lipped silence had troubled him; the company might think, he feared, that Dora didn't care for their presence. It was a sharp surprise to find her welcoming these strangers before any of the three others could speak.

He spent a pleasant afternoon with Wantage, only a little disturbed by the thought of how Jud would look at it. He couldn't very well leave company to amuse themselves, work or no work. Besides, there really wasn't any hurry about fixing that fence. You didn't have visitors every day—especially visitors as interesting as Mr. Wantage, who told him no end of things about the wholesale hardware business and who laughed tears into his eyes at Lattimer's pet stories.

By suppertime Lattimer was in such excellent humor with himself that not even Jud Armstead's sulky look could trouble him. He kept the company merry all evening and sat up to smoke with Wantage until, when he went to bed, he was too drowsy to lie awake and think about that overdue interest.

"Don't know when I've had such a good time; we'll stay longer on our way back."

Wantage shook hands heartily. Lattimer watched the car turn into the road, a little puzzled by the parting speech. Of course he'd be glad to see Wantage again, but that sounded—well, Jud would say that Wantage liked his free board and lodging well enough to come back for more. He saw the mail carrier stop at the box, and walked down for his letters. There was one from Hattie Marsh. He brightened at the handwriting; count on hearing from Hattie every year along about this time.

He read it as he walked back to the house. Hattie expected to get up to the Glen a little earlier than usual this year. Herbert hadn't been very well this winter, and she felt justified in letting all the boys miss a bit of school for the sake of the Glen air and Chrissie's cooking.

Lattimer came in smiling. Summer was beginning earlier than ever; pretty soon the place would be alive and joyous right along, instead of only for an evening now and then. He met Dora at the entry. She was unsmiling, tight-lipped, paler than usual, he thought. She held out two five-dollar bills.

"Where'd you get them, Dora?"

He was puzzled by her look, by the money in his fingers.

"They paid it—those people. I took it." Her voice was flatly harsh. "I'm always going to take it, after this—every time you bring people here to eat our food and sleep in our beds. I ——"

"Why, Dora!" Lattimer's anger died before it reached his lips. He had never managed to be decently stern with either of the girls. Shamed and hurt and startled as he was now, he spoke gently. "I hate to hear you talk like that—as if you begrudged company what little they eat."

"I do begrudge it! I never boil an egg for 'em without wishing it'd choke 'em! They've eaten us poor—Jud's right—they've eaten us out of house and home! Where do you think it's gone—the money we owe? Other people make a living off poorer farms than this, don't they? Why are we seven thousand dollars in debt, likely to be sold out any day? It's because we've spent our money—our chickens and eggs and cream and butter on—on company! It was bad enough when it only happened in summer, with a pack of relatives staying here instead of paying money to live at a hotel, but since this new road's been open we've even been feeding strangers."

"Now, now!" Lattimer achieved a scowl. "I don't like to hear you talking like Jud Armstead. Never thought you'd pick up any of his stingy notions, Dora."

"He's right, stingy or not." Dora shrugged wearily. "He says it doesn't matter whether you throw away a dollar bill or a dollar's worth of cream—it's gone, either way."

Lattimer's anger welcomed an objective.

"So he's been trying to set you against me, has he? What business is it of his who visits at my house? Figuring how much cream my company eats, as if it was from his cows! I've stood a lot from Jud because I felt sorry for him, but this settles it! I'm all through asking my guests to eat at table with a ——"

Dora smiled thinly as her glance rested on the letter in her father's lifted hand.

"Hattie Marsh has been complaining again, has she? Don't worry about her, father. She'll come back, no matter how long Jud stays. She'd a lot rather sit at the same table with him than take those three boys to a hotel for the summer. Hattie's not so fussy as you think. Remember that time poor Jud tried to make her leave by talking about prison at the table?" She laughed. "I told him it wouldn't work. It didn't."

Lattimer wagged his head helplessly. "I declare I don't know what to make of you, Dora. I never thought you had mean, ugly notions like that. A pity if we couldn't let our blood kin use those empty rooms, give 'em a few meals."

"It'll be more of a pity to get put off the place ourselves one of these days. And that's what's going to happen. Jud says ——"

"I don't want to hear what Jud says!" Lattimer's voice rose. "I'm all done with him and his meanness. I'll show him whether he can tell me who's to eat at my table!"

"Go ahead and show me then."

Armstead had come in quietly. He met Lattimer's angry startled glare without emotion.

"Tell you right now who ain't going to eat at your table, this summer," he said evenly. "That there Mis' Marsh, for one; and her three young ones, for three more. Nor that mouthy young squirt Eddie, neither; nor Lem nor his mother; nor no other deadhead. You might's well git used to the notion right now, Tom."

Lattimer choked; he couldn't control the muscles of his throat in the sudden clutch of rage.

Armstead grinned thinly.

"Guess it's time we had a showdown, Tom. Be summer pretty soon. First thing you know them relations of yourn'll be droppin' in if they ain't told beforehand what it'll cost 'em."

"You—you talk 's if you owned the place!" Lattimer found words at last. "I'll show you ——"

"Show me six thousand dollars, cash, an' I'll talk different," said Armstead. "Bought that there mortgage off'n the bank last week. Interest ain't been paid on it for quite a spell. Bank was right glad to collect; figured it wouldn't hardly pay 'em to foreclose. But I got a sort of notion it'd pay me."

Lattimer was frightened. The man, he saw, was in grim ugly earnest, below his casual tone. There was no relenting in the narrow eyes, the thin tight mouth.

"Jud, you wouldn't—you wouldn't treat me like that—not after the way I've used you. I ——"

"Give you full value for all you ever paid me, ain't I?" Jud's voice was hard. "Don't owe you a thing, do I?"

"I took you in here when —— Oh, all right! If that's how you feel about it there's no sense talking. I might have expected it. I was warned. You've made money out of me since the first day you came. Every cent you've got you took away from me, one way or another."

"Didn't complain while I was doin' it, did you? Never seen me takin' anythin' without I had a right to it, did you? Don't claim I been robbin' you?"

"No. But—oh, what's the use of arguing! If you own the mortgage you can foreclose. You know mighty well I can't pay it—can't even pay the interest. I'd lose the place sooner or later, anyhow—but I never figured you'd be the one to take it away from me. Serves me right, I guess."

"Guess it does, Tom. Man 't can't hang on to a farm like this had ought to lose it—when a hired man on the place c'n pick up close to eight thousand in four-five years just savin' the crumbs! An' if I left you keep it you'd go right ahead, come summer, wouldn't you? Feed a raft of free boarders, same as always?"

"You're always claiming it's that! Maybe that's part of it, but I'd rather go broke than feel I couldn't spare a bed and a bite of food for ——"

"For a jailbird, maybe." Armstead nodded. "Guess you would, Tom. Built that way—bound to make folks feel sort of like they owned your place. Even made me feel that way when I come."

Lattimer laughed bitterly. "Looks 's if I overdid it then. Felt so much at home you take the place away from me to prove it!"

"Got to like it, fer a fact." Armstead spoke deliberately. "Kind of hate to leave it. That's why I took an' bought in that mortgage, Tom. Aimed to stay here anyhow." His tone changed a little. "Guess maybe you'd hate to leave, too, wouldn't you? Ruther stay, if we could fix it up, even if it was my prop'ty?"

Lattimer lifted his shoulders. "What's the use of talking about it? You've got me. I can't help myself and you know it."

"Ain't so many people built like you, Tom. Kind of a gift—the way you c'n make even a jailbird with the prison bleach on him think you're plumb tickled to death to watch him eat your vittles. Pity they ain't some way to cash in on it."

"There is—there is!" Dora's voice startled Lattimer. He had almost never heard her speak in that excited, eager fashion, not even as a little girl. "The place was built for a tavern, wasn't it? And there's travel enough on the new road, right now, to make it pay! Those people that were here last night—they're coming back. And father ——" She broke suddenly into soft understanding laughter. "Why, of course! This craze he's got for keeping the house full of contented company is just great-grandfather's blood! You can see it in that picture! I always felt that he must have been a lot like you, father; I never understood before what it was. He must have had it too—that hankering to make folks feel as if they owned his house. It made him rich, didn't it?"

Lattimer stood still, looking with a pang of passionate desire into a future that suddenly smiled and beckoned like the old tavern itself. He hardly heard Jud's brief chuckle.

"If it did he never had no cousins like that there Mis' Hattie Marsh, Dora. Or else he was in partners with a hard-mouthed jailbird that had seen enough free boarders down yonder to the pen'ten'chry and knowed how to talk back to 'em an' how to make out the bills. Guess I c'n tend to that end o' tavern runnin', all right."

He turned to Lattimer. "Le's go talk to Mis' Lattimer, Tom. If we're aimin' to git et back into house an' home this summer we got to hustle." His hand closed on Lattimer's sleeve. "Comp'ny, Tom? Guess you'll have a plenty after this! Good comp'ny!"

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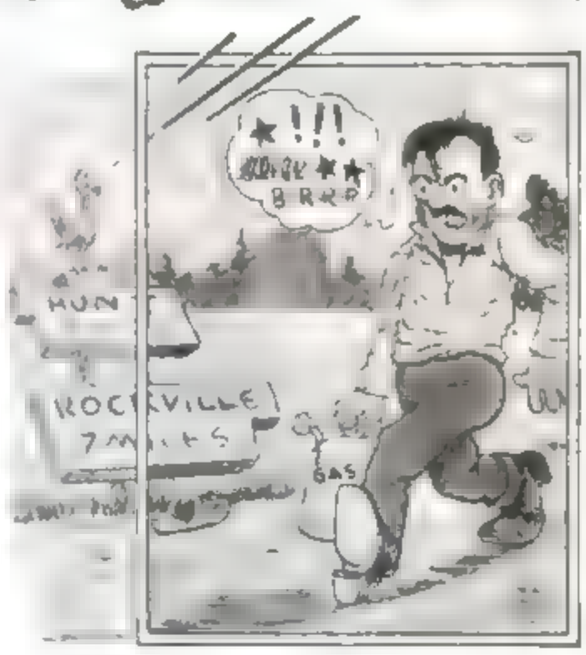

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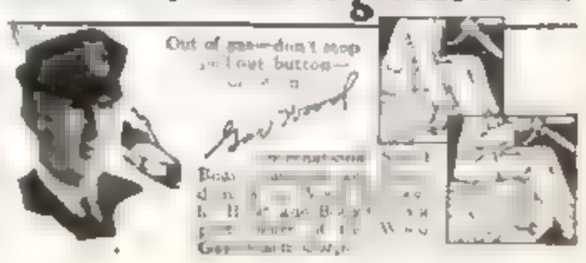

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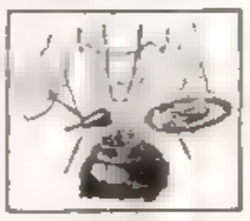

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INSTINCT OR REASON

(Continued from Page 17)

comes to them in a religious way, for Shiva is depicted with the cobra as an associate.

This story tells of the enmity of the ticpolonga—*Daboia elegans*—a snake belonging to the true viper family. Curiously, these two snakes, equally deadly, are of different families, the daboias being vipers and the cobras of the house of *Colubrines*. The cobra has a round, well-proportioned head, while the daboia has a broad, bull-shaped headpiece, and his fangs are longer than the cobra's. Also, the poisons act differently, the cobra venom affecting the nervous system—a paralysis, a death sleep—while the poison of the vipers, the daboia and others of this family, coagulates the blood—in fact, in its first stages producing a feeling of exhilaration, an intoxicating feeling. This makes it more difficult to provide antidotes; one must first know what kind of snake has bitten one.

But to return to the quarrel between the ticpolonga and the cobra: One very dry year, when the whole country was parched, a ticpolonga met a cobra that was looking very trim and spruce, while the other was almost dead with thirst.

"Have you found water?" gasped the ticpolonga. "I am dying of thirst."

"I won't tell you unless you promise not to harm any living thing that may be beside the waters," the cobra declared.

"I give my solemn promise," the ticpolonga replied.

Then the cobra said, "Beyond those bushes is a large earthen pan of water in which a child is playing. Drink from it, but do not harm the child."

Then they parted. But the cobra, knowing that the ticpolonga had a bad name for treachery, turned about and went back to the pan of water. He saw that the snake had glided into the water, and when the child started to play with him he had become enraged, being of a noted dirty temper, and had bitten the child so viciously that it was dying. The cobra turned on the ticpolonga and gave him a thorough drubbing, biting off a piece of his tail; and to this day this snake is adorned with a blunt tail; and the enmity between the two has been maintained. Hindus will say, speaking of two men who are enemies, "They are like a cobra and a polonga."

Every section of India has one or twenty antidotes claimed to be effective against the cobra or the viper poison; but investigation has always demonstrated that the claims were fictitious; the victim who was an exhibit as a recovery had not been bitten by a deadly snake. About all these native cures there is a great deal of mummery, black art.

Native Cures for Snake Bite

The native snake doctors divide the cobra into four species, or castes—the Brahman, the Kshatriya, Vaisya and Sudra. So it must first be ascertained what caste fanged the victim. The bite of a Brahman cobra may be harmless to a man, but fatal to a woman, during the last quarter of the moon. But if the woman is bitten during this period on a limb that is in luck in that phase of the moon it will be all right. And so it goes on—the mummery that lets the snake doctor out if the victim has really been bitten by a poisonous snake. If the bite has been from a nonpoisonous one the patient will have recovered because of the medical knowledge of the faker.

Here is one of their prescriptions: Seventy-two grains each of sulphur, white arsenic, aconite, hardidarom mannayola, zinc, bluestone, cinnabar, magnetic ore, marking nut, gamboge, kargolari, kattiddi, nayakom seeds, croton seeds. Grind for two hours in the juice of wild-saffron leaves and dry in the shade; make an incision in the forehead of the patient and rub the powder in. Cover with a tile heated over a coconut-shell fire. This will drive all the poison out of the patient and he will recover.

Reading this formula, and knowing of twenty others even more absurd, one is tempted to ask which is really the thinker, the cobra or the Hindu.

The most scientific men stationed in India have taken up, one after another, the different antidotes and found them wanting, absolutely useless; strychnine perhaps held the boards longer than any other antidote. But Doctor Elliott, of the Madras College, experimented with strychnine in a thoroughly scientific way. He made ninety-eight experiments on frogs, lizards, fowls, guinea pigs, goats, dogs, pigs and monkeys. He injected cobra venom from fresh, vigorous cobras; then he injected, at short intervals, strychnine. He tried every conceivable plan—large doses of venom, small doses of venom; large doses of strychnine, small doses of strychnine. In all cases the results were identical—not one animal was saved.

A professor in one of the big zoos tried the serum treatment by inoculating a horse with the cobra venom, and treating any keeper who was unfortunate enough to be bitten by a poisonous snake. But as this was some twenty years ago, and I have no report on the matter, I can't say how it turned out. I think Doctor Hornaday, of the Bronx Zoo, would be able to settle this point. Probably it was not successful, as the Indian Government reward for a cure is still unclaimed.

An Interrupted Dinner

To return to the great difficulty of supplying an antidote when there is always an uncertainty of what kind of serpent has inflicted the wound: An incident that happened in my bungalow illustrates this: Three of us, all sahibs, were at dinner. At that time we were stationed at Mynbin, in Burma. I had a most excellent servant, a khidmatgar. He was, genealogically, a cocktail—Chinese, Burmese, Chittagonian—but the mixture had provided him with brains. I think we called him Joe.

However, the dinner—which, of course, was never anything else but chicken in some form—was progressing somberly enough when we were startled by a scream of agony from Joe as he dropped a dish he was about to pass over my shoulder, and the next instant he was up on a loose chair, grabbing at his foot.

Three pairs of legs belonging to three sahibs, with a curious unanimity had been lifted to the table. Another servant came running across the veranda, a swinging lantern in his hand. By its light I took a hasty survey of the bamboo floor beneath the table. There was nothing in sight. I jumped up rather gingerly and asked Joe what had happened.

"It was a snake, sahib," he answered; and elevating one bare foot, he added "Struck me here," placing a finger upon his instep.

Sure enough, the lantern held close, I saw two tiny punctures with, I think, one drop of blood oozing out.

In Burma one always has at hand two remedies—quinine and carbolic acid. I asked Bell to bring my bottle of acid, and with a penknife made a fairly liberal incision in Joe's instep where the punctures showed. I treated this with the raw acid, applying it liberally with a feather. Joe stood it like a brick—in fact, all natives have wonderful fortitude under necessary pain. There seemed little doubt about its being the bite of a snake; and a poisonous snake, too, as the two punctures—only possible through the strike of fangs—indicated, for the nonpoisonous snakes have simply sharp little teeth, capable of a scratch. And the floor being of split bamboo, woven, there were many holes, especially round the posts, through which the snake could escape.

I think we rather felt that Joe was a goner. I also have a dim memory that we induced him to become very drunk, plying him with whisky as a popular antidote.

However, the next day Joe was all right, waiting on table; that is, with a slight limp, there being a hectic spot on his instep, caused by the carbolic.

Now there was a case for a claim of cure. But it might have been a centipede that shoved his red nippers, so like a pair of ice tongs, into the foot. Or it is just possible that my quick action, the letting of blood and the ferocious carbolic acid stopped the circulation of the virulent venom of a daboia or a vicious krait.

But it is seldom that a large centipede sticks his nippers—they are crescent-shaped, one on either side of his mouth, and come together with a lateral movement—into a human being without some very nasty result following. I think it is seldom that death results.

The mother of our clerk, Cooke, had an arm thoroughly paralyzed, shriveled up, from the bite of a centipede in the hand; also, she nearly died from the poison.

There is such an inherent horror in the minds of most people over snakes that the sudden advent of one produces a sensation almost akin to being struck. One day our steam launch came plugging around the long reef that ran out into the sea beyond our bungalow, and a mem-sahib, the wife of one of the headmen, came ashore. Her husband was up at Akyab, she said, and was coming to Borango, where the launch was to meet him; so she had come up to wait for him.

One of our chaps had a nice little bamboo cottage fifty yards from the bungalow, and this was turned over to the mem-sahib and he came into the bungalow.

The first morning after her arrival, as I dressed for breakfast, I was startled by a scream; and looking out saw the mem-sahib streaking down the steps of the bamboo hut, her white cotton nightgown flapping in the morning breeze, and she was still screaming. Of course, the first thought was of some devilish native. We were three sahibs there, and I think we all arrived at the little house at the same time, armed with clubs or anything we could get our hands on.

The mem-sahib was almost inarticulate with fear, but we did gather that it had something to do with her bed. It had. On the cotton top of the mosquito curtain that was suspended from four posts, we saw, comfortably coiled up and seemingly quite content, a snake that proved to be over six feet long.

No wonder the mem-sahib was almost paralyzed with fear. When she opened her eyes, there, perhaps two feet above her head, was this hideous form. She had bolted through the mosquito netting, actually tearing a slit in its side.

The snake, in wandering about and over the bed, had discovered a certain warmth floating up from the lady's breath. I fancy that's why he had coiled just there. But also, if the netting had not been carefully tucked in all around under the mattress, he would beyond doubt have crawled in and curled himself up on her body.

This is a true story, and of course it would be more thrilling if I could relate that it was a cobra; but I am under the impression now that at the time we decided it was a nonpoisonous snake.

The Comedy Cockatoo

I dare say that with birds, as well as with men, garrulity, a copious vocabulary, is not really an evidence of intellectuality; but parrots and cockatoos seem to have a power of observation and imitation that is perhaps somewhat akin to the Chinaman's. I want to tell you about a cockatoo; but first, cluttering back to remembrance, I have a picture of a small gray parrot that belonged to a Scotch lady who lived at Vizianagram, where I was a year in the rajah's service. She had two, really, that hung in cages opposite each other just at the top of the veranda steps. The smaller one, which looked like a parrakeet, was a marvelous talker. But the thing I am going to relate is the curious act he had picked up from a sea captain.

This captain used to visit the lady and her husband when he was in port at Bimlipatam, and his delight was to sit on the veranda and confab with the bird. The lady had taught the parrot to dance to a Scotch Highland-fling tune that she would lilt and beat time to with her finger. The parrot would dance all around the cage; and the captain, who was a portly gentleman, would throw himself back in his chair and roar with laughter; and before long the parrot, each time he came around facing the sailor, would lean back on his tail, throw out his stomach and cackle, "Ha-ha-ha!"

When I saw the parrot give this little exhibition the captain wasn't there, but the lady explained to me how Polly had picked up the trick. Of course, the parrot kept it up, feeling that he had actually acquired the proper thing to do, for everybody laughed when he did this. I know I did.

The cockatoo came to my wife and myself legitimately enough as part of the furnishing of a bungalow we rented for a season in Akyab, Burma.

Continued on Page 67

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(Continued from Page 64)

Cocky was a beautiful big white bird with a rose crest; and when he was either very pleased or very angry he would flag the crest. He went foot-loose all day, traveling pretty well all over the cantonments – that is, the European end of the town. His chief delight in the way of travel was to fly over to the bungalow in the adjoining compound, belonging to the city engineer. But it was the durzees, the native tailors, who seemed to be constantly sewing on the back veranda, making white dresses for the mem-sahib or white clothes for the sahib, that interested him. We would suddenly hear Cocky's battle screech, see him up on the veranda rail and a durzee hopping about on one foot, caressing a toe; that was Cocky's idea of fun. He would sit there demure enough, chatting with the durzees, and presently when one of them threw something at him he would reach for the nearest bunch of bare toes. Generally this broke up the party, and he would disappear over the roofs and mango trees, always alighting in the evening on the ridge of our thatched bungalow. Then Boodah, the butler, would coax him down, and, perched on a finger, Cocky would be put for the night in a little cage that was like a small dog house. It was fastened to the rail of the veranda.

It is really about what happened in the cage that I want to tell. Of course, the bungalow held in entail a cat; and, as cats will, pussy came by a family.

The first we knew of this was when we heard Cocky's battle cry, shrill and fierce, out on the veranda. There he was, head and neck thrust out of the door of his cage, crimson crest erect, defying the cat, which was down on the veranda floor, a kitten draped from her jaws, held by the neck. Boodah came to the rescue—it was something altogether too complicated for a sahib; and when Cocky was coaxed out of the cage by Boodah it was discovered that the cat had already deposited one kitten in Cocky's home and was by way of installing the whole family when he discovered her en route.

It was really a selfish trend of the rose-crested one's mind, for he hated the closed-in cage, and would far rather have roosted on the back of a chair in the drawing-room.

I think Cocky enjoyed a joke—that is, when it was on the other fellow. There was always a bit of friction between him and the mehtar, the man of extreme low caste who swept the floors. Probably the mehtar had taken sly brushes at Cocky's ribs with his short, handleless broom. At any rate, Cocky used to station himself on the drawing-room side of a purdah that draped off a bedroom, and when the mehtar, in sweeping close up to the doorway, stuck a bare foot through beneath the curtain Cocky would nip a toe and run across the floor screaming for Boodah to come and help him.

He had an annoying trick of turning the tap on the filter that stood on the back veranda, to get a bath, but he always left it running, emptying the filter.

Cocky's Practical Jokes

But Cocky wasn't all bad; he had a big streak of humanity. The mem-sahib came by a strong dose of malarial fever, and when the doctor, a European, was shown into the room, Cocky, who was perched on the foot of the bed, raised such a row, was so threatening with his powerful beak, that Boodah had to be called to take him away before the doctor could enter the room.

The curious thing about the bird's vocabulary was that he spoke some language that no native in Akyab understood. They were words, right enough, and he'd gabble away for long stretches in this unknown tongue.

It may have been a fiendish humor akin to the pinching of a toe, or it may have been just something popping into his mind that caused him to give the syce some unnecessary labor. The cockatoo had acquired every inflection and tone of his master's voice, a Scotchman from whom we rented the bungalow; and here again comes up the question of whether an animal or bird could deliberately sit down and plot a sell on somebody, and know enough to imitate a voice that would carry it through. At any rate, while the Brownes were still in the bungalow, before they had gone to Europe, Cocky would go out on the front veranda and call, in Mr. Browne's voice, "Potai! *Gharri lo'o!*"—bring the carriage, Potai. This was an order that the syce was accustomed to hear several times a day, so he would bring what was really a pony and cart.

The piano had a semiannual migration. At the beginning of the southwest monsoon rains it was shifted away from the front doors to the back of the drawing-room; then, when the rains were over and the hot weather creeping on, it would be moved back. The Scotch owner of the bungalow for this task always had a dozen coolies in, who, slinging the piano in ropes, carried it to the new position, this being necessary because the floor was covered with woven matting. The Scotchman would wax vociferous over the stupidity of the coolies; and Cocky, who dearly loved a row, made a careful study of the whole performance, even the spoken words.

When it came time for us to move the piano we followed Browne's advice and had in a dozen coolies. As soon as they arrived Cocky knew what they had come for; in fact he had stuck around, and it may be that he knew what the mem-sahib and I were talking about. At any rate, as soon as the coolies were brought into the room by Boodah, Cocky climbed to the back of a chair and took command.

"*Dekko!*"—look here—he called, and if I had stood with my eyes shut I would have sworn that it was the rough-fibered Scotch voice of Browne. Then, as they were adjusting the ropes, with a babel of conflicting orders, Cocky would spread his wings and swish them through the air just as he had seen his master gyrate his arms, and fairly scream "*Khabardar, sukar ki butcha!*" the free translation of which is, "Be careful, you sons of pigs!"

The Beefsteak Bird

Perhaps this will suffice as a sample of the admonitions of the bird. When the piano was successfully landed in place Cocky clambered down from the chair, spread his wings, and uttering screams of triumph scuttled across the floor, his rose-crested head down and beak gliding on the smooth matting like a skate.

There is a bird in Burma known as the beefsteak bird—this name because a cut out of his full breast, when cooked, cannot be distinguished from a tender fillet of beef. I proved this once, but at a stiffish cost—that is, in remorse.

I had gone out to Akyab after a visit to America, and, my wife with me, I took up quarters in the dak bungalow. I had considerable business in the cutcherry over land transfers, and became acquainted with the officials. Colonel Gray was the deputy commissioner.

One day we—friend wife and self—gave a dinner, inviting a dozen people of the station. That morning, standing on the veranda of the bungalow and looking across a stretch of marshland, a backwater from the sea, I saw a bird as large as a small turkey, whose black wings and white breast told me it was that rare delicacy in that land of goat meat, a beefsteak bird. I got the gun quick, and within an hour was back with my prize. This, indeed, would be a treat at the dinner, because the bird was rather rare.

During dinner I was all on edge with the surprise I was going to give my guests. But when the butler appeared, accompanied by three or four khidmatgars carrying curry and rice, a suspicion flashed across my mind that something had happened—that the prize bird had been burned or stolen by a pariah dog.

"Where is the beefsteak bird?" I asked the butler.

His face held a puzzled look as he answered, "Why, the sahib has eaten it! It was served as fillets before the roast mutton."

I laughed in glee and, turning to Colonel Gray, said: "That proves the thing; we've been served with fillets of beefsteak bird, and I'll bet that every one of you thought, as I did, that they were from a very tender bit of beef."

Colonel Gray had an official mind, a mind shaped somewhat, I fancy, like a big query mark. Thirty years of India had trained him to want to know why. He didn't seem amused by the thing that had tickled my fancy so much, but asked, "Where did you get a beefsteak bird, Fraser?"

"I shot him this morning down on the backwater near the bungalow," I replied.

The colonel looked at me quizzically, and almost imperceptibly I felt that there was something wrong. I saw Miss Browne, who was there with her father and mother, give a quick start, and her big brown eyes fastened on my face, a troubled look in them. There was a cackle at the other end of the table. It was from a sahib who was superintendent of telegraphs. He was known as Spots because of some skin trouble that the hot moisture of the rains brought on.

The cackle was shut off by his saying, "I fancy, my dear fellow, that you've shot Miss Browne's pet beefsteak bird."

It turned out that I had; that a beefsteak bird never came into Akyab, and that this one had been brought in as a pet.

Curiously, I've read lately that there was found in Tutenkhamun's tomb figures of the black-necked swan, and in consequence I have wondered how the Egyptians knew of this bird at that time, as his record doesn't run back to the reign of Tutenkhamun.

I believe that the figures they found represent a bird we had in Burma, the black-necked curlew. He was a magnificent bird, the size of a long-legged rooster, with a beautiful white-feathered body and a long curving neck, black-skinned and devoid of feathers. He resembled the beefsteak bird, inasmuch as his breast was the only desirable part; but it made up for the discard, because it was full, deep-fleshed and sweet. This curlew would alight in trees on the banks of muddy streams.

Of course, it is in nidification that the strongest evidence of intelligence, or instinct, or both, is found in the study of birds, or even in a casual search for fascinating interest. One need not study birds to come by a glorious entertainment—just observe and appreciate.

There is a bird in India called the baya, or weaver bird. He builds a curious pendent nest from a palm or some other tree. He starts by affixing long strands of grass to a limb, and gradually interlaces others, the first part looking like a section of Bologna. Then he swings a larger loop to it -the dwelling proper, as it were, and the bedroom. The nest is built to one side in this, the outlet being the vertical tunnel going down from the other side. When it is finished the baya carries pellets of soft clay and affixes them to the inner side of this tunnel.

Why the soft clay pellets nobody knows except the natives. They say that the baya catches live fireflies and sticks them in this soft clay to light up his house. Men claim to have found fireflies and glowworms in the baya's hallway. Also, they declare that these glowworms make the finest kind of night sight for a rifle while sitting up in a machan for tiger. One very respectable sahib told me this, saying that he fastened the incandescent creature on the barrel by putting it between two matches held by a common rubber band.

Frightened, but Game

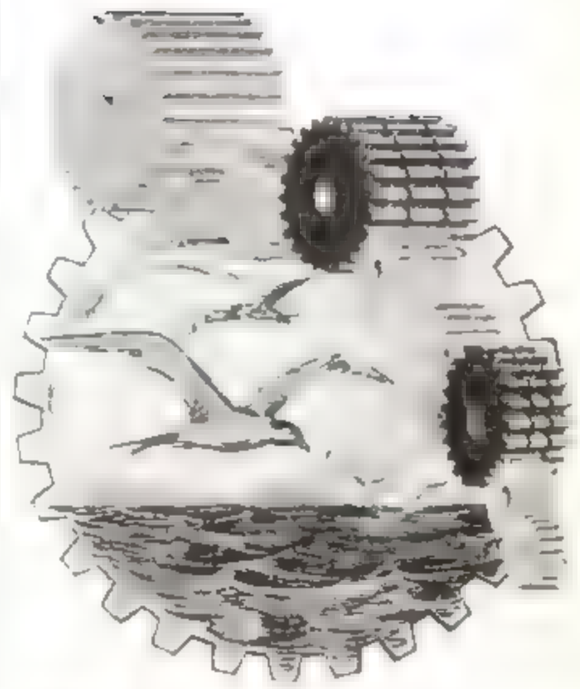
To this day I don't know whether he was stringing me or not. He may have been, for he was one of a party who got a youngster, who had just come out from home, to occupy a cage out in the jungle with the intent of shooting a tiger that would come there after a goat that was in the cage with said youngster. I fancy the young man, as most of them do, had harped on his shikari desires. At any rate, at dinner they loaded him pretty well with liquor, liqueurs, and the like, so that when he had spent an hour or so in the big cage he would fall asleep.

They had prepared a large tiger skin, stuffed it with grass; and when the native who was watching reported the young man asleep, they stood this tiger up against the cage, and backing into the jungle made a noise like a tiger. There was a strong moon, and the caged man, when he woke, first yelled, and finally shot the stuffed tiger. They all rushed out and congratulated him.

Now, as I say, the man with the glowworm night sight was one of these conspiratora, so his yarn can be believed or not.

The frogmouth has the art of camouflage perfected in building its nest. It would be very difficult to detect the little feltlike thing that is a nest—the outside covered with scraps of bark or moss to make it look like the limb on which it rests. Inside it is lined with feathers from the breast of the hen bird.

Now all this is clever, whether instinct or reason; then comes a thing so foolish that the advocate of reason would disclaim it, and the instinct man would say it was a vagary. The nest is very small, and quite exposed are the two bright white eggs that are laid in it. It is so small that when the two chicks are hatched there is not room



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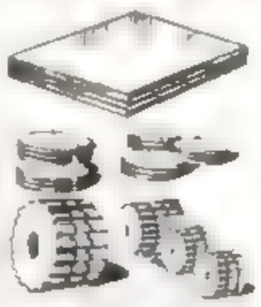

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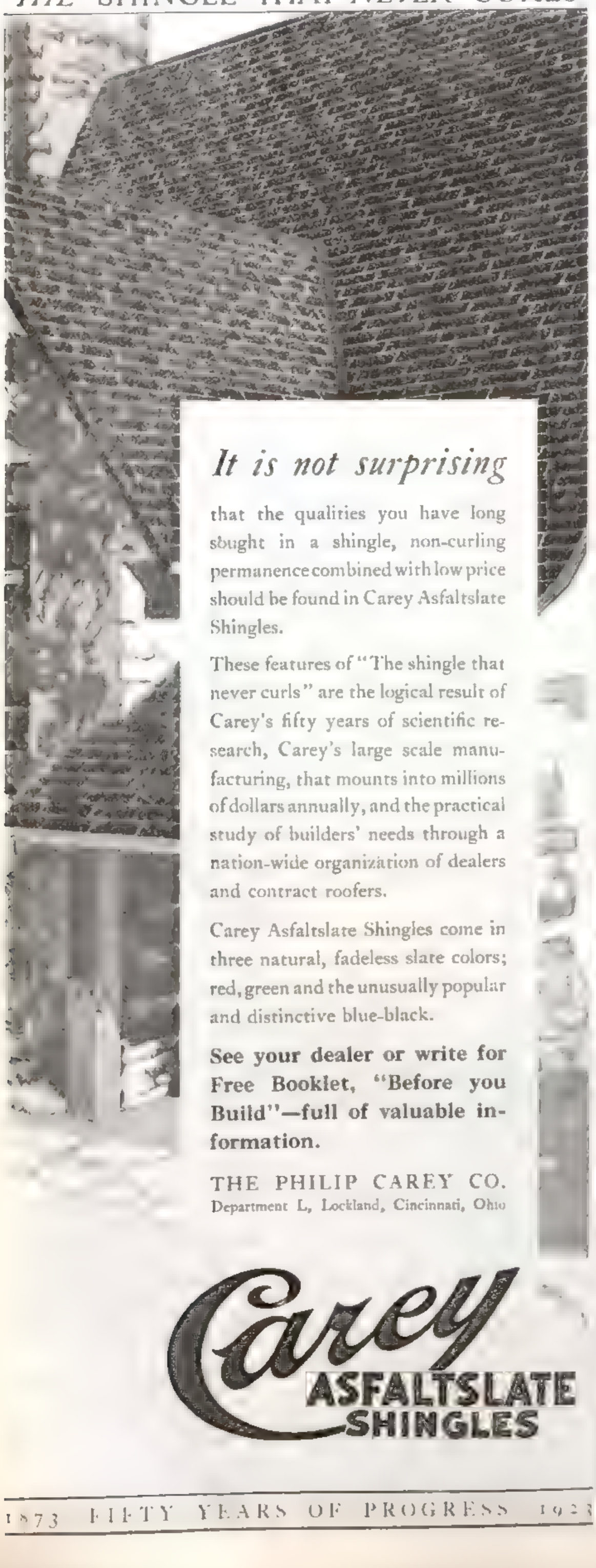

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for both of them, and one winds up by being thrown out.

Once upon a time in Simla I was disturbed in my hotel room by somebody banging on boards just outside. I was trying to write, so I thought that possibly a word or the throwing of a missile might put a stop to the noise. I saw a dozen pack donkeys lined up with their rumps to a board fence, and on either side of each donkey was a strong basket in which bricks had been brought. I think some of them still had their load. As I looked one of the donkeys let fly at the board fence with both hind hoofs. I think he squealed in anger too. On top of the fence was a crow, laughing as though he'd split his sides. It was interesting. Why did the donkey, half asleep as he appeared to be, take the trouble to bang the innocent boards? I soon found out.

The crow stretched his neck down—it even seemed to lengthen like a rubber tube—and grasped with his strong beak a mouthful of hair in the donkey's tail, giving it a most vicious tug. That was what the donkey objected to. And my friend the crow kept it up. I'm not saying that I didn't enjoy the joke as much as he did.

When I was on Borango Island off Burma we had on a stand on a back veranda a washbowl used to wash our hands when we came in from the jungle for tiffin. Of course, there was always a cake of soap—that is, there was supposed to be one, for it was always disappearing. Of course, I blamed it on the servants; but the servants blamed it on the crows. Rather a lame excuse, I thought—a crow eating soap. But I soon discovered that the thief was a crow. From my room I saw him swoop up to the stand, and after a careful survey drive his beak into the soap and fly away with it. I rushed out to see—that is, to gather the general idea. The crow flew up in a tree at the edge of the jungle, not more than a hundred yards away, and spotting me watching him, dropped the soap, which sailed to earth, a tiny little yellow meteor. Then he swooped down, carried it up again and tossed it back to earth, as much as to say, "There's your darned soap!"

Cawaa and the Cat

One day I heard my genial black-feathered joker chuckling tauntingly just back of the bungalow. I knew he was up to some deviltry, because his voice, usually harsh and aggravating, was like a wheezy laugh. I stepped quietly to the back door and watched Cawaa—Hindustani name for the crow—putting it over. Our big gray cat, a tremendous feline, was lying on a box, dozing in the sun—at least he evidently had been; but not now. He was bluffing. The crow was down behind the box, his wings quivering with glee and one eye cocked upward. Then he fluttered up to the box, which was as large as a table, thrust his head out, cocked his eye on the cat and said "Hello, puss." That's what he meant, anyway. Then he stepped gingerly along and took a vicious dab at the cat's tail, which had been gently swaying back and forth. He hit it too. Pussy's paw went out, but the crow had popped down over the edge of the box to chuckle.

The cat hadn't risen to her feet at all. She settled down again, and I noticed that the swing of her tail had changed somewhat. Instead of penduluming over the center and back straight behind, it now was describing semicircles, having as its axis her side. Mighty clever of puss, I thought; she hopes to get him closer to her claws.

Cawaa was soon up again; for, not feeling sleepy himself, he thought it fun to keep the cat awake. Three or four times he jabbed that tail, hopping down each time to laugh over it; and still the cat had not sprung for him. The reason was simple. Cawaa, knowing quite well what pussy was up to, had waited until the tail was at the farthest point away from her head.

At last, emboldened by his success, the crow—I must say puss had shortened up on the swing of the tail—made a dab and the cat sprang for him, yellow eyes wide, paws stuck full of lance-pointed claws, and I think actually raked Cawaa's back; but with a hop and a lift of his strong wings he fluttered clear and soared up into a tree to swear harshly at the cat.

In Calcutta there are a thousand crows to the square inch—more or less; a smallish bird with a gray neck. They have a curious name known to writers—the Seven Sisters. My first experience of the Seven Sisters was what might be called one on me. I was new to Calcutta, new to India, all the marvelous things of that most interesting country on earth before me.

The crow knew all this—he knew I didn't know. It was about the second or third day I remarked to Creamer—who, being one of our party, was equally a griffin—that they did one rather well in Calcutta, this waking up in the morning early and finding a cup of tea on a chair beside the bed.

"And toast too," Creamer commented.

"I don't get any toast," I declared.

"Well, your servant hooks it then," Creamer offered. "I have it every morning."

I said nothing about the matter; but I suppose the thing was working on my mind at the psychological moment, for the next morning I was wakened by some peculiar noise, somewhat as if somebody was calling me in an unknown tongue. I lay quite still, and gradually very slightly opened my eyes. The voice was coming from an open window, and I could see, perched on the sill, a crow, his head low hung, his small bead eye cocked at me, and he was saying very softly, "C-a-a-w." In the line of my vision was the cup of tea, and atop of it a golden slice of toast. In a manner of speaking, I was on. This individual one of the Seven Sisters was trying to find out whether I was awake or not before stealing the toast. The toast was all right in its way, but to be killed was a totally different matter.

Shocking the Viceroy

Like Brer Rabbit, I lay low; I even closed my eyes—not too tight. The crow, satisfied that I was as he had found me other mornings, dropped gently to the floor, floated down as silently as a falling leaf. I could hear the little click of his toes on the matting as he crept cautiously toward the bed. Then he was up on the chair; and with the rapidity of a darting snake he had grasped the toast, and swish! he was gone through the window.

One of the most prominent citizens in bird society in Burma is the myna; in fact, like the poor, he is with one always. There are two distinct ramifications of this family. The hill myna, a beautiful dark-feathered bird with a brilliant yellow beak, is perhaps the best talking bird in the world.

When I was in Calcutta a very remarkable thing happened. I wish I could report truthfully that I was present, in the way of evidence, but I wasn't; it was handed to me by one—a sahib, at that—who was there.

The chief engineer of one of the B. I. steamers running between Calcutta and Rangoon had come into possession of a very voluble hill myna; and when he was in Calcutta several days at a time he was in the habit of taking the myna down to the Calcutta Zoo and leaving him there during his stay. I think the engineer, as soon as he had his breakfast, hiked off to the zoo to listen to the laudatory comments of visitors, spending the whole day there. At any rate the bird became very famous, and the superintendent of the zoo arranged one day for a visit from the Government House party—I think it was Lord Lytton who was then viceroy—the pièce de résistance being a confab with the myna. The engineer was advised of this honorable ceremony; and as pleased as a parent who wishes to show off the accomplishments of a child, he spent two or three days in the zoo teaching the myna to say, "Good morning, your excellency."

The myna picked up the phrase, and at the last rehearsal was letter-perfect.

Then the viceregal party arrived as per schedule; and, after a round of the zoo, fronted the cage in which the myna homed. The engineer, standing close to the cage, said not too loudly, "Myna, say good morning, your excellency."

The myna craned his head and looked quizzically at the audience in front. Perhaps the dresses of the mem-sahibs, the tremendous solemnity of Lord Lytton, or something else—perhaps it may have been the gorgeous uniform of Lord William Beresford, for he was aide-de-camp then—distracted the bird; but he answered in that shrill, clear, tenor voice of his, "I'll see you in hell first!"

Of course, this might read like an exaggeration if I were to claim that the *modus operandi* of the myna's mind was the same as that of a human being; but I think that the bird, quite confused by the chatter and the passing to and fro of the people in front of the cage, harked back to a ready seafaring vocabulary.

Editor's Note—This is the first of three articles by Mr. Fraser. The next will appear in an early issue.

Published every other week. Inquiries which your theatre manager cannot answer regarding players and directors, will be answered by John Lincoln, Editor, 383 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.

News of First National Pictures

An Advertisement from Associated First National Pictures, Inc.

The purpose of this nation-wide cooperative organization of theatre-owners is to foster independent production, develop new talent and elevate the standards and art of the screen.

DO YOU KNOW all the things money can't buy? Well then, add to the list the screen rights of "The Bird of Paradise." This is "inside stuff" on a big film deal

Years ago a young dramatist wrote a play and produced it against the counsels of his friends. Into the undertaking he put every dollar he could scrape together. The play opened, and just when the writer's friends were ready to say "I told you so," the show made a hit which set ukuleles tinkling from New York to San Francisco.

The dramatist was Richard Walton Tully; the play, "The Bird of Paradise." What both have accomplished since is stage history. Against real-money offers Tully held the screen rights, planning to film his drama as it should be done—out in Hawaii, home of Luana, the native belle who sought white man's love but turned at last to the death embrace of Pele, God of Fire. But first of all he had to learn screen production. This he mastered in "The Masquerader," "Omar the Tentmaker" and "Trilby," three outstanding pictures.

Today Richard Walton Tully is assembling his company to sail to Hawaii. When he returns he will have "The Bird of Paradise" and realization of the most important aim of his career entertainingly interwoven in eight reels of film.

When you want a husband, kidnap him! Colleen Moore secures Lloyd Hughes in new bonds of matrimony in "The Huntress," the unusual play which marks Miss Moore's accession to stardom.

What's Ponjola?

TRUST Cynthia Stockley to touch popular taste. She has called her latest novel "Ponjola," ponjola being the spirit of Africa that leaves men derelict in sunburned veldts and kopjes. It "gets" the hero; but not the heroine, who becomes a man and lives as a man until love and the threat of death laugh at her grim masquerade. The book is a best-seller; so, too, will be the picture Donald Crisp is making of it. Crisp, as co-director of "The Birth of a Nation," learned his business in a mighty good school

What is a wanter? John M. Stahl dramatizes the longing for luxury in "The Wanters," with Robert Ellis and Marie Prevost (shown above) in principal rôles.

"Bad Man's" Big Cast

FOUND—the ideal leading lady for "The Bad Man." Enid Bennett has been chosen to play opposite Holbrook Blinn, who is reproducing in movies the genial bandit he has been playing on the stage for the past three years. Other engagements include Harry Myers, recently seen in "The Brass Bottle," and Jack Mulhall, who was with Norma Talmadge in "Within the Law" and Constance Talmadge in "Dulcy."

• • •

WARNER FABIAN'S "Flaming Youth," entertaining expose of the smart set, will star Colleen Moore when filmed. It's another of the current fiction sensations First National has acquired.

Just What Borzage Wanted

WHEN YOU'VE made your name as master of human-interest pictures like "Humoresque" and Children of Dust," the hardest job is to find suitable stories. For months Director Frank Borzage has been looking for one. Now he has it: "Against the Grain," by Dixie Wilson. An unwanted son worshipping the mother-memory of a worldly woman who renounces him; discovering her to be a criminal and accepting punishment in her stead. There's the plot. Appealing, eh? Mary Philbin, the new star; William Collier, Jr., and Myrtle Stedman head the cast

Speaking of Seattle

"GO WEST, YOUNG MAN," urged Horace Greeley. But with such theatres as the Coliseum, Liberty and Strand in Seattle, Wash.; the Liberty, Portland, Ore.; the Rialto at Butte, Mont., and the Colonial and Rialto in Tacoma, Wash., all showing First National pictures, the Northwest has attractions, too. C. S. Jensen and J. G. Von Herberg, controlling these houses, are the Northwest's representatives in the group of important exhibitors whose influence is felt in every forward stride of motion picture art.

Introducing Frank Lloyd

HERE'S THE director I've always wanted to introduce to you; but for a year he has been too busy making pictures with Norma Talmadge to have his own photograph taken. If you saw the delightful Norma in "The Eternal Flame," "The Voice from the Minaret" and "Within the Law," or Jackie Coogan in "Oliver Twist," you may have noticed the line on the main-title, "Directed by Frank Lloyd." So—meet the man who made them. With those four big ones to his credit, and one of the most spectacular productions yet attempted in America—Norma Talmadge's "Ashes of Vengeance"—just completed, Frank Lloyd is receiving congratulations on promotion to the realms of First National's independent producers. No announcement yet as to what his first individual picture will be, but watch him, brothers, watch him!

"Black Oxen"

CORRESPONDENTS have mentioned twenty-two different stars for the rôle of Countess Zattainy in Gertrude Atherton's novel, Black Oxen." The final selection will not be made for a few weeks yet; so there's still time to send me your own suggestions. Day by day the rejuvenation theme of the story grows in public interest. Read it.

The Frank Lloyd look when a big scene is being "shot."

Colleen Climbs

WITH NEW YORK temperature hitting the hundreds, the easiest thing to write about is the location Colleen Moore chose for "The Huntress," her first starring vehicle. Sky-high in the Sierras the company climbed. Snowy peaks surrounded them. Here Mark Twain laid his story, "Roughing It"; here were spots hitherto undiscovered to the camera. But scenic grandeur was lost on a tribe of Piute Indians taken along as extras. Indignant, shivering Piutes sought out Director Lyn Reynolds.

Why didn't you get Eskimos if you knew it was going to be this sort of picture?" they demanded.

Colleen Moore dons Indian attire for her rôle; and a piquant figure she cuts as a Peg O' My Heart of the woods in a play prolific of laughter and dramatic surprise. The supporting cast includes Lloyd Hughes and Walter Long.

These Are Worth Seeing

TRILBY—Old Paris; Svengali, the hypnotist; Trilby, bare-footed beauty of the studios—all the remarkable characters of Du Maurier's novel brought to life. Then there's the enchantment of Andree Lafayette, brilliant Continental star, whose famous feet carry her to triumph in her American screen debut. Produced by Richard Walton Tully.

PENROD AND SAM—The "holy terrors" made even Booth Tarkington chuckle. "Truly the story is a gem of boyhood life and the producers deserve credit in bringing it to the screen unmutilated. A thoroughly enjoyable entertainment," says the Indianapolis *Star*.

WANDERING DAUGHTERS—The "unsettled set" pictured in swift-moving comedy and drama in the Land of Jazz. Dandy entertainment and something to think about afterwards if you want to think. A James Young production with Marguerite de la Motte, Marjorie Daw, Allan Forrest, Pat O'Malley, Wm. V. Mong and Noah Beery in the cast.

ALSO—Maurice Tourneur's new novelty drama, "The Brass Bottle"; Frank Borzage's "Children of Dust"; "The Girl of the Golden West," produced by Edwin Carewe; and "Slander the Woman" (or "The White Frontier") by Allen Holubar, starring Dorothy Phillips.

By the way, what do you think of these pictures? Your verdict counts. Any comment you write to me will be passed along to the stars and directors for consideration when subsequent productions are discussed

John Lincoln.

"They stepped right out of the book," a newspaper critic commented on the characters in Richard Walton Tully's picturization of "Trilby." Left to right Wilfred Lucas (The Laird), Francis McDonald (Gecko), Creighton Hale (Little Billee), Andree Lafayette (Trilby), Arthur Edmund Carewe (Svengali), Gordon Mullen (Durien), Philo McCullough (Taffy).

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IMMIGRATION, PROGRESS AND PROSPERITY

Continued from Page 8.

That the workingman shall have steady employment is, of course, more important to him and his family than to anyone else. But it is also extremely important to the employer and to all other citizens. We have passed the pioneer stage in our politics as we have in our business, and the war has made the rank and file conscious of their political power. They will no longer allow themselves to be periodically thrown out of work, with consequent hardship to their families, without industrial and political protest and reprisal. And they would, under an unrestricted policy of immigration, be thrown out of work in multitudes, and even under a partially restricted immigration that still allowed a large number of immigrants to be brought in.

From the employers' standpoint it is argued that under a closely restricted immigration the employe will have too much power. He will be able, it is said, to raise his salary and wages so far as to cause high prices, and to disorganize business by cutting down the buying power of all the rest of us. Moreover, the employe will be able to dictate not only wages and salaries but also conditions of work, and to do it in such a way as to get undue control of the management of industry and business—too great a control to be safe.

The Elimination of Waste

I was at first strongly impressed by this argument. But the more I have examined it the less valid it has seemed, and I am sure that a careful analysis of it will make employers who have in them the elements necessary to success under the new business conditions that are very soon coming reject the argument also.

In the first place, if we agree that underpaid workpeople cannot at the same time be consumers that are profitable to those with commodities to sell, then we are face to face with a valid reason why immigration should be kept down in order to make wages high and create consumers who can buy with profit to the sellers.

In the second place, if competition forces the manufacturer and the merchant, as it will, to reduce the cost either of their products or of their service they must choose between reduction of wages, with consequent loss of consumers, or the discovery of some other way out of the difficulty.

Let me mention one of them—the elimination of waste in production. Mr. Hoover's commission of engineers, who recently made a report on this subject, stated that waste is responsible for a large part—as high as 50 per cent in many instances—of the cost of a manufactured article, and that its elimination is a most serious problem which the employer must face and solve. It is quite probable that for a good many years the percentage of waste eliminated by improved methods of management and production will be very much greater than the total percentage of wage increases.

If this source of saving does not suffice, then the pressure of competition will greatly increase the market for new inventions and increase the use of old ones. American business men have energy and ability to meet their problems when forced to do so. Under pressure they will so increase the number of new inventions and the use of existing inventions that they will more and more take the burdens off the backs of men and put them on machines.

If any employer is timid and faint-hearted at the prospect of restricted immigration let him bear these aspects of the question in mind. Development along these lines is certain ere long to give him a degree of freedom from dependence upon unreasonable employes that now seems incredible to any who have not made a careful study of the subject.

While I was in Europe last year I was taken, under the guidance of the head engineer, over a chemical plant built during the war and at that time supposed to be of the latest type. It had cost many hundreds of millions of lire. Two years before I saw it it had been purchased from the government by a private firm, which had at once proceeded to spend on this new plant an additional number of millions with the sole object of doing away, to as great a degree as possible, with the need for man power—so that machines instead of men should bear the burden. The engineer constantly asked me as we went from one room to another, "How many men do you see at work?" and I would reply "Two" or "Three" or sometimes even "Four" or "Five." He would then say, "These few men that you see do all the work in this department now. Formerly we had twenty-five or fifty, or even more."

This process, however, does no harm to the man displaced. It merely transfers him to one of the new occupations which result from the utilization of machinery and inventions, reduces his hours of work, and at the same time makes the products of the industry cheaper for him and for everybody else.

He ceases to work in the chemical plant, but is employed in one of the many new adventures of industry—in electricity, in the telephone, in radio activities, in flying or in another of the new industries.

With unrestricted immigration, or indeed with anything but a restricted and minimum immigration, we shall have our educational problem intensified.

At present we generally flatter ourselves with the belief that we are supporting our educational system better than any other country of the world. That may be true if reckoned in money support, but the different scale of living and the high cost of living here go a long way towards discounting this claim.

Under the present system the money support does not suffice to pay the average teacher as much as a bricklayer or a hod-carrier earns.

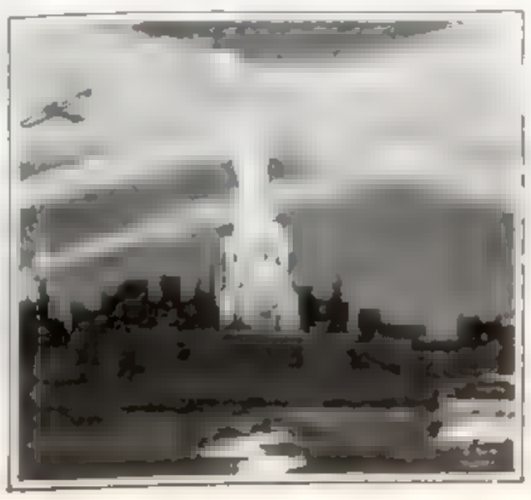
Under a thoroughly restricted immigration system, as employes become available the employer will have to pay them high wages and can make a profit only if the quality and quantity of their production are satisfactory. We employers will then contribute to education not only money but—what we have not done in any comprehensive degree until now—interest and supervision to see that the administration of education and the disbursal of the money are not left wholly or mostly to the politicians, but are effected with all the efficiency that sympathetic business administration can furnish.

Prosperity and Education

Our workmen are surely as valuable as horses or cows. If a man has a horse and the times are hard, and there is not enough money to give both man and beast a full food ration, the man, without claiming to be a philanthropist or acting from ethical motive, will stint himself so as to be able to conserve his investment by feeding the horse and keeping him alive.

If the number of available workmen is sufficiently restricted our ethical and social sympathy with our workmen will be augmented by this same instinct of self-interest. We shall then as a class, for the first time, develop a general and intelligent interest in having employes who can earn the large wages that they demand and get, and yet leave us a profit. In order to obtain such employes we shall have to assume a large responsibility for education and see that it is made effective.

If it is argued that business under such conditions will try to force education to turn out people who are fitted simply to be workmen, I want to remind my readers that employes outnumber employers several hundred to one, and that through the ballot they can get what they think they ought to have, including some things that industry now denies them. They will, I suspect, think they ought to have a great many things which will make steady employment difficult, unless they are so educated in elementary economics and the other cultural studies as to be able to see that this is an evolutionary world and that a revolutionary or irresponsible leadership is a detriment to their cause.



In New York State forty-six per cent of the insane in the civil hospitals on January 1, 1923, were foreign born and an additional twenty-two per cent were native born of foreign parents—a total of sixty-eight per cent to be accredited to the immigrant.

In a report made last year by the National Committee for Mental Hygiene it was stated that an analysis of patients in the insane asylums of eleven states showed that 38 per cent were recent immigrants. This is probably a fair measure of the burden immigration is putting on both public and private charity and philanthropy, not only as regards care for the insane but in the creation of necessity for relief work of all kinds. Under the flood of immigration of the last twenty-five years charity and philanthropy in this country have been forced to pay too much attention to mere remedial routine, and the burden of it has become so heavy that we are being forced to face the unpleasant facts that have caused the conditions I refer to. Under a policy of restricted immigration we shall be able to develop preventive measures against poverty, dependency and disease to a stage that will be more effective than is now thought possible anywhere in the world. Many of the valid schemes for social progress, moreover, that could not be carried out during the past twenty-five years because of preoccupation with relief measures and their cost will become possible, and it is reasonable to expect a very much more rapid rate of progress than we have had hitherto.

Class Legislation

With an unrestricted, or even a large though partially restricted immigration, we should, as has already been said, have a superabundance of labor during the next ten or twenty years, for which it would be difficult if not impossible to find markets. Our streets would then be full of unemployed men, bidding against one another for work. Lower and lower wages would follow, and the struggle of each man, including employers, to exist would be intensified. This would lead to severe labor troubles, result in political and social disturbances, and develop class consciousness with all its stultifying effects on the progress of our country in general.

The bloc government, which represents the interests of classes and tries to legislate for one group in the community at the expense of the others, shows us a little of what this would mean. It must always be difficult, as it was in the days of the mediæval guilds, to keep a stable government successfully running on a basis of one group bargaining against another.

But such slight difficulties as we are meeting now would certainly be increased in both complexity and intensity. Bitter class and racial antagonisms would arise from the inrush of so many and so varied groups, all of whom would bring with them a low standard of living that would embitter our American people, and especially our workmen.

A grudge against government would be inevitable among immigrants who came from Europe following the greatest and one of the most disastrous wars of history. This opposition to government would certainly be intensified if a large body of such immigrants were allowed to come in with the hope of retrieving their fortunes, only to find themselves unemployed or unable to earn a living in a strange land. Such a condition would certainly disturb our political and social peace. It might even threaten the stability of our most cherished American institutions. In any event it would make life very difficult to our present citizens and create conditions that would be unjust to them.

These, briefly, are the considerations that have changed me from a believer in a policy of unrestricted immigration to a supporter of the present or even a more drastic law. I cannot help believing that a careful study of the subject will lead our people and Congress to a like conclusion.

Editor's Note—The author of this article is a merchant of wide experience and a large employer of labor.

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A CALM REVIEW OF A CALM MAN

(Continued from Page 4)

but all are so political, and must be, that the difference is merely one of small degree. And the personal equation has but little to do with it all in the technical operations. For example: A President may pick out his own executive officers, such as his cabinet ministers, and chiefs of bureaus, and ambassadors, and so on, or he may have these picked out for him. In either event he is likely to face the same contingency of poor appointments.

Few supermen are available, and none of these are political. You can start with the first cabinet and run an inquiring finger down the lists of all of them, from Washington to Harding, and in each cabinet you will find men unworthy of their positions. Also everywhere else in the public rosters, both in appointive offices and in elective offices. The people complain over poor presidential appointments, but the people themselves are the poorest political pickers of all time.

After hearing all this criticism of the Harding Administration, reading yards of it in the press, observing the virulence of it in a section of his own party, watching the professionally political and the popularly political ebb and flow of it, and then sitting down and trying to analyze it, the conclusion is reached by any unbiased investigator that the real defect of the Harding Administration, as it reacts on the people, is that it doesn't make noise enough. It isn't showy enough. It is too calm. Conversely, the criticism is loud and vociferant. The Hon. William E. Borah raises an orotund voice and proclaims the things the President has left undone. He ramps and rages across the country, denouncing and declaiming, and so do many of his colleagues. The Hon. Robert M. La Follette lifts his Ebenezer in passionate execration. The die-hards shout raucously from the hilltops. The Democrats beat their partisan tom-toms. The country is clamorous from coast to coast.

A Square Deal for Mr. Harding

We are a volatile and an impressionable people, and noise gets us. Hearing these demonstrations we say to one another: "Prob'ly there's something into it. I guess this man Harding ain't what he's cracked up to be."

Probably he isn't, but, so far as that goes, he isn't what he's cracked down to be either. And the present seems to be an opportune moment for stating the judicial fact that there is a Harding mean which the President as President of the United States, and not as a Republican or as a partisan or in any political sense whatsoever, is entitled to have spread on the minutes. This man Harding is neither noisy nor brilliant, in the showy acceptance of that term. He is not loud and declamatory. He is a modest man—too modest no doubt—and a calm man, and a man with a philosophy that has not worked out so badly, as will be shown. He undoubtedly has made mistakes, and undoubtedly will make more mistakes, but his Administration hasn't been all mistakes, as a lot of insurgents in his own party, and opponents in the other party, and echoes among the people in both parties holler down the national rain barrel.

Let's have a little fair play in this matter. Even a mere President is entitled to a fifty-fifty break. The American pastime of taking a shot at any citizen who gets two feet above the common level is frequent enough as an exemplification of our ineffable democracy, but it isn't sporting, especially as, in the case of a President, his position prevents him from shooting back except in a prescribed manner and with certain conventional weapons. Although we as a people heartily enter into denunciation of any public man mostly on generalizations based on misinformation and misconceptions, we rise in horrified protest if that public man attempts to defend himself in like terms. It is all right for the people to slang-whang a public man, and for an editor to decry him, and for a politician to denounce him, but if he comes back in kind he is prostituting the dignity of his high office.

Wherefore, without any initiative save my own, and because I think that as an American, as President, and as a human being, the Hon. Warren G. Harding hasn't had and isn't having fair treatment from all this gang of knockers, maligners, self-seeking politicians, disappointed applicants for his favor, theorists and fanatics and fools who want to reform the world in half an hour, special interests and gentlemen who know exactly what they want, and especially from the people who expected a lot and think they have had nothing—let us examine into this man Harding a little, impartially and without any political bias whatsoever, and find out where he stands and what he has done.

Criticisms, which inclusive word will stand for everything from the wildest partisan denunciation to the silly gossip of the street, fall into two classes—personal and official. The ordinary person hasn't enough knowledge of government to make an official criticism or frame an administrative complaint, so the ordinary citizen takes his out in personalities. Those are easy. It is a simple thing, from a safe position, to say any man is anything that occurs to you, but entirely a different proposition to prove it. And a President is a bright and shining mark. He's up there on an elevation and can't get down. Everybody shoot!

Temperamentally the President is a calm man. He is not emotional or sensational or exclamatory. He has been joshed for nearly three years now for saying his platform was a return to normalcy. Especially as, incited by his opponents, it has come to be the popular view that normalcy is as far away as it was when he went into office, or farther. His policy is that a great many things that are wrong will right themselves if given time. That isn't a policy that attracts any admiration from the masses. It is too slow. Hence they say he is indolent, and lazy, and too fond of his golf, and all this and that. Although the very business men who rage and fume over his lack of action, his deliberation, his apparent slowness take hours and hours more than he does away from their desks, they consider him a villain and traitor to the state because he seeks recreation enough to keep in fairly good health.

The popular idea of the proper attitude of a President towards his job is that he should leap from his bed about six o'clock in the morning, gulp a breakfast, gallop to his desk, remain there all day and far into the night, with half an hour for luncheon, and, perhaps, an hour for dinner, until about midnight, busily engaged in his various occupations; and repeat that day after day for four years, except of course he must take an hour or two of a Sunday to go to church. Not that his critics go to church. They play golf or go automobiling. But he is President.

A Hard, Quiet Worker

Now the fact that the President does his work calmly and methodically, and does it efficiently and without a flock of highly trained press agents sending out feverish bulletins reciting that he is striving mightily at his desk with the affairs of the people; the fact that no person stands outside his office and beats the tom-tom to call attention to the enormous political significance of the great man inside devoting himself to mighty, heroic, self-sacrificing labors for the commonalty; that no chanters or shouters celebrate incessantly the magnificence of the spectacle of this patriot and statesman sitting there, worn and weary but unconquerable, hauling the republic off the rocks every half hour each day, including holidays and Sundays—has been so extraordinary that the American public has not understood it. It has been so different, and what is different, with us, is deplorable and disturbing.

So we hear that the President doesn't take his job seriously, that he is indolent, that he does practically no work, but plays golf all the time, and thus and so. Being excitable as a nation in the same futile manner as the Mexican jumping bean, we do not understand, and thus condemn a calm manner of mind and a calm approach to the work at hand. But how about it? How much work does the President do? Well, the only way to get an approximation of that is by comparison, and there is some first-hand expert testimony on that point. Rudolph Forster has been executive clerk at the White House since McKinley was President, and McKinley went into office on March 4, 1897. Forster says that the burden of work the President has to do now is five times greater than the presidential work was in McKinley's days in the White House, and three times greater than during the time Roosevelt was President. And greater now than ever before, even during the war days.

And Harding does this work—does it calmly and in his own manner. But the point is, he does it. Instead of treating all molehills as mountains, as is our national manner, he expertly appraises molehills as molehills and mountains as mountains. He doesn't struggle mightily, as have some others who have occupied his seat, with the little things, but treats them as such; and when a real emergency comes along he gets action as quickly—quicker in many cases—than some of his much-lauded strenuous predecessors.

A President does a great many things that are not of public record. That is to say, emergencies frequently arise that require immediate treatment—sometimes drastic treatment. Owing to our national passion for lawmaking we have laws providing for about every possible contingency in governmental affairs, and for an incalculable number of impossible ones—laws, and regulations made under laws, and precedents, and all the impediments of a democracy. Under these laws things can be done—in due time. But there are some things that cannot wait for due time. Governmental time is usually overdue.

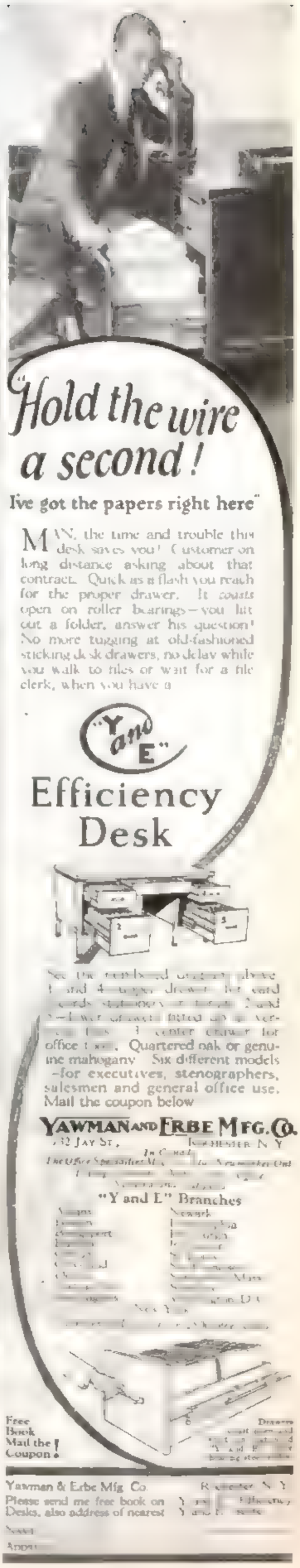
Solving Difficulties

For example: Things were in a bad way economically when Harding came into office, and one place where they were in a particularly bad way was in Iowa, where, owing to certain local conditions complicated upon the national economic situation, a very large number of banks were on the verge of failure. The failure of these banks in Iowa meant, at least, a panic in that state, and probably a near-panic if not a real one elsewhere. Under the law there could have been slow measures taken to remedy the situation, but slow measures would not do. So this calm and meditative Mr. Harding stepped out and took a few fast measures, on his own responsibility, and he saved the banks and the situation. There was nothing indolent about that. It wasn't a molehill. It was a mountain. And he tackled it on that basis.

Similarly, one of the greatest banks in the Middle West was in difficulties; extreme difficulties. This bank had four hundred correspondents throughout its state, and they were in the same difficulties, or related ones. The failure of the big bank meant tremendous strains on the other banks, and undoubtedly a calamitous series of succeeding failures. It also meant a panic. Now, there are laws covering such cases, but the situation couldn't wait for the torpid action of these laws. And the slow-moving Harding didn't suggest waiting. He hustled his Comptroller of the Currency out to the scene of the emergency, and by a series of quick and effective strokes saved the situation without waiting for the processes provided and set down voluminously in the statutes. That was another mountain, and he scaled it. And there have been others in considerable number.

The underlying philosophy of Harding is an inherited philosophy, elaborated by the increased experiences and the larger opportunities of the President's situation in life. His father was a country doctor. Harding often observed his father giving his patients innocuous medicines in order to divert their minds and allow Nature to effect a cure. That, roughly, is the basis of his attitude towards many of his problems. He feels that many situations will compose themselves if given the opportunity.

However, Harding's father, the country doctor, didn't give innocuous medicines nor resort to emulsions when astringents were indicated. He had drastic remedies in stock, and he used them when required. So with the son. He is ready at any time to step out and give the due processes a shove, hit precedent a wallop to speed it up, if the need is urgent. Not long ago, in June, the efficiency of the customs service, in a time of great increase in imports, was threatened because of a lack of available funds for a particular branch of the service. The red-tape way was to furlough the men engaged in this work until July first, when the new appropriations would be available, and thus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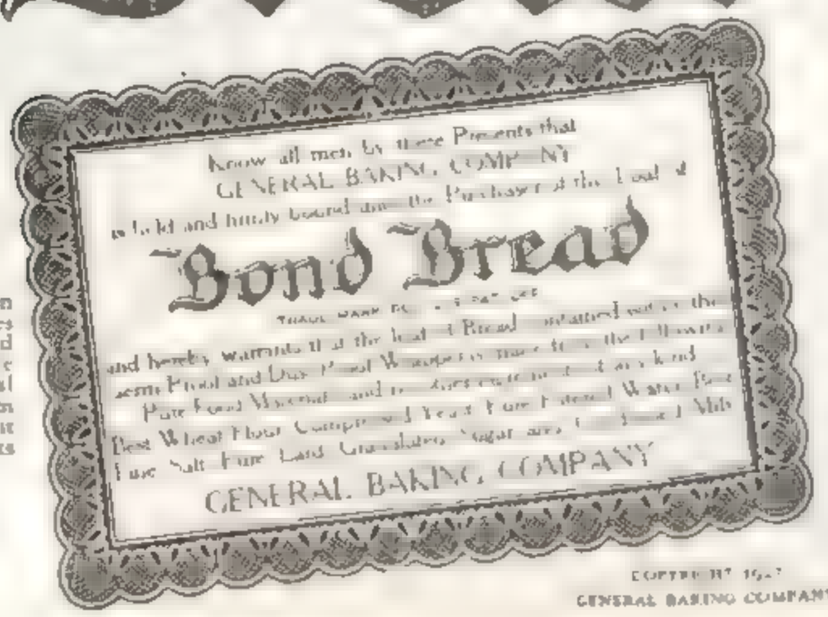

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get the customs into a jam that would not only delay and harass business for those few weeks but for weeks afterwards.

"Can't do a thing," said the budget director to the Secretary of the Treasury. "Furlough your men and wait until July first."

"He can't do anything?" said the President when Secretary Mellon reported the situation to him. "Well, I can."

And he did, in thirty minutes; and the imports kept along in their steady stream.

Same thing in the Post Office Department. Four million dollars were needed to keep the mails going until July first. No way to get the money. Not a way—except one. That one was the President, and he got it—got it right off the bat by a little quick action and some quicker thinking; and the mails proceeded. The calm and, as they say, indolent President is calm only up to a certain point. The interesting thing about him is that in the matter of his calmness he has discrimination. Most calm people are always and futilely calm, just as most let's-have-action people are bootlessly active perpetually. It takes a rather well-balanced mind to know when calmness is the cue and when action is required. There is a philosophy behind that that has its points.

There are many instances of the galvanizing of the Harding calmness into quick and decisive action when the circumstances warranted real action and not mere making of motions, but there is no need for the multiplication. Still, a correlative phase of this calmness that so harasses the Americans who run around in circles from morning to night is amiability and easy-going. Those are twin indictments drawn against the President. He is amiable. He is easy-going. He is polite and friendly; and it would seem, from the way these rather scarce traits in high officials are characterized, he is thereby sinning against the rights, justices and deserts of the American people. He is doing something to us, it would seem, because he is an amiable man. What we need in the White House is a cold, stern, implacable citizen who eats 'em alive.

A Man of Courage

Now, it is quite true that the business of amiability can be overdone, and equally true that the President has been amiable at times when harshness was indicated. There is no doubt that he is gregarious of temperament, fraternal in his feelings and demonstrations, and that some of the persons he has fraternized with have not deserved the hearty handclasp and welcoming smile, but have merited the swift kick. Fraternity can be overdone also. But the fact that he is amiable and friendly doesn't predicate, as has been set forth extensively, either lack of courage or lack of conviction.

It took a lot of nerve to veto the Bonus Bill and the Bursum Bill, but he vetoed them. It was no act of a mere greeter and glad-hander to step out for the International Court as he stepped out for it, at the time and in the circumstances of that stepping out. He believed in the ship subsidy and he fought for it courageously. There is considerable evidence to this effect. And it is quite likely there will be more. You can't always tell about these amiable men. There are some of them who can become indurated upon occasion.

The personal and mass criticism of the President proceeds along these lines, with such variations as the individual can think of, which are not many. The crowd talks alike, and its epithets are in common usage and wide of circulation. The great grievance seems to be a general assumption that he doesn't work as hard as he should, when the facts are that he works harder, longer hours, over greater problems and under more strain than any critic, bar none; and the further fact is that inasmuch as he finds time for recreation he must work rather efficiently, which is what he does. This criticism coming from a people that plays and loafs with national expertness and the ease and habit of long practice is the penalty of the President's temperament and of his place. It makes no difference how many of us, in the crowd, loaf on our jobs. The President is different. He isn't human. He is merely a machine to grind at a desk for the benefit of those who deride him.

However, the President doesn't let it fuss him. He goes amiably on about his business, and plays when he feels like it. He is pleasant and agreeable and courteous, and rarely kicks out a visitor who doesn't agree with him. He argues with him instead of throwing him out. That, mayhap, indicates a lack of force of character and a mild and controlled temper. We are a great people for the raw-meat stuff, but we like to have others fed with it. Wherefore we often hear the comment that if the President would chuck some offending person over a balustrade some day he would gain wide popular acclaim. Maybe so. He hasn't tried it yet. Still, there are plenty of people who have come in contact with that amiability and have found that underneath there is something quite considerably different. The President may be easy-going, but there are times when the going with him isn't so easy as those who have been trying to put over some little thing or other have expected.

What Mr. Harding Has Done

Of course all this piffling criticism is merely the result of an inarticulate condition by the masses concerning the fundamentals of discontent. They cannot formulate a real difficulty or state a real grievance, because they are not able to go deeper into the fundamentals than to have a mass impression that something is wrong. They are fretting under taxes and prices and similar discouragements, because they thought that when the Democrats were turned out in 1920 and the Republicans came in in 1921 all their troubles were over. It is true enough that some of the Republican orators and press bureaus intimated that such would be the case, especially as to taxes. Harding did not create the economic situation that existed when he came into office. He inherited it. And he set about remedying it so far as possible—calmly, it is true, and with no particular ballyhoo. And, calmly, and with no particular ballyhoo, he has remedied it to this extent:

He has reduced national expenditures to about three billion dollars a year, of which almost two billions are expenses entirely incident upon and related to the war, such as interest on our bonded indebtedness and other war entailments. For the first time since the war this country is now back to a close, economical business basis, and with a surplus instead of a large deficit in sight. That is, the receipts of the Government are greater than the expenditures by a large amount of money because Harding has insisted upon the strictest economy in both appropriation and expenditure, and because of his budget plan and the operation of it.

That has not reduced taxes, but it is paving the way for the reduction of taxes. Furthermore, it has shown a way to the states and the municipalities to control their expenditures and, ultimately, reduce their taxes. It isn't a millennium by any means, but it is somewhat millennial. It is the biggest step forward towards a business administration of the affairs of this country that has been taken. And this calm person put it over unheedful of the wild protests of bureaus, departments, officials, beneficiaries and all other money spenders of the Government, who in number make "legion" seem like a handful gathered together to burn a little money that came from the people. Already it has produced a surplus of some two hundred millions in place of the monotonous and tax-eating deficits of former years.

Now, coupled with that, this country, under Harding, has come to be the only legitimately prosperous country in the world. It doesn't take much of a memory to go back to 1921, nor much of a business training to realize that business was bad in this country at that time. Nor does it take much experience of economics or commerce, general trade, manufacturing or labor conditions to make it plain that this country, at this time, is really, legitimately, soundly and nationally prosperous. This prosperity is not sectional. It is not geographical. It extends from coast to coast, from the Canadian border to Mexico. Labor is universally employed at high wages. Money is plentiful. All lines of business are flourishing. And there is no other country in the world of which this can be said.

That is the fact. Any banker will tell you so. Any business man will tell you so, any man of large affairs. Any workingman will tell you he has steady work at high wages. Times are good. Trade in every line is good. The country is on the big up-swing.

This isn't a past condition, nor a future condition. It is a present condition, and it

(Continued on Page 76)

Re-roof for the last time right over the old roof

We waited ten years to tell you this ——

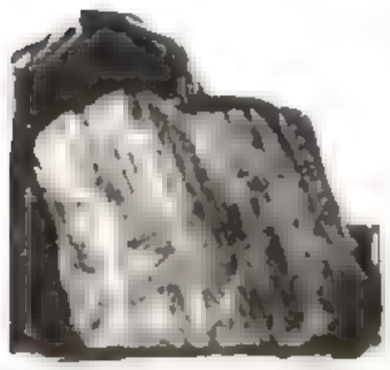
A ten year test

The purpose of the Johns-Manville method of laying Asbestos Shingles right over the old roof is to give you a permanent fire-safe house-top at the lowest possible cost.

Garden City Hotel — re-roofed for the last time right over the old shingles twelve years ago.

This method now has the endorsement of time and experience. Over twelve years ago we laid our Rigid Asbestos Shingles over the old roof on the Garden City Hotel, Long Island. Then we waited ten years. In all that time no repairs had been needed; not a single shingle had dropped out; the roof was still an unbroken covering of permanent protection against fire and weather. So, two years ago, we announced this practical, money-saving means for re-roofing your home easily and permanently. Since then thousands of people have taken advantage of this Johns-Manville method; thousands of roofs that were not only leaky and unsatisfactory, but actual fire hazards are now tight against the weather and permanently fire-safe.

Save money and get a better roof!



Here's the permanence of Asbestos Shingles — asbestos rock.

Of course, you save money by not having to tear off the old roof. The money you spend goes for constructive work rather than destructive. But there are other advantages in this method.

You save your lawns and shrubbery from the damage caused by falling, broken shingles. There is no mess or dirt in or around the house. Even while the work is going on, your home is never exposed to the damaging effects of a sudden rainstorm.

The blanket of old shingles under the new Asbestos Shingles is actually an asset. Once an eye-sore and a fire menace, it becomes, under the Asbestos Shingles, an invisible insulating agent. (See diagram below.) Dry wood is an excellent insulator. The old roof helps to keep the upstairs rooms warmer in winter and cooler in summer. You'll appreciate this if your roof has always been a heat conductor

More than fire-safe—Fireproof!

Johns-Manville Rigid Asbestos Shingles are in a class above ordinary "fire-safe" shingles. They do not merely "resist" fire; they are proof against it

Have a roofing dealer show you the famous Johns-Manville blow-torch test. The white hot flame is turned aside —harmless.

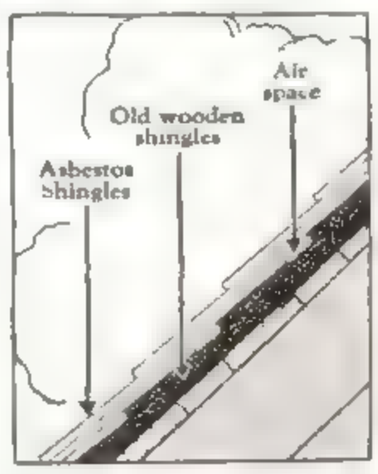
The test that proves.

This test will assure you that you need never again fear the sparks from your chimney or from a nearby fire.

Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles are given highest ratings by Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc.— men whose business it is to classify fire risk.

Many beautiful roof effects

Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles make probably the most beautiful roofs that are applied to-day. There is such a wide range of choice in color, in shape, in method of application You can procure Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles in soft tones of gray, brown and red. You may have rough, artistic edges or neat, smooth ones. They can be laid in either of two designs (right over the old roof in each case!) — both of which are pictured on this page.



Double roof protection. Air spaces here are valuable as they are in any insulating structure.

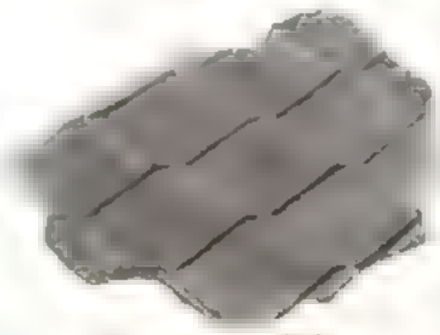
The end of roofing bills!

The big thing to remember is that Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles are permanent and that you will never have to re-roof again. Made from asbestos rock fibre and Portland cement, they are practically indestructible. In fact, they take on a harder "set" with age. All this means that when you lay Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles right over the old roof, you have paid your last roofing bill. At last your home has a beautiful, permanent and fire-proof roof. You will be further interested in our booklet, "Re-roofing for the last time." Send the coupon below for your copy.

American Method.

To Carpenters:—

This method of laying Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles over the old roof appeals to carpenters for two reasons: it is sound roofing construction and it eliminates all the "dirty work" hitherto attached to re-roofing If you have hesitated to recommend this method because you haven't had time to look into it, we should be very glad to present you with facts, samples and information on this method which should prove most valuable to you. Write us.



Hexagonal Method.

JOHNS-MANVILLE Inc., Dept. A-1
Madison Ave. at 41st St., N.Y.C.
Branches in 59 Large Cities

CANADIAN JOHNS-MANVILLE CO., Ltd.
Toronto

JOHNS-MANVILLE
Asbestos Shingles

Asbestos
INSULATION
BRAKE LININGS
ROOFINGS
PACKINGS
CEMENTS
FIRE PROTECTION PRODUCTS

Dept. A-1
JOHNS-MANVILLE Inc.
Madison Ave. at 41st St.
New York City
Branches in 59 Large Cities

Please send me your booklet, "Re-roofing for the Last Time."

(Name) _____

(Address) _____

An advertisement that dared to be frank

HE was conscious that something stood between him and greater business success—between him and greater popularity socially. Some subtle something he couldn't lay his hands on—something he could neither analyze nor overcome.

Finally, one day it dawned upon him. A magazine advertisement brought him the truth—the truth that his friends had been too delicate to mention.

The advertisement talked about halitosis (the scientific term for unpleasant breath) and about how halitosis may so often be overcome by the simple use of Listerine as a gargle and mouth-wash.

* * * * * * * * * * *

The message made him think. And it showed him the way to overcome that vague, uncomfortable something that had troubled him so long.

The incident wrought quite a change in him. Immediately he seemed to have better command of himself—more poise, self-confidence and assurance—and more friends!

Listerine advertising has done the same thing for many people. Fastidious men and women everywhere, in fact, are making the regular use of Listerine as a gargle and mouth-wash a regular part of their daily toilet routine.

It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings possesses these peculiar properties as a breath deodorant. It halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. So the systematic use of Listerine puts you on the safe and polite side. You know your breath is right.

Your druggist will supply you with Listerine. He sells lots of it. It has dozens of different uses as a safe antiseptic and has been trusted as such for half a century. Read the interesting little booklet that comes with every bottle.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

For HALITOSIS *use* LISTERINE

(Continued from Page 74)

raises the query: What do these carpers at Harding, these critics of Harding, these howlers for a change, want? What's all the shooting for? What do they expect of an Administration? Why not play a little fair and give him credit for conducting the country out of a period of financial depression into a period of nation-wide prosperity and contributing to that condition by reducing the expenses of government and putting the country, governmentally, on a business, self-supporting basis for the first time?

Where do these radicals who are parading across the country yelling for change and planning for the multiplication of governmental machinery rather than the simplification of it; who are for increasing the complexity of administration by the introduction of their half-baked theories, their socialisms, their quasi communisms when we are today the only legitimately prosperous country in the world—where do these haranguers and visionaries and theorists and disgruntled politicians who have taken to radicalism to advance their own political ends get off? What have they to offer that will do as much for the United States as a business and economical Administration and a great and national prosperity?

The budget system will be one of the achievements that will accompany the Harding Administration to its final assay in history and stand out, but any impartial survey of this Administration will take note of the Disarmament Conference, which it is the fashion of the opponents and the critics of Harding to sneer at and jeer. Now, whatever the outcome of that conference as to disarmament, any decent sportsmanship in matters political would admit that the conference accomplished one great thing for the United States and the Western Hemisphere—for the peace of the world really—because it prevented the reaffirmation of the alliance between Great Britain and Japan. Leave disarmament out of it and take that fact into consideration. Of course if there had been any shadow or semblance of a responsible government in China, any pretense of a government, it would have done more than that, and the whole Far Eastern situation would have been composed. Unfortunately, there wasn't. But when the alliance between Japan and Great Britain was dissolved a very considerable step in that direction was taken, and President Harding initiated the conference, and the step was taken during his Administration.

The International Court

There is every possibility, as this is written, that the relations between Mexico and this country will be satisfactorily adjusted, perhaps before this comes to print; and that being the case, this calm man at Washington deserves the credit of having brought all the countries of the Western Hemisphere into a harmonious and workable relation with the United States.

Will he get it? Not from the self-promoting members of his own party who are fighting him now and denouncing him, but he should get it from the people. Fair play demands that.

Thus we come to the hullabaloo over the President's plan to make the United States a participant in the International Court, which is now in lively discussion, and which will continue to be in discussion for some time because it furnishes the progressive malcontents with ammunition to keep up their attacks while professing to be Republicans, and it gives regular Republican malcontents ammunition to join with the Progressives and cloak their antagonisms to the President under their suspiciously patriotic howl for isolation

The International Court idea demands more space for discussion than is available here, but there are two phases of the question that may be pointed out: The first is that the President of the United States is the supreme authority concerning the necessity for such action, because the President of the United States has fuller information concerning the foreign relations of this country than any other, or all others combined; the second is that so far from participating in European affairs, or all international affairs if we join the court, we are in international affairs now, in them from every angle, from every country, on every sort of problem and proposition. Whether we go into the court or not we cannot get away from the truth of that.

Not a day passes on which some foreign affair is not brought to the President, some international matter to which the United States is party or to which events may make the United States a party. Every country in this world, from Mesopotamia to England, comes to Washington with matters affecting not only national but international interests. The President is the buffer of the universe.

Why Not be Fair?

Wherefore, why not discuss the matter in the light of the situation? We are not going into international affairs. There is no future predication in the matter. We are in now, irrevocably and universally in, and looking at the matter from a purely unbiased viewpoint it would seem that the President is entitled to a calm and decent consideration of his views, which are based on a more comprehensive and accurate knowledge of the facts of the situation and the present and future contingencies than is possessed by all his critics combined.

Instead, we find League of Nations proponents distorting his position to an acceptance of their obsession; we find the isolationists in his own party denouncing him as Wilsonian in his project; we find the radicals utilizing the policy for the advancement of their own political ends; we find the demagogues charging that the President is controlled by the international bankers when, as a matter of fact, no international banker ever spoke to him about it, nor any representative of an international banker; and a demagogic, fictitious and exclamatory importance attached to the whole business.

I can state on direct personal authority that President Harding has no intention, idea or plan, present or remote, of trying to put this country into the League of Nations, never has had and never will have. That's all there is to that phase of it, and most of the rest of the stuff they are asserting about the idea is subject to the same sort of categorical denial.

The American people should be good sportsmen, even if their politicians are not. They have a chance to show whether they are by playing fair with the President.

What, to repeat a question asked some time back, do the people want? They have prosperity. They have economy in government. They have a fine type of American for President, a human, understandable, modest, kindly man, with all the reserve force needed to govern capably.

Why let a lot of self-seeking politicians, with no other motive than their own advancement, and with their own interests paramount to those of the country and the people, obscure the real facts with fog of denunciation and theory and demagogism? Why not give the President an even break?

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 24)

the midnight bun as he jocularly calls the United States. But the Sultan is foiled by the gallant American sailors who have been hiding off stage for two acts.

Led by the intrepid Egbert they arrive just in time to rescue Brown and his secretaries.

"Come with me," says Brown to the Sultan, "and I'll get you a job in New York."

"What can I do in New York?" the Sultan asks dismally. "I've been brought up to the Sultan business. You have no sultans in your country."

"That's all right," says Brown. "I'll get you a job as janitor in an apartment house."

And then, amid gales of laughter at this sally, as the critics used to call it in those days, the entire company advances to the footlights and sings the finale:

"And so, although you think it strange,
Perhaps we'll like it for a change,
To sail away to U. S. A. with you.
We shall not sigh nor cry nor grieve
Because our island fair we leave
Our happy little Island of Skaboo."

—Newman Levy.

For Industries a New Pacific Northwest City

LONGVIEW

Washington

The City Practical Vision Built

THE LONG-BELL LUMBER COMPANY through its engineers and transportation experts, selected as the most efficient site for its greatest lumber mills a peninsula at the junction of the Cowlitz and Columbia Rivers, halfway between Portland and the Pacific Ocean. To provide adequately for its own needs, a large tract of land, topographically suited for buildings of all kinds, was purchased.

Out of this transaction has grown the new city of Longview, Washington, in many ways a city without parallel in the history of municipalities.

The same tests by which this large lumber concern decided upon Longview for the future home of its greatest plant expenditure can be applied by any other industry seeking a location in that fastest growing section of America—the Pacific Northwest.

Longview offers these essentials to enterprise:

- **—Raw materials.**
- **—Labor.**
- **—Fuel and power.**
- **—Accessible markets—domestic and foreign.**
- **—Transportation—by river, by sea, by rail and by highway.**
- **—Healthful conditions and a modern community.**

The Long-Bell operations alone, when complete, should create a population for Longview of from 15,000 to 20,000.

Some of the very foremost city planners in America were engaged to design an efficient and a beautiful city to provide home and business facilities, not only for that population, but for an anticipated population of 50,000 within ten years. Few cities in America can offer a more strategic location in relation to rail, water and highway transportation, in relation to surrounding resources, in territory to be served.

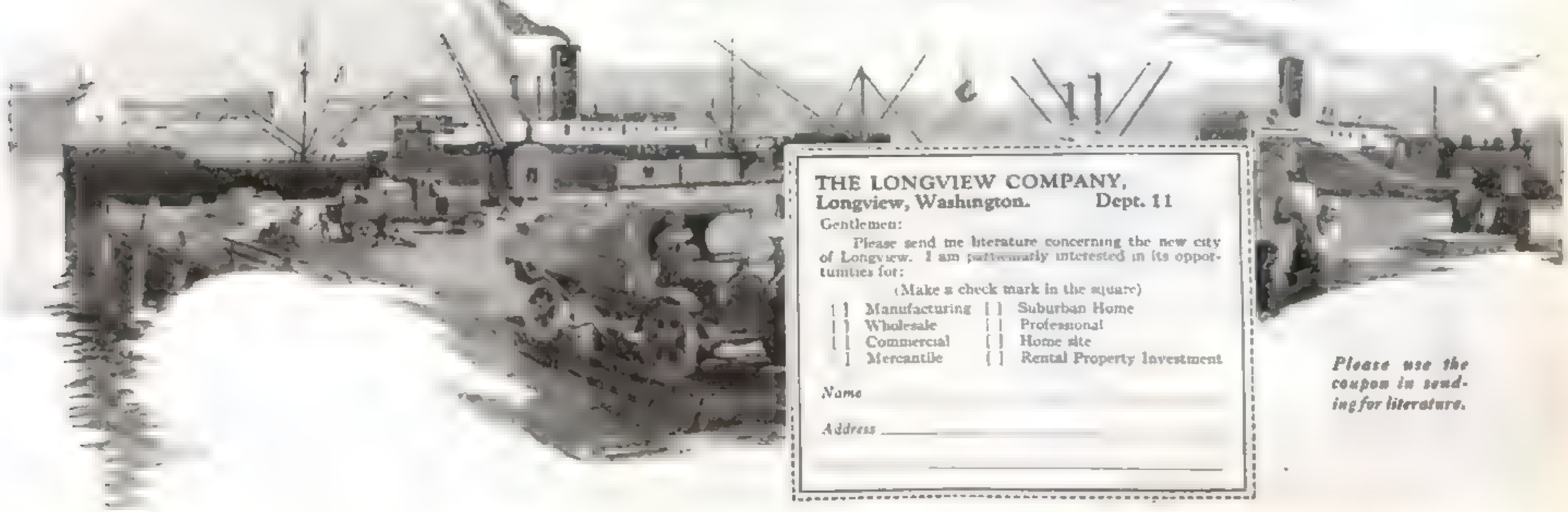
More than 1,500 workmen are engaged today in building the new city of Longview. To see such a gigantic enterprise springing out of the ground, where a year ago sheep and cattle grazed, is well worth including in a trip northwest. The printed page can give only the barest conception of it. You should see it for yourself. Include Longview in your summer tour to the scenic Pacific Northwest. Longview is in the heart of it with a new modern, fire-proof hotel of 200 rooms—Hotel Monticello—to help entertain you. Motor tourists can reach Longview either by the Columbia River Highway or the Pacific Highway.

Write today for carefully prepared and profusely illustrated literature on Longview and what it offers as a city in which to live well and conduct a legitimate business, large or small.

Where Rail and Water Meet

Longview is fifty miles from the Pacific Ocean on the Columbia River with its ocean-going commerce to all leading ports of the world. Three trans-continental railways—the Union Pacific, the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern—with a double track line between Portland and Seattle are at Longview's door. The Longview, Portland and Northern has Longview for its southern terminal, connects the new city with the above mentioned main lines and taps the rich Cowlitz River valley to the northward. Across the Columbia River from Longview passes the Spokane, Portland & Seattle railroad forty miles to the north, the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul has a southern terminal of an important branch line. The Southern Pacific, reaching the lengths of Oregon and California, connects with Longview's transcontinental carriers at Portland. Two internationally famous paved highways—the Columbia River Highway and the Pacific Highway—serve Longview, the former connecting Portland and the coast with the Pacific Ocean and the latter via Seattle and Portland connecting Canada with Southern California and Mexico. A third highway, designated as the Ocean Beach Highway, when completed, will connect Longview directly with the Pacific Ocean. Motor traffic may pass from one main highway to another via the Longview-Rainier ferries plying on regular schedules on the Columbia River.

THE LONGVIEW COMPANY, Longview, Washington



THE LONGVIEW COMPANY,
Longview, Washington. Dept. 11

Gentlemen:

Please send me literature concerning the new city of Longview. I am particularly interested in its opportunities for:

(Make a check mark in the square)

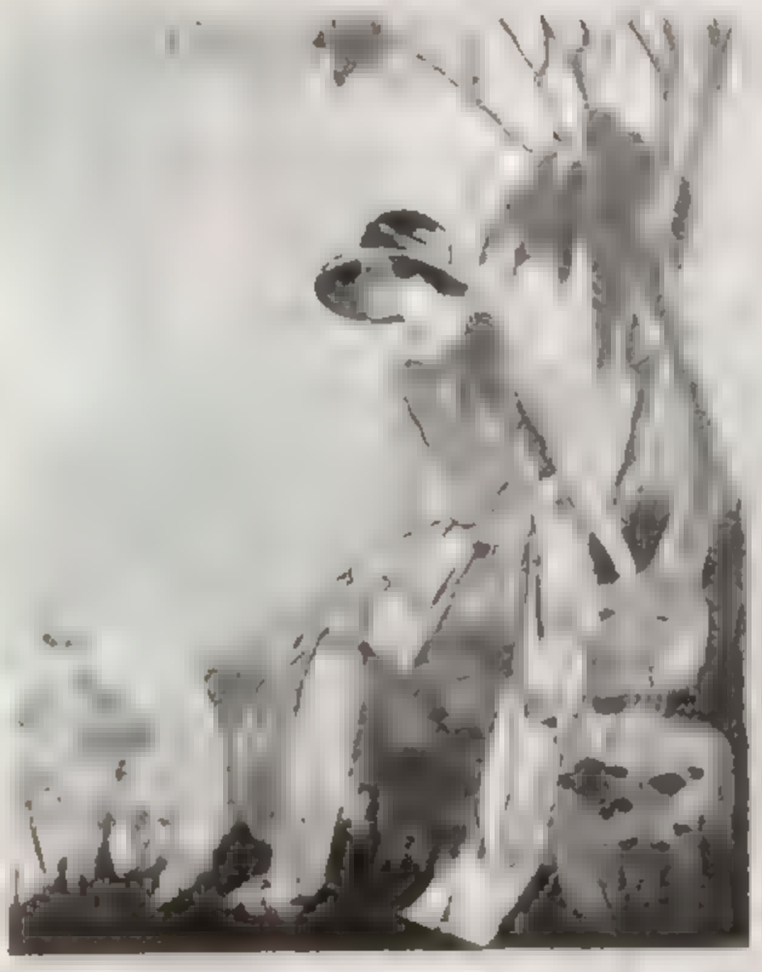
[ ]	Manufacturing	[ ]	Suburban Home
[ ]	Wholesale	[ ]	Professional
[ ]	Commercial	[ ]	Home site
[ ]	Mercantile	[ ]	Rental Property Investment

Name _____

Address _____

_____

Please use the coupon in sending for literature.



Satisfy Your Desire for Beautiful Teeth--
Lyonize

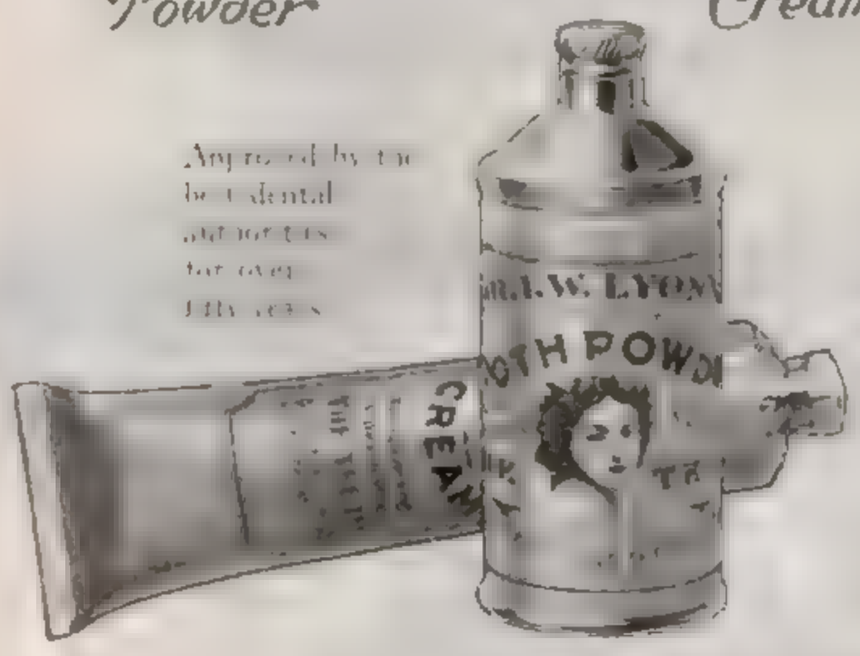
That is the new and safe way. It is away from medication and self-prescription. If you look into the question you will find that dental authorities never advocated broadcasting a cure-all even if there was such a thing. They have, however, always begged for safe cleaning of the teeth for everybody. That's why Dr. Lyon's never contained any medicated or gritty ingredient.

To clean safely—use Dr. Lyon's
To cure—go to a good dentist

Dr. Lyon's

The Dentifrice that made fine teeth Fashionable

Powder *Cream*



L. W. LYON & SONS, Inc., 530 West 27th St., NEW YORK
Canadian Distributors: LYMANS, LIMITED, Montreal

THE GENESIS OF THE WAR

(Continued from Page 23)

and a report which he sent to Berlin, warning his government that a continuation in the expansion of German armaments was the highroad to ultimate war, were extremely displeasing to the Kaiser. He resigned his post, ostensibly on grounds of health, at the end of March, 1912, after holding it for more than ten years.

Count Metternich was a man of the highest honor, a vigilant and pertinacious custodian of all German interests, and at the same time genuinely anxious to maintain not only peaceful but friendly relations with Great Britain. His disposition was not very genial, and he led a retired and almost isolated life in London. He was stiff and reserved, and sometimes almost acrid in his methods of expression. He was, however, a shrewd and dispassionate observer both of men and of events, an honest chronicler of what he saw and heard, with a sturdy and independent judgment. He was not well adapted to serve under such masters as the wayward and opinionated Kaiser and his vacillating though dogmatic chancellor. He had a considerable measure both of insight and of foresight; qualities in which they were both lamentably lacking.

Metternich's post was filled by Baron Marschall, at one time Foreign Secretary in Berlin, the principal emissary of Germany at the Hague Conference and, for many years, during his ambassadorship at Constantinople, the mainspring of German policy in the Near East. He died after holding his new office in London for only a few months, in September, 1912. During that short time I saw much of him, and I have always regarded his untimely removal as an international calamity. After the disappearance of Bismarck, his was without doubt the most masterful and in many ways the most acute mind in the German political world. But for the accident of his being a Badener and not a Prussian—as he once hinted to me—he would in all probability have become chancellor. In all the essentials of policy and statecraft, his point of view was as remote as are the poles from that of an English Liberal minister. But he was a disciple of *Realpolitik* in its true sense, with whom it was always refreshing to exchange ideas. I am as satisfied as one can be of anything in the domain of conjecture that, if he had remained, there would have been no European war in 1914. He was the only German statesman whose personality and authority were such as not only to dominate the impetuosities and vagaries of the Kaiser, but to override and frustrate the long-laid and shortsighted plans of the military junta in Berlin.

Marschall was succeeded by a very different personage, Prince Lichnowsky, whose selection for such an office at such a time is still an unsolved enigma. He was a Silesian magnate, who in his earlier years had held one or two unimportant diplomatic posts, but had for a long time led the retired life of a landowner and sportsman, with occasional appearances as a pamphleteer. He was a man whom it was impossible not to like—of most agreeable manners, a lover of hospitality, and capable, as he soon showed, of ready and sympathetic adaptation to the strange ways and customs of the English people. What was more important, he was a sincere friend of peace, anxious and indeed eager to come to a settlement of all outstanding questions between Germany and Great Britain, and, so far as one can judge, not unconscious that the real danger of the immediate future lay not in the encirclement of his own country but in its enmeshment in the tangle of Austrian interests, Austrian ambitions and Austrian intrigues in the Near East. During the Ambassadors' Conference of 1913, in London, he played a useful and independent part.

The failure—tragic as it was—of Lichnowsky's honest efforts and good intentions was undoubtedly due to the fact that he never possessed the confidence and was never made party to the real designs of the directors of German policy in Berlin. That their trust was far more fully given to his nominal subordinate, Herr von Kühlmann, there is a good deal of evidence to suggest. It would seem that Lichnowsky never realized his own isolation; he was optimistic up to the end; and when at last he discovered that the ship was heading straight for the rapids and the cataract—that it was a case of *cum grandis praecipiti* his despair was pathetic to witness.

XIV—Pre-War Preparation

Part I. The Financial Aspect

IT MUST have become apparent to any reader of these pages that the possibility of Great Britain being engaged, however much against her will, in a European war had for years been in the minds of those who were responsible for her government. I have explained and attempted to vindicate the policy which they pursued in order to avert such a contingency. But we were often conscious that we were skating on the thinnest of ice, and that the peace of Europe was at the mercy of a chapter of unforeseen and unforeseeable accidents. The murder at Sarajevo of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand on June 28, 1914, fell within that category. No one could possibly have foretold either the event itself or its consequences. It was a strange verification of the prophetic words, already quoted, of Bismarck.

It was therefore our manifest duty—and we never lost sight of it—to prepare for the worst. The task was not an easy one.

In a country whose supreme interest is peace, and where the executive is directly and absolutely responsible to a democratically elected House of Commons, military and naval expenditure is always, and justly, scanned and scrutinized with a jealous eye. Especially keen and vigilant is the criticism to which it is subjected when it is proposed by a Liberal government, whose supporters are peculiarly bound, both by their tradition and by their professions, to pursue peace and to practice economy.

Another factor of constantly growing importance during the ten years which preceded the war, was the competition between expenditure on armaments and expenditure on social reform. Social reform was not neglected; large new liabilities were incurred by the state for old-age pensions, national insurance and cognate measures. But there were still long and costly arrears to be made good, especially in such matters as national education, housing and land. The summoning of the Hague Conferences had encouraged the illusory hope that the limitation of armaments might become an agreed plank in a new platform of international policy. The social reformer felt entitled to grudge every penny of the taxpayer's money which went to increased expenditure on any form of armaments, without the clearest proof of absolute necessity, and to demand on the contrary a steady and continuous lowering of army and navy estimates. And this, as I have shown, was actually done in the case of the navy, by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's government.

Indeed, according to an official statement made by the chancellor of the exchequer in the House of Commons on June 9, 1914, the cost of armaments per head of the population, which in the year 1904–05 was £1.13.5, had only risen in the estimates for 1914–15 to £1.13.10, having in the interval been as low as £1.6.4, in the years 1907–08 and 1908–09.

The revenue raised by taxation rose from £130,000,000 in 1905–06 to £171,000,000 in the final estimates of 1914–15—that is to say, on balance, by £41,000,000. The main items of increased expenditure, on a comparison of the two years, were for social reforms £22,000,000, and for the navy £18,250,000. We had, moreover, for the last eight years been paying off the national debt at the rate of £10,000,000 a year.

The difficulty of obtaining authority for this large expansion of naval armaments naturally began in the cabinet itself. We all started—as the action of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's government shows—with the hope and in the belief that a pause, and even a reduction, in the rate of construction could be attained by agreement. It was with regret and disappointment, as the years went on, that we were reluctantly—some of us sooner, others of us later—driven by the action of Germany to renounce any such expectation.

The German Naval Law of 1907—passed after the failure of the Hague Conference of that year through the German veto to come to an understanding regarding the limitation of armaments—effectually blocked the way. Speaking more than

(Continued on Page 81)

Are You Happy?

ASK a hundred people what they want most in the world and the answer is likely to be—Happiness. To some, Happiness is represented by riches or fame. To others, leisure spells Happiness. But all agree that there can be no real Happiness without Health.

Summer is the time to build for Health and Happiness—the time of vacations. Long days to rest in—to play in—to dream in.

Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn were the ideal vacationists. They took a vacation whether they needed it or not—and had *fun*.

—This is what a real vacation means: To vacate your old environments, your regular occupation—your everyday self and have a complete change. To do the things that will fill you brimful of energy and "pep".

In planning your vacation—and of course you will take one—try to get away from the things you have been doing all year and do the opposite.

The Postman Does Not Need a Walk—

He needs a hammock and a lazy time. The town man needs the quiet of the country—the country man needs the stimulus of the town.

Wisdom of the Wizard

Thomas A. Edison is one of the hardest and happiest workers in the world. Year after year he has burned up energy at a rate which would have killed most men. In rendering a wonderful service to the world, he has not spared himself. Daringly he has shattered many of the accepted laws of health by unceasing devotion to his work. And yet he has kept himself strong and well—despite his seventy-odd years—by taking the right kind of vacations to restore the strength he so lavishly expends.

The mountaineer needs the ocean—the lowlander needs the hills. Women who keep house should board—and girls who never see a kitchen throughout the year should camp out and get their own meals.

One man needs solitude—another needs company.

Think of your own needs and plan the vacation that will do you most good.

New ideas—new scenes—new people—all this is recreation. And recreation is necessary to Health and Happiness. Joy, pleasure, laughter are mental stimulants. They increase the flow of blood and so aid in the first work of building up the body and repairing wasted tissues.

Miracle-Workers—

There are two famous health doctors whom we advise you to consult. They are Dr. Sunshine and Dr. Fresh Air.

If you want more health, more energy, more enthusiasm, more earning power in the days to come, play hard this month of August—play and be happy.

During the past few years a great new movement has been growing all over the country—the movement to provide recreation and outdoor amusements for the thousands of men, women and children who live in towns, villages and thickly populated cities. This vacation movement has been carried along by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. In 1922 many of our district managers arranged jolly old-fashioned picnics for their local policyholders.

Vacations are of utmost importance. They lay the foundation of health—but the work of building up the body must be carried on throughout the year. Most people spend at least fifty weeks out of every fifty-two at home. And there are many to whom a vacation of even two weeks is not possible.

Recreation Committees are needed to arrange for the establishment of play grounds, picnic grounds, swimming pools, municipal golf courses, tennis courts, baseball diamonds and skating rinks. City after city and town after town have awakened to the imperative necessity for conserving lives by providing places for everyday play.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company is so strongly in sympathy with this movement that it has prepared a booklet, "What One Town Did", that tells just how to go about the work of providing adequate recreation centers.

Please send for it and help enlist the interest of your neighbors in plans for building health in your town.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

Help yourself to New York's Milk

You may now enjoy the world's best milk every day without fail

DAIRYLEA* is New York's milk supply in concentrated form. It is the pure, wholesome, whole milk which Dr. Royal S. Copeland, as Health Commissioner of New York City, characterized as "the best in the world."

Some of the water is removed by evaporation—that is all. Nothing is added. All the health-giving food elements of pure, rich milk are retained.

That is why you will find Dairylea *different*—why its smooth creaminess, its velvety richness, its delightful flavor will astonish you.

Put Dairylea to the coffee test

Everyone knows that coffee is the supreme test of milk or cream. If there is anything wrong with milk, it shows up in coffee. If milk is really better, the coffee test will prove it.

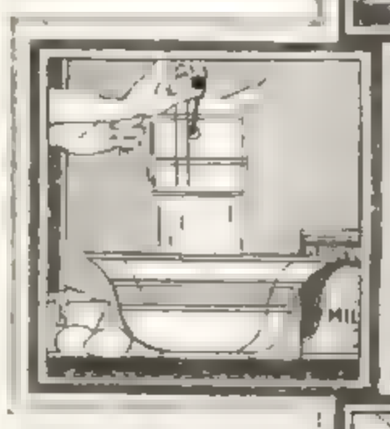
Serve Dairylea with your breakfast coffee—you will be delighted and surprised.

So important is the "coffee test" that every lot of Dairylea is actually subjected to it before it is poured into cans. Coffee percolators are standard equipment in all Dairylea plants!

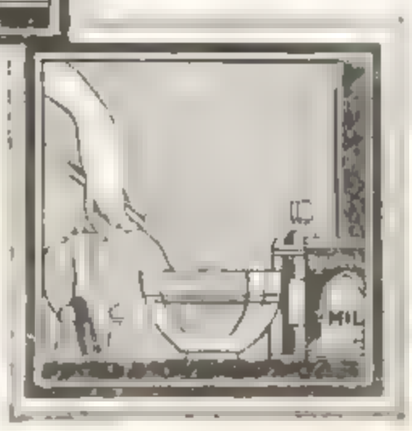
Pour Dairylea over fruits and cereals—it blends smoothly and deliciously. Use Dairylea in cooking and baking—you will have richer, more tasty puddings, biscuits and desserts—smoother, creamier soups and sauces.

Ask your grocer for a can or two today and convince yourself.

In coffee, Dairylea Milk shows its real cream flavor. It makes good coffee taste better



In baking, Dairylea Milk adds deliciousness to the results, through its sweet, natural flavor



In white sauces and creamed vegetables, Dairylea Milk imparts greater creaminess by its rich butter-fats

*Cans bearing the label reading "Dairymen's League Evaporated Milk" have in all respects the same contents as those bearing the label "Dairylea."

DAIRYMEN'S League

CO-OPERATIVE ASSOCIATION, INC., New York

(Continued from Page 78)

two years later—July 14, 1910—in the House of Commons, I stated as clearly as I could what had been its effect:

> The German Government told us . . . that their procedure in this matter is governed by an Act of the Reichstag under which the programme automatically proceeds year by year. . . . We are now, we may hope, at the very crest of the wave. If it were possible even now by arrangement to reduce the rate of construction no one would be more delighted than His Majesty's Government. We have approached the German Government on the subject. They have found themselves unable to do anything, they cannot do it without an act of the Reichstag repealing their Navy Law. They tell us, and no doubt with great truth, that they would not have the support of public opinion in Germany to a modified programme.

This was said in 1910. Two years later, after the Haldane Mission to Berlin, the new navy law of 1912 was passed; the hope that I had expressed that we were reaching the "crest of the wave" was finally dissipated; and I believe that thereafter even the most patiently optimistic of my colleagues began to feel a diminishing faith in limitation or reduction by agreement between Germany and ourselves.

But, granted that the German challenge had to be taken up, there was abundant room for acute difference of opinion, and animated clash of discussion, as to both magnitude of volume and rate of acceleration, in our necessary response. I have vivid memories of these debates in the cabinet, conducted always with fine temper and genuine friendliness, but with a wealth of expert knowledge, and sometimes—with an almost embarrassing exuberance of dialectical ability.

As a rule, I endeavored to preserve an arbitral attitude, but, having arrived in my own mind at clear and definite conclusions, I generally succeeded in the end in carrying my colleagues with me.

There was still the House of Commons to deal with. The difficulties there, though not inconsiderable, were such as to yield to a little tactful handling. Estimates presented upon the authority of a cabinet, in which the advocates of peace and economy, and the sworn enemies of militarism, were known to have a powerful if not a predominant voice, though much and properly canvassed in detail, could not, in principle and as a whole, be opposed by the Liberal Party, to whom they were commended—to cite no other names—by the joint imprimatur of Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Lloyd George. The criticism of the regular opposition—whose freebooters and camp followers had adopted as a kind of slogan, in 1908 and 1909, the now almost unintelligible catchword "We must have Eight"—was, as a rule, directed to showing that we were doing, not too much, but not enough.

In the end, as has been already stated, the naval estimates for 1914-15—the highest ever voted—were sanctioned by the House of Commons.

XV—Pre-War Preparation

Part II. Committee of Defence

I COME now to describe the machinery by which the policy of the cabinet was translated into concrete and workable plans. I will say little of the War Office and the Admiralty, which—the one under Lord Haldane, and the other under the successive rules of Mr. M'Kenna and Mr. Churchill—were models of administrative energy and efficiency.

The General Staff at the War Office was in full working order, and proved itself an invaluable machine. Lord Nicholson and Sir Henry Wilson—to speak only of those who have passed away—were among its moving spirits. It was developed, as will presently be seen, by Lord Haldane into an imperial General Staff.

The Admiralty, on its technical side, was for years dominated by two overshadowing figures—Sir John Fisher and Sir Arthur Wilson.

Fisher, both in his qualities and in their defects, was one of the most remarkable men of his time. His whole soul was in his profession; he brought to it a singularly inventive and original mind, and a wide though intermittent range of imaginative vision; and he worked every day harder and for longer hours than probably any other servant of the Crown. But he was domineering and combative, and for years became the storm center of a succession of cyclones which ravaged the higher personnel of the navy. He had always at his command an inexhaustible reservoir of verbose and picturesque phraseology, upon which he drew freely and even recklessly with both tongue and pen. There were moments when he seemed almost to have lost his intellectual balance; but in the midst of a resonant tirade against the incurable stupidity of mankind in general, and politicians in particular, he would break off and delight one with the infectious gayety and sometimes the physical pranks of an overgrown schoolboy. I saw him constantly, often daily, for years, and though we had our differences sometimes acute ones—we remained good friends to the end.*

It would be difficult to imagine a greater contrast to this exuberant and even flamboyant personality than that of Sir Arthur Wilson, admittedly the finest strategist and tactician in our navy, taciturn, self-contained, with an almost invincible natural reluctance to share his counsels with others. But different as were their idiosyncrasies, neither of these great experts would have anything to do with a naval staff. It was only when both had ceased to be members of the Board of Admiralty, that Mr. Churchill was really free to set about the creation of such a body.

It had long been a capital defect in our naval and military systems that there was no real coördination between them, no provision for the joint, continuous and systematic survey of all the problems of imperial and domestic defense. It was under Mr. Balfour's premiership that the gap was filled by the constitution of the Committee of Imperial Defence.

It should be borne in mind that the committee was not intended to supplant the departments, and still less the cabinet. It was not a committee of the Privy Council. It was and remained not an executive, but a consultative body. In form it consisted of such persons as from time to time the prime minister chose to summon, and to this fluidity in its composition, which varied with the particular subject matter under examination, much of its efficiency and usefulness was due. The prime minister, who was the only permanent member, always presided, and certain of his cabinet colleagues, such as the secretary of state for war, the first lord of the admiralty, the chancellor of the exchequer, and the foreign secretary, were present almost as a matter of course. The secretaries of state for the colonies and India usually but not always attended. The other members comprised the principal experts of the Admiralty and the War Office, and sometimes of other departments, such as the Board of Trade, and distinguished soldiers, sailors, and administrators from outlying parts of the empire—such as Lord Kitchener—who chanced from time to time to be in England. Unofficial persons were introduced, like Lord Esher, who was for years a constant attendant. There was no limitation of number; in the minutes which I have before me as I write, I find that on one occasion—December 14, 1911—there was a gathering of twenty-four, which included the president and secretary of the Board of Trade, the postmaster general, and the chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue.

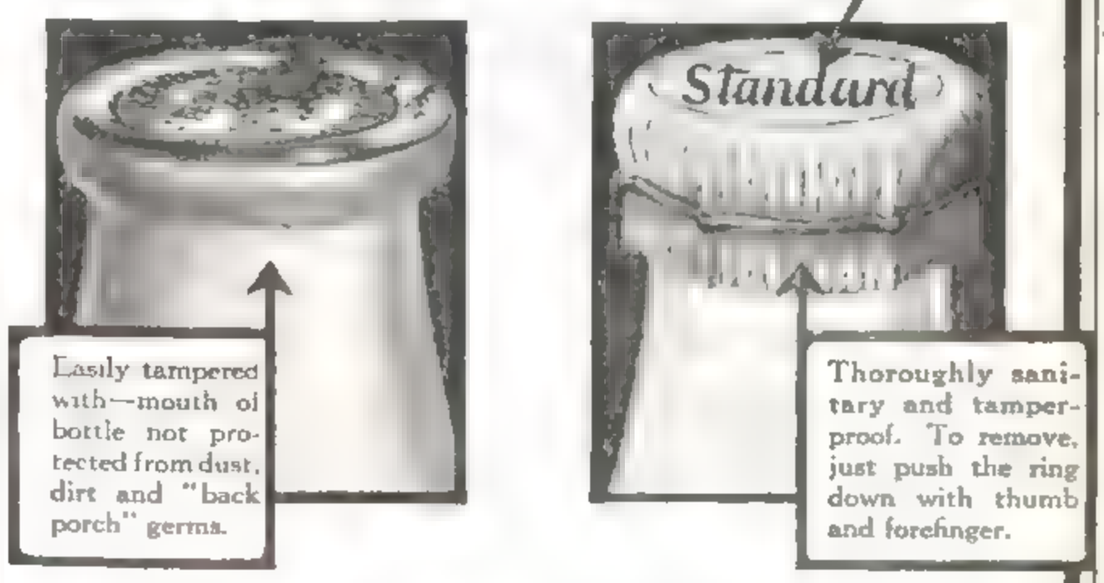
The committee met at frequent intervals, and always with special subjects on its agenda. Much of the detailed work was done by subcommittees, who sifted the particular questions submitted to them and brought their conclusions before the full committee. I myself, when chancellor of the exchequer, was appointed by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman in November, 1907, chairman of such a subcommittee, which sat until August, 1908. It dealt exhaustively with the possibilities of invasion. There were two permanent subcommittees—one to deal with overseas, the other with home ports, defense.

The committee in my time was singularly fortunate in its two successive secretaries—Rear-Adm. Sir C. L. Ottley, and Lt. Col. Sir Maurice Hankey. They were assisted by a very small but highly competent staff, and it is impossible to exaggerate the thoroughness and the value of their work.

I must repeat that no large question of policy was settled by the conclusions of the Committee of Imperial Defence. In such cases the final decision always rested with

* One of his peculiarities was a strange fondness for hearing sermons. I have known him to go to church three times on a Sunday, to sample the preachers. Needless to say, he was not one of those who listened with "meekness" to the Word.

YOUR MILK—
You can now have it
This Way


Standard
Easily tampered with—mouth of bottle not protected from dust, dirt and "back porch" germs.
Thoroughly sanitary and tamper-proof. To remove, just push the ring down with thumb and forefinger.

Your milk is pure when it leaves a modern dairy. But many things, as you will note below, can happen before it reaches your table. That is why many dairies have taken the last step to protect your milk—*while it is being delivered.* They are bottling selected grades of milk and cream with the *Standard Hood Seal*

This seal covers the entire bottle top. It seals out all ladened dust and "back-porch" germs. It is also non-replaceable. You can detect any tampering at once. For, once removed, this top cannot be replaced. And it can be put on only *at the dairy* by special machinery. With this sealed hood you know your milk is just as pure as when it left the green fields in the country.

In New York

Several years ago in New York City adulteration and contamination became widespread. Dairies looked for a means to protect their own good names. Cream that was *whipping* cream when it left the dairy, was *thin* cream when housewives tried to use it. Milk that was pure when it left the country was corrupted by soot and ladened dust that settled around the pouring lip of milk bottles as they stood on back porches. Here it was that the Standard Hood Seal first came into wide use.

The Problem Solved

For with this HOOD SEAL conscientious dairymen knew their milk was safe in delivery. With this cap they knew "certified" milk would be "certified" when delivered. That whipping cream could not be thinned. That sterile bottles would be sterile even around the top—when delivered.

The life-food of children should be certain. No hands, no insects, no dust, can touch the pouring lip when milk bottles are capped with Standard Hood Seals

The World Over

The Standard Hood Seal is now used the world over wherever people are careful of their milk supply. The United States Government specified its use in the Panama Canal Zone. In India the milk of the military herds is now capped with the Standard Hood Seal. Investigation showed that 28 bottles per 100 were tampered with by the natives in delivery. This adulteration spread the typhus plague to alarming proportions. According to Army Medical Officers, the Standard Hood Seal was the final step in wiping out this dread disease. It protected milk *in delivery.*

In Your Home

Your dairy will now deliver your *selected* milk and cream capped with the Standard Hood Seal—if you request it. With it they will guarantee *its delivery* to you as fresh and pure as when it left the sterilizer in the dairy. If you are interested—for your children's sake, your own—send us the coupon below. We will tell you how to get your milk this way

STANDARD
HOOD ~ SEAL

MANUFACTURED BY
STANDARD CAP and SEAL CORP.
Fullerton and Racine Aves.
Chicago, Ill.

STANDARD CAP and SEAL CORP.
Fullerton and Racine Aves., Chicago, Ill.
Gentlemen:
I would like to have my milk protected by being capped with the Standard Hood Seal.
My Dairy is _____
My Name is _____
Address _____

The FLORSHEIM SHOE

During warm summer days Florsheim Low Shoes give satisfying comfort. No gaping at the ankle—no slipping at the heel—cool because Skeleton Lined.

Most Styles $10

Look for Name in Shoe

BOOKLET "STYLES OF THE TIMES" ON REQUEST

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY

Manufacturers • CHICAGO

The Brighton Style M 117

The New Way Clothier Has a Great Advantage

A. B. SHORE
Rochester, Ind.

The equipment I bought from your firm for my new clothing and furnishing goods store proved to be of the highest standard.

The arrangement of the units and floor cases is wonderful. In fact, I am so well pleased that I cannot find words to express myself.

The sales have increased 40 percent, and I assure you it is with great pleasure that I write. The store looks like a million dollars.

A. B. SHORE

BETTER clothing is usually *bought*—not sold—from New Way Revolving Wardrobes. Men like the natural ease with which they are served; they like the extra snap of a garment so carefully housed and presented. The customer list of the New Way merchant continues to grow, and a small part of his extra profit goes to add more New Way wardrobes to take care of a fast expanding business. Some double their clothing business in a short time. Our little booklet "Selling More and Better Clothing" tells how.

Our booklet "Getting Behind the Retail Business" will be sent free on request.

Catalog "A" Dry Goods and Clothing

Catalog "D" Drugs Confectionery Stationery

Catalog "S" Shoes

Illustration shows 2 No. 250-B double deck wardrobes and 1 No. 250 mirror alcove

GRAND RAPIDS SHOW CASE CO.

World's Largest Designers and Manufacturers of Complete Store Equipment

New Way Unit System Grand Rapids, Mich. New Way Revolving Wardrobes

Branch Factory, Portland, Oregon. Offices in Most Principal Cities

the cabinet. But I can recall few instances, if any, in which conclusions suggested by the committee were overruled by the cabinet.

Whether Great Britain was adequately prepared for war is a question which history will have to answer. But the historian will find material relevant to his inquiry in the outline which I am about to give of the activities in those critical years of the Committee of Imperial Defence.

In 1907 an inquiry was undertaken by a subcommittee under Lord Morley, into the military requirements of the British Empire as affected by India. The result of this was to show that reënforcements of one hundred thousand men might be required in the first six months of war on the Indian frontier. This was one of the assumptions on which Lord Haldane framed his scheme for an expeditionary force.

The next stage was the inquiry into invasion, appointed at the instance of Lord Roberts, to which I have already referred, in 1907–08.

The subcommittee occupied some months in taking evidence from Lord Roberts and other naval and military experts, and its conclusions as affirmed with some unimportant amendments by the full committee on October 22, 1908, were as follows:

1. That so long as our naval supremacy is assured against any reasonably probable combination of powers, invasion is impracticable;
2. That if we permanently lose command of the sea, whatever may be the strength and organization of the home force, the subjection of the country to the enemy is inevitable;
3. That our army for home defense ought to be sufficient in number and organization not only to repel small raids but to compel an enemy who contemplates invasion to come with so substantial a force as will make it impossible for him to evade our fleets;
4. That to insure an ample margin of safety, such a force may, for purposes of calculation, be assumed to be 70,000 men;
5. That in the event of our being engaged in a war on the frontier of India which required 100,000 regular troops to be sent from the United Kingdom during the first year, the new organization of the army at home will secure that there will be left in this country during the first six months a sufficient number of regular and other troops to deal with a force of 70,000 men;
6. That on the assumption that the territorial force is embodied on the outbreak of war, there will also be, after the expiration of six months, a sufficient number of regulars and trained territorials to make it practically certain that no enemy will attempt the operation with a smaller force than that assumed above.

These conclusions were concurred in by our principal naval and military advisers at that time—Sir John Fisher, Sir William Nicholson and Sir John French—who were all members of the subcommittee. They were carefully kept in view during the years which followed.

It was on this basis that the scheme for home defense was built up. I may add that the conclusions of 1908 were not materially affected by a later inquiry which I directed in 1913–14.

Then followed another inquiry, over which I presided, into the military needs of the empire as affected by the continent of Europe. As the result of this the General Staff were allowed to work out their plans on the assumption that an expeditionary force might have to be sent to the Continent. Great stress was laid by the Admiralty on the importance of blockade. Meanwhile, inquiries had taken place, under Lord Morley, into the military needs of the empire as affected by Egypt, and into our position in Southern Persia and the Persian Gulf, with special regard to the Bagdad Railway.

All the above inquiries were finished by August, 1909. It would not be an unjust claim to say that the government had by that date investigated the whole of the ground covered by a possible war with Germany: The naval position, the possibilities of blockade, the invasion problem, the Continental problem, the Egyptian problem.

After August, 1909, we entered upon a new stage in the task of preparation. There was an inquiry under Lord Hardinge into the treatment of neutral and enemy merchant ships in time of war, which made provision *inter alia* for the seizure of enemy ships in our ports. There was a prolonged investigation, under Lord Desart, into the many problems connected with trading with the enemy, lasting for two years. Another series of inquiries dealt with the preservation of our own economic situation in time of war. They led to far-reaching results, such as the arrangements for the control of the railways and ports, an overhaul of the whole question of supplies, and, finally—under the impulse of Mr. Churchill—a scheme for the national insurance of ships and cargoes, which was only completed in 1914, and finally adopted in all its details forty-eight hours before the actual outbreak of hostilities.

Meanwhile, all sorts of complementary and subsidiary investigations had taken place. A counterespionage bureau had been set up in the War Office. The questions of press censorship, postal censorship and the treatment of aliens, started in 1909, dragged on in seemingly interminable discussions, which were completed between 1912 and 1914. The protection of our own cables and the attack on our enemy's cables were thoroughly examined; as were aerial navigation and its laws; the defense of the Suez Canal and of Hong-Kong, the strategic situation both in the Pacific and in the Mediterranean. In view of the altered disposition of our fleet after the change of base from the Mediterranean to the North Sea, special attention was given to the provision of defenses at Cromarty and in the Forth. The overseas and home ports subcommittees were all the time continuously at work.

I am not sure that the compilation of the War Book was not the most important step of all. Into the War Book, which was started in 1910, we incorporated all the predetermined action, decided upon as the result of the innumerable inquiries, in the contingency of war.

It was constantly supplemented and kept up-to-date, and had by 1914 reached a remarkably high standard of completeness. Indeed by then the draft Orders in Council accompanied the King wherever he went in time of profound peace, as well as being kept set up in type in the printer's office; so that on a sudden outbreak of war they could be circulated and put into operation at a moment's notice.

When in 1914 the "precautionary period" was declared to have arrived, the carefully concerted and detailed arrangements of the War Book were set at work by all the departments and the authorities, central and local, concerned, without hitch, without friction and without delay.

XVI—Pre-War Preparation

Part III. The Dominions in Council

AN IMPERIAL conference on defense was held in London in 1909, and when it had concluded its labors I invited the Dominion representatives who had attended it to a meeting of the Committee of Imperial Defence, which was held on the nineteenth of August. Among the Dominion statesmen who were present were three prime ministers—those of New Zealand, Newfoundland and Natal—and ministers of defense and marine from other colonies.

The meeting was a formal one, to give me the opportunity on behalf of the imperial government to express the hope that it might be possible that the attendance and coöperation of Dominion representatives should be more frequent in the future than in the past. In welcoming our guests I used the following language:

His Majesty's Government have no desire to interfere in any way with local autonomy, and they quite realize that the governments of the Dominions must consult local sentiment. The main problem, however, of imperial defense is a single one common to every part of the empire. Once committed to war, it will be impossible to localize the theater of war or the issues, which will be common to the empire as a whole. A homogeneous organization for imperial defense and a single direction is therefore necessary, and this I believe will be recognized more and more in the future.

The following two years—1909–11 were a period of continuous though quiet activity both at home and in the Dominions in the development, with due regard to local conditions and local sentiment, of a scheme of correlated imperial defense. Lord Haldane brought into existence the Imperial General Staff, which was in direct contact with all the staffs in the Dominions. Canada—which in the past had never paid anything towards the cost of the British navy—took over the charge of her defenses and began building a navy of her own. Australia—which had for years made a pecuniary contribution—started the construction of a fleet unit, to be completed by the end of 1912, the whole cost of which was taken over by the Commonwealth Parliament. New Zealand had presented to the Royal Navy a first-class armored cruiser.

(Continued on Page 85)

Fry Guarantee Visible Pump

Stops Waste! Eradicates Error!!

The practical motorist finds it pays to seek out this pump for his gasoline. What he buys is all there in plain sight. He gets just what he pays for—exactly!

The Fry Guarantee Visible Pump cannot fail, go wrong or be inaccurate. All gasoline measurements are mechanically accurate.

That is why the prominent makers and sellers of gasoline have a high regard for this pump. They know its widely advertised, "full measure" patented feature is a decided sales advantage.

They know that satisfied customers mean increased gallonage. Are *you* alive to this condition?

Learn to recognize this pump and patronize the man who owns one. Millions do!

PHILIP GIES FOUNDRY
Canadian Manufacturer and Distributor
KITCHENER, ONTARIO

Guarantee Liquid Measure Co.
Rochester, Pennsylvania

"Always Accurate"

Fry Guarantee Visible Pump

The HOOD "WHITE ARROW" Cord

Now that tires are sold like other things

The reputation and experience of the manufacturer is now the buying guide.

Back in 1905, when cars in some volume were placed on the road, tires were an experiment. Service was a gamble. To insure value the manufacturer furnished the consumer with a guarantee. For approximately ten years cars developed faster than tires could be developed to care for the increasing weight and speed.

But during and since the war with the advent of improved manufacturing methods, more knowledge of rubber compounding, and with the introduction of the cord tire, properly built tires have become one of the most dependable automobile accessories in use.

The Hood factory has been in operation for twenty-six years. Today it covers approximately 1,400,000 square feet of floor space. It employs approximately 8500 people. It was one of the first to maintain a scientific laboratory and experimental department.

It has been one of the leaders in the development of rubber products for the past twenty years. Hood products today are distributed to all corners of the world and the name Hood is widely known to stand for first quality in design, material and workmanship.

You can rely upon Hood tires. The trademark HOOD warrants them as near perfect as it is possible to produce. You will make no mistake in trying a Hood White Arrow Cord.

At the Sign of the HOOD Service Man

Hood Rubber Products Co., Inc., Watertown, Massachusetts

Manufacturers of rubber products for more than a quarter of a century. For Summer comfort — Hood Canvas Shoe — Ask your shoeman

(Continued from Page 82)

On the military side, at the invitation of the Dominions, Sir John French had visited Canada, and Lord Kitchener, Australia and New Zealand, to inspect and advise upon the future organization of their forces; and in all three cases the recommendations made were adopted by the local governments and parliaments, and were being carried into effect.

It follows that when the next imperial conference was held in London, in the spring of 1911, a new stage had been reached, and the relations between these growing and reorganized Dominion forces, both naval and military, and the Imperial navy and army, and the parts whether in the way of attack or defense, which they would respectively be called upon to play in the event of war, presented a number of problems which urgently called for joint consultation and concerted conclusions.

I accordingly summoned the Dominion delegates to a full gathering of the Committee of Imperial Defence, in preparation for which a number of carefully-thought-out memoranda had been circulated in advance. The first meeting was held on May 26, 1911, and its composition was so remarkable both in personal and in representative character that it deserves to be recalled. In addition to the principal members of the imperial cabinet and the experts of the fighting services, there were present five prime ministers from overseas—Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Mr. Fischer, Sir Joseph Ward, General Botha, and Sir Edward Morris—each accompanied by one or more of his colleagues; and Lord Kitchener.

It was impossible to lay the serious problems which confronted us before a body of greater experience and authority.

I asked Sir Edward Grey to preface its deliberations by an exposition, comprehensive and strictly confidential, of the international situation.

Sir Edward Grey's statement was so full and frank, and has such a close bearing not only upon the matters then before the committee but upon the whole of our prewar policy, that I do not hesitate to reproduce at length some of its salient passages.

The starting point, I imagine, of the consultation which we are now going to have on foreign policy and the foreign situation is really the creation and growing strength of separate fleets and forces in the Dominions of which the prime minister has just given some account. It is possible to have separate fleets in a united empire, but it is not possible to have separate fleets in a united empire without having a common foreign policy which shall determine the action of the different forces maintained in different parts of the empire. If the action of the forces in different parts of the empire is determined by divergent views of foreign policy it is obvious that there cannot be union, and that the empire would not consent to share an unlimited liability, the risks of which it cannot gauge, because this liability would be imposed upon it by different parts of the empire having different policies. Therefore the first point I want to make is this, that the creation of separate fleets has made it essential that the foreign policy of the empire should be a common policy. If it is to be a common policy it is obviously one on which the Dominions must be taken into consultation, which they must know, which they must understand, and which they must approve; and it is in the hope and belief that the foreign policy of this country does command the assent and the approval, and is so reasonable that it must command the assent and approval of the Dominions, that we wish to have a consultation, and I wish to explain, as fully as I can, the present situation of foreign affairs.

That is much better done at the Committee of Imperial Defence than at the conference itself, first of all because there must be absolute secrecy. For two reasons there must be absolute secrecy: Our foreign policy really is anything but a Machiavellian one; it is most simple and straightforward, as I hope will appear in the course of what I have to say; but at the same time you cannot show the whole of your hand openly to the rest of the world, which is not showing its hand to you. That is one reason for having it absolutely secret. In the next place, you cannot deal with the foreign policy of this country without also discussing somewhat freely your opinion of the foreign policy and views of other countries, and they even more dislike having their foreign policy canvassed in public than we ourselves do.

I shall try to bring out—especially with regard to our European policy—that what really determines the foreign policy of this country is the question of sea power. It is the naval question which underlies the whole of our European foreign policy, and more than our European foreign policy; but I will deal with the foreign policy in Europe first, and try to bring out that point.

Sir E. Grey then gave a brief sketch of our relations with other great powers of Europe since 1892; illustrated the constant friction that went on while we were in isolation, particularly with France and Russia, "who were supposed to be the restless powers"; and showed how the two agreements, of 1904 and 1907, which constituted the Entente, had transformed for the better our relations with those two countries, at the cost, no doubt, of considerable jealousy in Germany, with whom the "diplomatic atmosphere was not so good as it was before."

We are most anxious to keep on the best of terms with Germany. I believe she is also genuinely anxious to be on good terms with us, and we smooth over the matters which arise between us without difficulty. . . . But we must make it a cardinal condition in all our negotiations with Germany that if we come to any understanding of a public kind which puts us on good relations with Germany it must be an understanding which must not put us back into the old bad relations with France and Russia. That means to say that if we publicly make friendship with Germany it must be a friendship in which we take our existing friends in Europe with us, and to which they become parties. It must also be clear that, side by side with that, it will become equally apparent that there is no chance of a disturbance of the peace between Germany and France or Germany and Russia. That is what I mean by taking our friends with us into any new friendship into which we may go.

There is no danger, no appreciable danger, of our being involved in any considerable trouble in Europe, unless there is some power, or group of powers, in Europe which has the ambition of achieving what I would call the Napoleonic policy. That would be a policy on the part of the strongest power in Europe, or of the strongest group of powers in Europe, of first of all separating the other powers outside their own group from each other, taking them in detail, crushing them singly if need be, and forcing each into the orbit of the policy of the strongest power, or of the strongest group of powers. Now, if any policy of that sort was pursued by any power, it could only be pursued by the strongest power, or the strongest group of powers in Europe at the moment. The moment it was pursued, the moment the weakest powers in Europe were assailed, either by diplomacy or by force, one by one they would appeal to us to help them.

I may say at once we are not committed by entanglements which tie our hands. Our hands are free, and I have nothing to disclose as to our being bound by any alliances, which is not known to all the world at the present time. But I do feel this very strongly, that if such a situation should arise, and there was a risk of all the powers, or a group of powers, acquiring such a dominating position in Europe that on the continent of Europe it would be the arbiter not only of peace and war but of the diplomacy of all the other powers of Europe, and if while that process was going on we were appealed to for help, and sat by and looked on and did nothing, then people ought to realize that the result would be one great combination in Europe, outside which we should be left without a friend. If that was the result, then the naval situation would be this, that if we meant to keep the command of the sea we should have to estimate as a probable combination against us of fleets in Europe not two powers but five powers.

Now, that is the situation, and that is why I say, though I do not think there is any prospect that one can reasonably see at the present moment of our being involved in serious trouble in Europe, it is possible that under such extreme conditions as I have named the question might arise as to whether we ought to take part by force in European affairs, and if we did, it would be solely because sea power, and the necessity of keeping the command of the sea, was the underlying cause and motive of our action. So long as the maintenance of sea power and the maintenance and control of sea communication is the underlying motive of our policy in Europe, it is obvious how that is a common interest between us here at home and all the Dominions.

The cause of anxiety now in public opinion here as regards Germany arises entirely from the question of German naval expenditure, which is very considerable, which may be increased, and which, if it is increased, will produce an impression on the world at large that the object of Germany is to build a fleet which shall be bigger than the British fleet, and, if people once get that impression, they will say that can only be done with one object, which is the object of eventually taking the command of the sea from us. Therefore it is on naval expenditures that we have been trying especially to come to some agreement, if we can, with the German Government; such an agreement will make it clear that there is no rivalry between the two nations. It is an exceedingly difficult matter to deal with, because Germany feels it due to herself to have a large navy, and no one can but feel that that is perfectly natural on her part; but we shall do our utmost to insure that as far as we can it shall be made plain that, though we must build if Germany builds, we are quite ready to give every possible guaranty that can be given that we are building with no aggressive purpose, and, indeed, so far as Germany is concerned, we could not build a fleet with any aggressive purpose so long as we keep our army within its present small dimensions. Because Germany, with her powerful army, if she had a fleet bigger than the British fleet, obviously

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could not only defeat us at sea but could be in London in a very short time with her army. But however much our fleet is superior to the German fleet, however much we defeat the German fleet, with the army which we have, we could never commit a serious aggression by ourselves upon German territory.

Sir E. Grey proceeded to describe our extra-European interests and our relations with extra-European powers, especially in regard to the Bagdad Railway, where we were only concerned with securing free and equal treatment for our goods, and with seeing that the strategic situation in the Persian Gulf should not be altered to our prejudice; in regard to Persia, where happily, owing to the Anglo-Russian Agreement, both the imperial government and the Government of India were free from the apprehension of conflict and friction with Russia; and lastly in regard to Japan, with whom it was proposed to extend our Treaty of Alliance for an additional six years -that is, until 1921—with the important modification that it should be definitely stated that the alliance should not entail upon us, or upon Japan, any obligation to go to war with a power with which we have a general arbitration treaty.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. Asquith. The next will appear in an early issue.

CAN EUROPE PAY HER DEBTS?

(Continued from Page 21)

action of our debt-funding commission lay two thoughts. The financial history of the world indicates that it is unwise for government obligations to bear a rate of interest materially higher than the going rate of interest on good commercial paper. Following all wars the interest charges of bonds have been reduced in refunding operations to the level of going rates. It was felt both fair and wise to have the rate of interest to be paid us roughly in line with probable commercial rates of interest. Against the war loans stand our several Liberty Loans bearing interest at 4.25 per cent. These bonds are subject to refunding before maturity. Since these bonds cannot be paid off within their dates of maturity out of the proceeds of the foreign payments, they will probably be refunded, because we shall not feel like paying them off out of taxes. When refunded, this will be done at lower rates of interest—3 or 3.5 per cent.

Any saving by such refunding applies directly to the paper loss of the British agreement. If all the war debts are funded after the fashion of the British settlement the paper loss will be some $2,000,000,000. So far as this loss is not recovered in refunding operations, it represents a cancellation of war debt. Perhaps this cancellation will serve to satisfy the *amour propre* of the high-minded cancellationists.

The recovery of sterling, if maintained, has the effect for Great Britain of diminishing the debt to the extent of over £400,000,000. When the British bonds are at par the government can sell them to investors and close the transaction. Apart from out-and-out cancellationists to the left and extreme irreconcilables to the right, the mass of people of the country regard the settlement of the war debts as a practical and reasonable adjustment of large obligations under complex and difficult economic conditions in the world.

What are the war loans of Great Britain?

Armenia	£ 877,219
Austria	12,11[illegible]
Belgium	[illegible],000,000
Belgian Congo	3,750,000
Czecho-Slovakia	2,477,828
Dominions of the British Empire	150,462,113
Esthonia	254,[illegible]
France	584,892,483
Greece	21,478,437
Hungary	128,705
Italy	505,000,000
Latvia	3,169
Lithuania	168,2[illegible]
Poland	4,012,985
Portugal	10,444,000
Rumania	24,345,000
Russia	650,140,[illegible]
Serbo-Croat-Slovene	20,897,561
Total	£2,617,219,[illegible]54

These figures are as of March 31, 1922. Subtracting from this sum the amount due from Great Britain to the United States on December fifteenth—namely, $4,604,128,085.74, computed into sterling at 4.84 leaves as the net war loans of Great Britain roughly £1,065,953,000, plus accrued interest from March 31 to December 15, 1922. This is the sum due Great Britain in excess of the sum due from her to the United States. The loans to the British Dominions ought not to be included in the foreign war loans of Great Britain. Subtracting these, we find her owing the United States some £951,266,000 and having claims on the named states in the sum of £915,432,000. The loans to the war-succession states were roundly £19,000,000, less than a third of the corresponding loans of the United States. British sentiment has never been strong for the succession states of Central and Eastern Europe.

What was the origin and purpose of the Balfour note?

According to the talk in the clubs of London, the idea originated with the British Ambassador to the United States. He sold the idea to Mr. Lloyd George. The Prime Minister turned it over to Earl Balfour for the approved diction of the Foreign Office. If this story is true it proves three things: How completely a Briton can misunderstand the United States; how avidly Lloyd George seizes an international gold brick; and how ill adapted the approved diction of the Foreign Office is to ears on the Continent and in the United States.

The Balfour note was a shotgun prescription. It was aimed in three directions. It was supposed to pass the buck to us, to place us in the execrable situation of being the stumblingblock to the economic stabilization of the world, the sinister contrast to the white generosity of Great Britain. It was designed to serve as a warning to France, Belgium and Italy that the obligations termed worthless by the eminent economists of Great Britain were to be collected if the payment of the debts of the solvent Great Britain were enforced. Either the United States was the club to strike the Allies, or the Allies were the club to strike the United States. The very thing for which Great Britain reproved France in relation to Germany she practiced on France in the Balfour note.

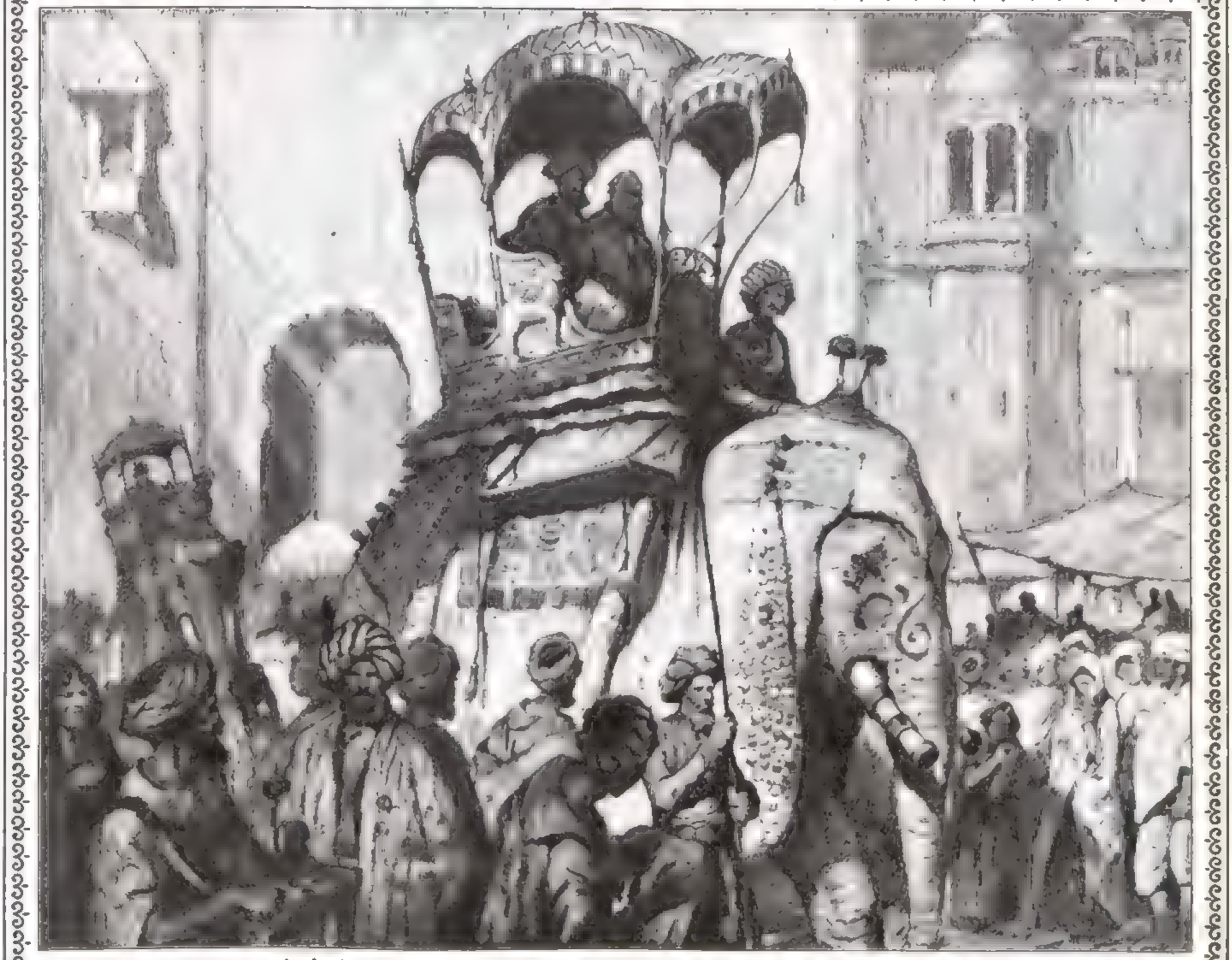
The note was aimed lastly at the British working masses and middle classes. The adroit Prime Minister wanted to convince these voting constituents that the government was making a most valiant international struggle to reduce the tax burdens. Failure in every direction! The French, Belgians and Italians were neither impressed nor frightened. The government of Lloyd George soon fell for lack of support in Parliament. In the United States the note provoked a sneer from the anti-British pro-Irish, a smile from the well informed, and regret on the part of the large pro-British population. In truth, the note was an Anglo-American calamity.

What form of payment is to be expected from Great Britain?

It is not to be anticipated that as the result of the debt settlement Great Britain will increase her exports compared with her imports of goods by the sum of the payments. Since the international account of Great Britain is positive by more than the sum due us, she can pick and choose modes of payment. She will not pay in added goods; rather in proceeds of other resources. The payments will be made largely in gold, though some will come in shipping The world's production of gold is now rising from £70,000,000 a year and is expected to return to the prewar level of nearly £100,000,000, or roughly $500,000,000. Two-thirds of this gold is produced in the British Empire, and is therefore a domestic metallic commodity and appears on the London market. The payment to us is $160,000,000 to $170,000,000 a year—half, or less than half, the new British gold. So long as sterling lies below the dollar it is profitable for South Africa to sell the gold in New York for dollars and with the dollars buy sterling exchange. In paying us out of this gold Britain transfers commercial gold there into governmental gold here.

The dollar will fall compared with the pound so long as the United States is the only market for gold. Transfer of gold tends to make prices higher here and lower

(Continued on Page 89)



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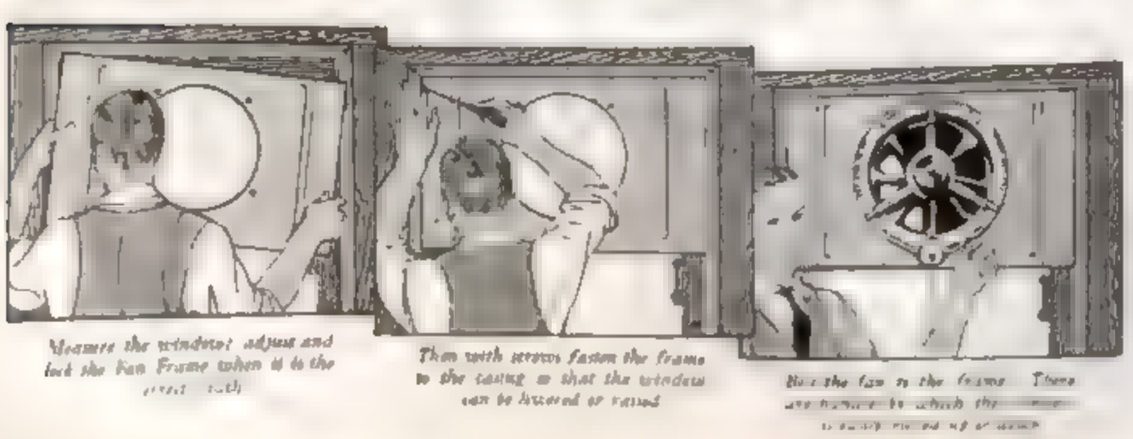

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Then with screws fasten the frame to the casing so that the window can be lowered or raised

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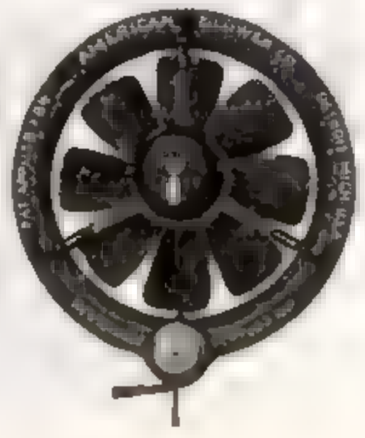

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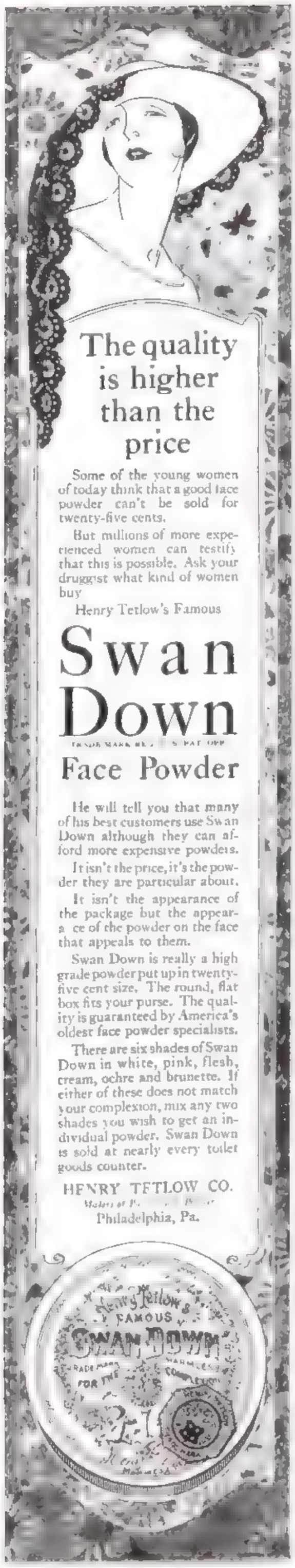
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(Continued from Page 86)

over there. It depresses the dollar and raises the pound sterling. The higher valuation of the dollar is favorable when we buy abroad, but unfavorable when we sell. Driving our prices higher and holding British prices lower aids British foreign trade and injures ours. It is agreed that accumulation of gold reserve here tends to inflation and to raise prices. Then, of course, it is to the advantage of British interests to make payments to us in gold.

At the same time that Great Britain makes payments to us in gold we may expect to see her seek fresh foreign investments in our country. She has capital to export, and some of it will come here. We may send out this gold to balance our trade with other countries, outside of Europe, if our huge volume of tropical imports continues to increase. In effect this would amount to Great Britain paying her debt to us in terms of tropical materials. Indeed, it seems likely that later she will pay her debt largely roundabout, through gold, with rubber and petroleum. But we may expect her to make the payments to us in gold, leaving with us the gold to balance our excess of imports in the trade with tropical countries. We offer to accept payment with United States bonds. Great Britain may find it advisable to pay with them, when they can be got below par, and this will tend to advance them to par.

Assuming that the British payments will be made largely in gold, and to a lesser extent only in services and goods, in what forms may the payments of the other countries be expected to appear?

Part of the payments will be in the form of exchange taken to Europe by tourists or sent over by immigrants. American investments will provide some of the means of payment. As Goodenough puts it: "I think that America will, partly from choice and partly from force of circumstances, adopt a permanent policy of foreign investments, just as Great Britain has done in the past." Goods will represent the rest. No one can forecast the exact outcome. We must expect goods in payment in part. Some of these goods will not be competitive with ours. Our takings of tropical raw materials are increasing rapidly and in advance of the rate of growth of our population.

Part of the goods will be competitive with ours. This competition must be met and not deplored; it is a part of the inevitable international trade. If these goods prove superior to ours in quality or price they would come anyway, debt payments or not. That these goods will to any considerable extent prove to be a dumping, with extinguishment of our industry, is a scare cry. There is no basis for it in trade experience. The balance of trade of last year does not justify the direful, if gratuitous, predictions of Mr. Baldwin, the chairman of the British Debt Commission. American manufacturers must take their chances in the home market as well as in the foreign market; and these competitive chances may well prove to be little different with debt payment from what they would have been without debt payment. The idea that cancellation means booming exports and declining imports is too simple.

Do the several debtors in Europe stand in the same position?

Quite the contrary. The European debtor states fall into four groups. In the first group is Great Britain, which has never had to face the problem of ability to pay, being merely concerned with ways and means among several alternatives. In the second group are three countries that cannot be expected to repay our loans—Austria, Hungary and Greece. In the third group are a number of smaller states that are solvent in resources and require only a little time to perfect the appliances—Finland, the East Baltic States, Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Rumania and the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes. In the fourth group are the three Allies around whom the chief difficulties rotate—France, Belgium and Italy.

The four groups are separated by natural historic and economic distinctions. Each country must be judged by its budget, balance of merchandise trade and state of international account—that is, the balance of total trade. The static wealth of the country is of less importance than the earning capacity in international terms. Great Britain went into the war a very, very rich creditor nation, and came out a very rich creditor nation. France went into the war a rich creditor nation and came out a debtor nation. Belgium was less a creditor nation than France, but came out less a debtor nation. Italy went into the war a debtor nation and came out a much more deeply debtor nation.

There are also political changes that have a meaning for economics. Belgium has not attained a changed international position as the result of the war. But the other Allies have risen to higher international status.

The war has re-created the British Empire, raised France to the dominant position on the Continent and made Italy, free of the menace of the Hapsburgs, the dominant power of Southeastern Europe.

Regarding Central Europe—the area between Russia and Western Europe—as a unit, what are the prospects of collection?

The sum of the external debts of Finland, the East Baltic States, Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Austria, Hungary, Rumania, Jugo-Slavia and Greece to the United States, Great Britain, France and Italy respectively is about $440,000,000, £103,000,000, 4,700,000,000 francs, and 725,000,000 lire. It does not seem possible to regard the debts of Austria, Hungary or Greece as collectable or payable. The debts of the others are recoverable and will be paid if properly funded, provided peace is maintained in Europe. The amount of our loans to Central European countries regarded as recoverable is some $400,000,000, the amount believed to be unrecoverable is about $40,000,000.

In what way do these countries, whose abilities to pay their foreign debts seem established, differ from Belgium, France and Italy?

For Finland, the East Baltic States, Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Rumania and Jugo-Slavia the demonstrable production of goods is large enough to give them a positive balance of merchandise trade, including in the case of the East Baltic States the services in transit that are a part of their geographical situation. Thus the international account is positive and possession of foreign bills of exchange assured. It may take a few years for production to be elevated to this plane, but the plane is well within the natural potentials of these countries.

Belgium, Italy and France have little in their history to suggest that exports of goods can be made regularly to exceed imports. With these countries, therefore, the problem is to find resources in services or other incomes wherewith the international account may be made and kept positive. Naturally, the more production is augmented and consumption repressed, the less the negative margin between imports and exports to be covered with invisible resources. But essentially the ability of these countries to pay revolves about invisible resources rather than about excess of exports of goods over imports.

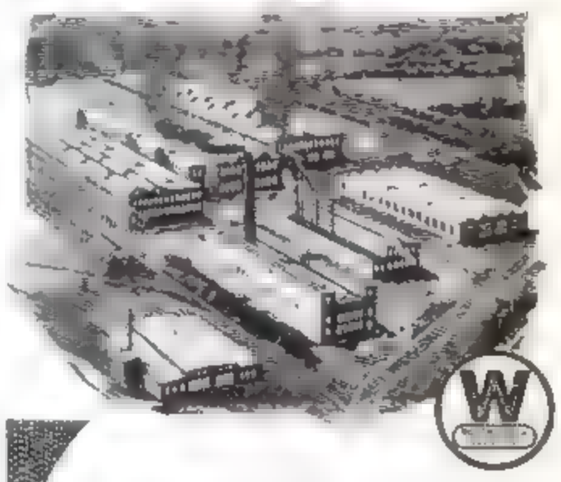
Have the European debtor countries classified their debts into series of priorities?

Legally, there are few established priorities; in fact, many exist. Bonds sold in France for reconstruction carry better terms than the older internal bonds, amounting to priority. Many of the relief loans enjoy stipulated priorities. When flotation of a new series of bonds for Austria was undertaken in accordance with the League of Nations scheme of control some £7,000,000 of old loans had to be included, because the holders were not willing to waive priority. In prewar history foreign loans commonly carried priority over domestic issues. Had Germany won the war her loans to her allies would have enjoyed priority over the domestic debts of those countries. In general, a country borrowing from the government of another country expects to have such obligations placed in a different category from the common run of national debts.

Viewed from the standpoint of internal equity, how should the governmental obligations of the Allied countries in Europe be ranged?

Bonds for repair of devastation of war, pension claims, debt to the United States, European foreign debt, internal debt. In like manner should the debts of Germany be ranged—reparation, foreign debt, reconstruction of devastation, pension claims, internal debt. The first obligation of Germany should be to the Allies in payment of reparation. The first debt obligation of

Westinghouse



Westinghouse, on its great plant at Lester, Pa. (part of which is illustrated above), and on many of its buildings at other places, has used nearly one million square feet of

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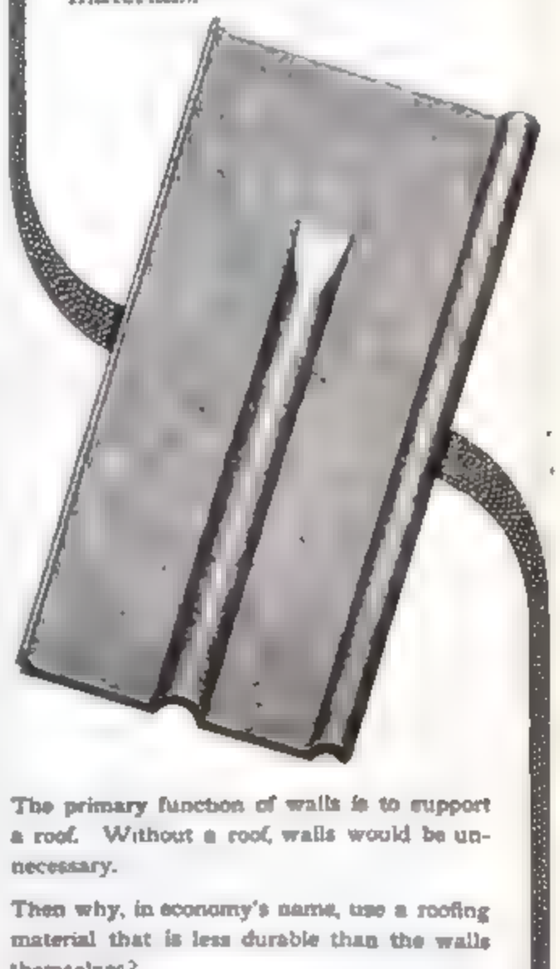

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Then why, in economy's name, use a roofing material that is less durable than the walls themselves?

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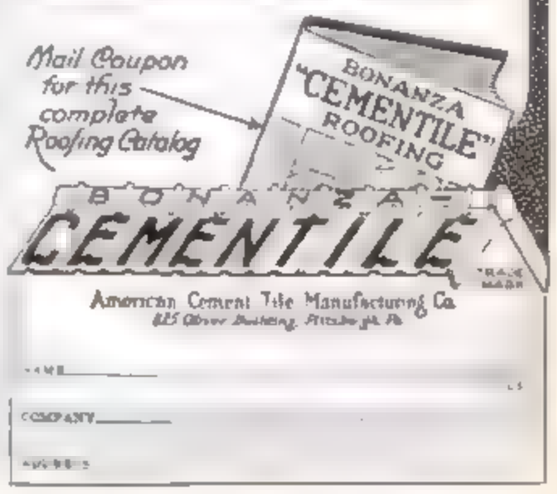

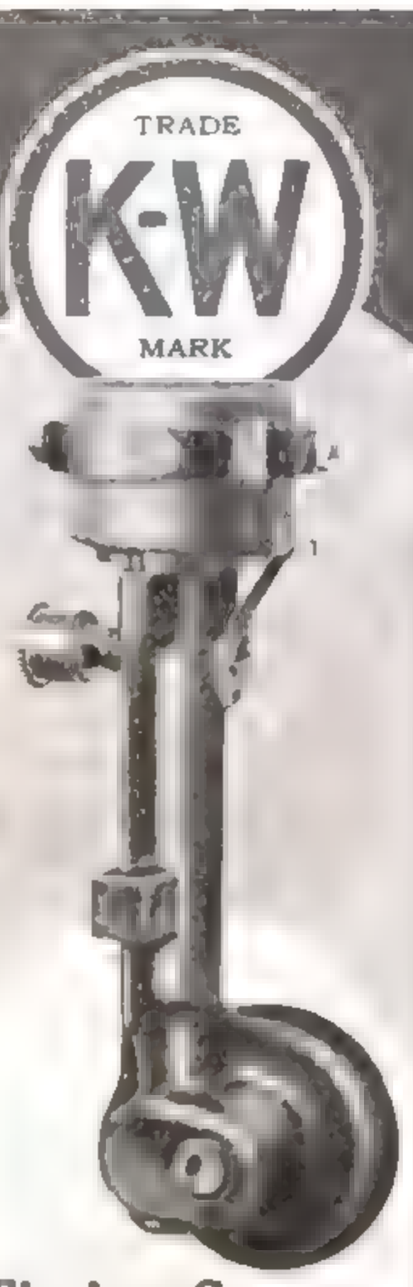

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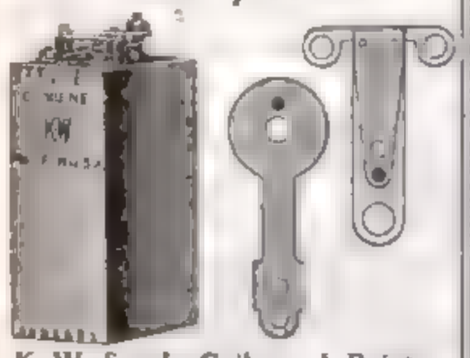

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the European Allies should be payment of the American debt.

What is the reason for placing the debts of the Allies to the United States above their debts to each other?

The United States was outside the concert of Europe and entered the war at a decisive moment, which act was a most particular undertaking that placed us in a special class. In strict conformity with this position, we took no participation in the division of territorial distribution or reparation from Germany. The service of our loans deserves particularization. To quote from the report of the Secretary of the Treasury for the fiscal year 1919: "Without this aid to the Allied governments, the war unquestionably would have been prolonged, if not lost, with the resultant great additional cost in life and treasure."

Following the close of the war, before the subject of cancellation became a controversy, Allies and enemy agreed that the entry of the United States into the war encompassed the defeat of the Central Powers. There was no stint in our financial advances. We made loans to cover expenditures made before our entry into the war and in payment of outlays after the war was over, and not connected with military equipment. The loans to the Allies were less than a fourth of our war outlay.

Certainly, the United States is entitled to occupy an exceptional position in the matter of finance, since our position was exceptional throughout. If the Allies can pay their war debts at all we should enjoy priority. Nor should this be a matter of demand by us; it should have been a proffer by the Allied nations. These countries should contrast what they owe us with what they would have owed the Central Powers if we had not entered the war. We have first claim on the savings of the Allied countries, the fruits of the national autonomies, to the continued existence of which we contributed so much.

If the war losses of Europe are such that no war debts are to be paid, as is the case with Austria, then we stand our losses. But if war debts are to be paid, then holders of our war loans and our taxpayers have prior claim over European holders of war loans and European taxpayers. Today every country in Europe is dealing with every other country on the basis of self-interest—enlightened, we trust, but still self-interest. Our actions should be founded on the premises of self-interest.

What is the situation of Finland?

Finland is a new nation, with the advantages and disadvantages of a fresh start in an abnormal world. The population is about 3,500,000, not counting refugees. The foreign debt is about $74,000,000, reckoned in par. The debt to us is about $9,250,000. The debts to Allies are small, less than 90,000,000 francs to France and under £2,000,000 to Great Britain. The largest debts are to the Scandinavian countries—some 140,000,000 kroner. Finland owes Germany some 23,000,000 marks. The internal debt, funded and floating at the end of 1922 was some 1,160,000,000 marks. The note circulation is under 1,500,000,000 marks, the gold reserve is 33,000,000. The foreign debt stands prior to the internal debt.

Finland has large resources, and if the republic remains undisturbed by Russia and Sweden the country should become prosperous. The bitter civil war of 1918 has left the people in the frame of mind of a chastened and moderate democracy. Agriculture is highly developed, especially in animal husbandry. The fishing is extensive. The forest resources are very large and manufacture of wood products is being rapidly developed. The state owns monopolies in alcohol, yeast, railways and forests, and also in industrial undertakings. Shipping gives promise of growth. Immigrant remittances are received in moderate amount. The Finnish state, once stabilized, should show a positive balance of merchandise trade and a positive balance of international account.

In 1922, the state budget was in balance and the exports exceeded the imports in value, 4,461,000,000 marks against 3,953,000,000.

There is no reason, outside of politics and militarism, why Finland should not fund her debt to us and pay it off in a few decades. Our loans were made at the most critical time in the period of reconstruction of the new state, averting starvation to hundreds of thousands, and this loan should stand as the first lien against the revenues of the state applied to the foreign account, following the redemption of some $9,000,000 of other foreign debts that fall due in 1925.

What is the situation in Esthonia?

The republic of Esthonia has had a difficult start in life. The population is about 1,500,000, containing few foreign elements. The foreign debt is largely to us. The debt to Great Britain is only £250,000, to France some 10,000,000 francs, the debt to the United States about $16,000,000. These debts all mature before 1925 and will need to be refunded. The internal debt, funded and floating, is only 38,000,000 marks. The note circulation is nearly 3,000,000,000 marks; that will not be redeemed. The country has moderately rich agricultural resources and large timberlands. The nation has passed through the throes of a land settlement, with rather extensive parcellation of the lands.

Operated efficiently, the country should be self-sustaining in foodstuffs. Considerable flax is raised and the spinning industry is extensive; shipping is important; the transit trade with Russia was large and will be so again when Russia is reopened. On the basis of prewar data, the goods and services contributed by Esthonia should exceed the imports required by her. This is not now the case. The political stability of the little country is uncertain. A reconstructed Russia may not relish an independent Esthonia guarding the entrance to the Bay of Finland, with the only ice-free port on that water. The internal conditions leave much to be desired, since class feeling is apparently stronger than nationalism.

Last year the state budget was still a little out of balance and imports exceeded exports by a small amount. If the economic potentials of the country are realized the foreign debt will constitute no burden.

What is the situation in Latvia?

Few countries in Europe suffered more from war and Bolshevism. The population of the republic is about 2,000,000, of which three-fourths are Letts, the remainder being Russians, Germans, Poles, Lithuanians and Jews. In Russia are 500,000 refugee Letts. The principal resources are agriculture, though the cities were highly industrialized and shipping very important, especially for the transit trade. The large estates have been divided into peasant holdings. The prewar capital of the urban industries was German and Russian mainly, and this is no longer present. There is considerable timber and excellent peat. The present earnings of Latvia are greatly below par.

The foreign debt is small. To Great Britain is due £20,000, to France 3,000,000 francs, to Norway a little under 7,000,000 kroner, and to the United States nearly $6,000,000. All these obligations fall due before 1926 and will have to be refunded. The internal debt, funded and floating, is some 16,000,000 rubles. The note circulation is some 2,500,000,000 Latvian rubles, of which nearly half is covered by a form of treasury bill. This is a small national debt if the productivity of the area can be restored. In all likelihood Latvia will require fresh capital for purposes of reconstruction. One British concern has already put nearly £1,000,000 into the country in return for commercial concessions. The goods and services of the country before the war were well balanced, and under conditions of efficient operation should display a positive balance.

State expenditures exceeded revenues slightly in 1922 and imports still exceed exports. Flax, leather and alcohol are state monopolies. If the independence of the country is maintained and industry restored Latvia will pay her foreign debt eventually, but not much is to be expected during the next decade or two.

Latvia, like Esthonia, and to a less extent Lithuania, is so situated that she would naturally belong to a federated Russian state if such a bona-fide federation were to be established. That is the result of geography and economics. Ethnically and religiously, the Letts, like the Esthonians, Lithuanians and Finns, are not related to the Slavs.

What is the situation in Lithuania?

Lithuania, within the boundaries defined in the treaty of peace with Russia, has a population of something more than 4,000,000. Nearly half these, however, are

Continued on Page 92

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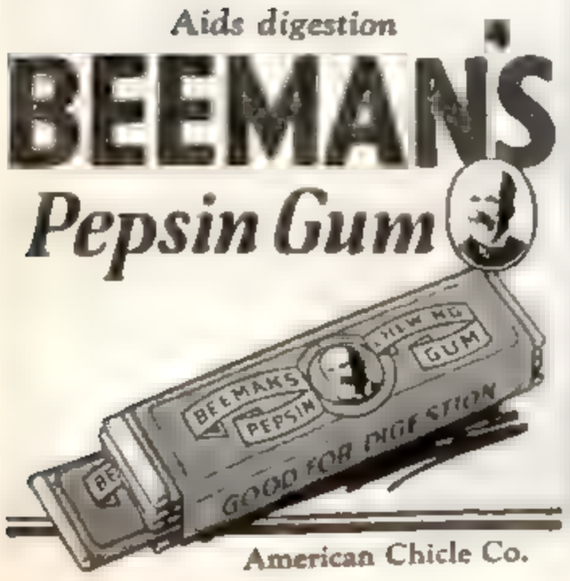

American Chicle Co.

(Continued from Page 90)

outside the present jurisdiction of the government of the republic, being under the jurisdiction of Poland, Latvia and the League of Nations. The country was fearfully ravaged in the Great War and during the war with Soviet Russia. The population of the ethnographic Lithuania is very mixed, containing many Letts, White Russians, Poles, Germans and Jews. It is primarily an agricultural country, producing excellent crops of small grain, roots and flax, with considerable numbers of domesticated animals and poultry. The forest area is large and productive. The large estates are being subdivided into small peasant tracts. The urban industries are but slightly developed.

Unless Memel is delivered to the Lithuanians, the country has no seaport. The navigation of the River Niemen was placed under international control by the Treaty of Versailles. The country has had no currency but the emergency East-mark, created by the German Army of Occupation during the war. The new currency has just been installed. All neighboring currencies are in circulation, thus avoiding the use of the printing press. The domestic debt is some 69,000,000 marks. The foreign debt is small—less than $6,000,000 to the United States, £17,000 to Great Britain, 4,000,000 francs to France and 116,000,000 marks to Germany, the last tied up in a future negotiation, and from this Lithuania may escape.

All the foreign debts will soon demand refunding. The state budget is not yet balanced and imports still exceed exports. The little country would be self-supporting if boundaries she claims are recognized. If the claims of Poland, Latvia and Germany prevail there will be little left of the new republic. The capacity to pay the foreign debts apparently stands or falls with the contests over boundaries. Given autonomy in the boundaries claimed by her, Lithuania should be able to pay her foreign debt within a few decades. Against Germany and Poland, the little country is weak. In the long view, federation with Russia or with the other East Baltic States would seem the best economic outcome.

What is the situation in Poland?

Poland may be defined as a country of large resources without a monetary system. The population of the republic is some 28,000,000. Of this number probably a fourth are non-Poles, minorities that are protected by special clauses in the Treaty of Versailles. These minorities include Jews, Germans, Lithuanians, White Russians and Ukrainians. Their behavior represents a political problem, since the bloc of minorities, if maintained, may prove to be the controlling faction in the national diet. The situation is made worse by the fact that the Polish majority is often divided against itself. The Poles of Congress Poland, Galicia and Posen are united on the subject of the restoration of the ancient Polish state, but often divided on the methods of the government of reunited Poland. The nationalists are agrarian, the capitalists largely Germans and Jews.

Poland was marched over seven times during the World War, and suffered later from Bolshevist invasion, of which the van once gazed on the defenses of Warsaw. The resources of the Polish parts of Russia, Germany and Austria were not developed harmoniously; like the railroads, the development was centrifugal instead of centripetal, so to speak. Reunited, the Polish state now finds that the three parts do not function well in cooperation, and extensive new construction of railways will need to be accomplished before the resources of the country can be developed to full advantage.

The Poles lack experience in management, long denied them by Germany and Russia. Capacity does not proceed directly from patriotism, and Poland is in for a long period of experimental development of governmental capacity. She has apparently only two friends among the nations—France and the United States. With Lithuanians, Ukrainians and Czechs the Poles are not on good terms. The loss of Posen and part of Upper Silesia rankles in the German breast. The attitude of Russia is only tolerantly benevolent. Perhaps the worst phase of the foreign relations of Poland is the attitude of Great Britain, which has apparently adopted the outspoken and unreserved hostility to Poland that characterized the policy of Lloyd George. So far as economic progress is dependent on political relations, within and without, the new republic of Poland would appear to be in for a hard time. Against this, they have a high degree of native talent.

The Polish finances are in a chaotic condition. The external debt includes borrowings from a long list of countries. In rounded figures:

United States	$153,000,000
France (including 400,000,000 francs recently lent)	1,185,000,000 francs
Switzerland	80,000,000 francs
Sweden	173,000,000 kroner
Norway	18,000,000 kroner
Denmark	46,000,000 kroner
Holland	19,000,000 florins
Italy	75,000,000 lire
United Kingdom	£4,000,000

The loan of the United Kingdom indicates the political policy of that government. Poland is paying no interest, many of these obligations approach maturity, and all will demand refunding. The dollar value of the foreign debt at par of exchanges is about $430,000,000—not heavy for the population.

Poland also has other external debts of unknown dimensions. Under the provisions of the treaty of peace, Poland is to take over a proportional share of the debts of Austria and Prussia. The prewar Galician debt is already in the Polish internal debt. The prewar debt of the old Austrian Empire was over 12,000,000,000 crowns. The prewar debt of Prussia was over 8,000,000,000 marks, incurred largely for purchase of state railways that after the Armistice were sold to the German Reich. The exact responsibility of Posen and Galicia for the prewar debts of Prussia and Austria, the values to be set for the mark and crown, and the modalities of payment remain to be determined by negotiations. Certainly Germany will try to unload as much debt on Poland as possible; Austria will be less insistent.

The internal debt, funded and floating, is something over 30,000,000,000 marks, possibly nearer 40,000,000,000, at this writing. Most of the bills of the floating debt are rather loosely drawn. Less than half the internal debt is really funded. The line separating floating debt from note issue is not sharply defined.

The note circulation at the close of 1922 was roundly 800,000,000,000 marks. It has been printed cheaply so as to burn easily. The gold reserve is 33,000,000 marks.

The great problem of Polish finance lies in the fact that she has practically no gold reserve. Lacking this, she is unable to stabilize the mark. The budget of the state exhibits enormous deficits every quarter. Political authority is so weak the Diet does not enact tax legislation. In A Revision of the Treaty, by Keynes, in his plan of settlement of reparations, he set aside 700,000,000 gold marks to form a metallic reserve for Poland, to be added to the present reserve of some 33,000,000 gold marks, to enable the state to effect a reorganization of currency. If the internal debts were redeemed at the rates of issues the sum could not be over $40,000,000; the present value is only $2,000,000. The paper money is predestined for the bonfire whenever the state is in position to reorganize the currency. If this were possible today the known external and internal debt of the country would be less than $400,000,000.

So long as the currency is not stabilized Poland can pay nothing. If, as and when the currency is established on a gold basis, Poland will find her debt well within her capacity. There are rich agricultural resources in Poland; one-half the population is agrarian. The soil produces large crops of rye, oats, barley, sugar beets and potatoes. There is an advanced animal husbandry, especially in Posen. The forest reserves are extensive. The mineral resources are very extensive. Galicia contains one of the three petroleum fields of Europe. Last year petroleum was 30 per cent of the exports. Silesian Poland is rich in iron, lead, zinc and coal; of the last, 40,000,000 to 50,000,000 tons can be raised per annum from the seams now opened. Poland has large textile mills, which before the war fabricated cottons in immense quantities for the Russian markets, Lódz and Warsaw being prominent among the textile cities of Europe.

Poland should be an export state in rye, potatoes, sugar, salt, poultry, animals, coal, petroleum, iron and zinc. Unless other cities take her prewar trade from her, Poland should be able to cover her cotton

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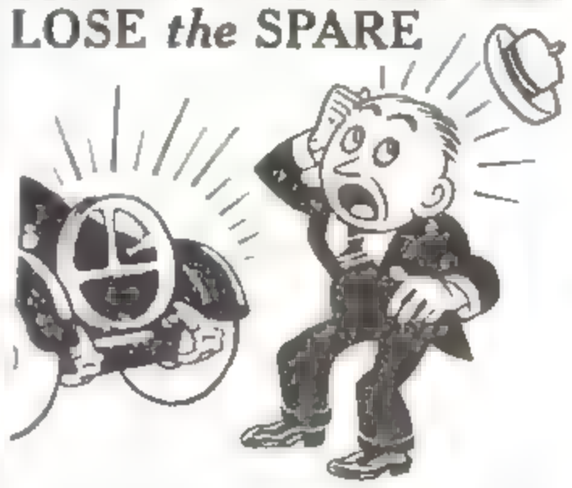

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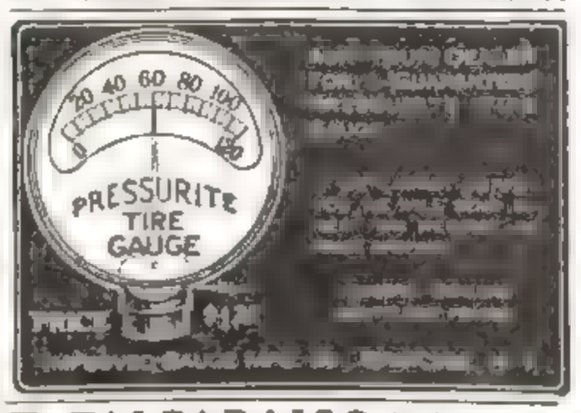

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needs by her finishing trade in cottons. She should show a heavy positive balance of merchandise trade. If one takes the areas that now compose Poland and estimates their production in the prewar period, there can be no question that a secured Poland should pay her foreign debts in a few decades. If the parts of Upper Silesia transferred from Germany to Poland by the treaty of peace are half as valuable as the Germans claim, Poland need have no fears for her revenues.

It is the political future of the country that is insecure. There are industrial troubles truly, the free port of Dantzig is not panning out according to forecasts and the Poles in Silesia are not behaving entirely as loyal Poles should. The corridor through Germany is a geographical monster; the island of Königsberg is converted into a colony. Next to reorganization of the currency, Poland needs peace. At present, still 30 per cent of the expenditures of the state are for military outlays. The exports are now but little more than half the imports in value. The balance is paid with immigrant remittances, largely from the United States. This corresponds to the state of relief. Once the capacities of the state are concentrated on internal rehabilitation, the economic future is assured. Poland, whose political existence was founded on foreign support, surely is under obligation to give her foreign debts priority over domestic debts.

What is the situation in Czecho-Slovakia?

Once assured of political independence, Czecho-Slovakia has a bright future. The country has an unfortunate size and shape; from the standpoint of military position German territory surrounds industrial Czecho-Slovakia like a nutcracker, while Hungary menaces the agricultural rear flank. Poland is none too friendly, but would not join Hungary in a flank attack. The political conduct of Czecho-Slovakia has been conciliatory toward Germany, and the relations of the two states are outwardly good. No sane Austrian looks upon Bohemia as an irredenta. So long as the policies of the Petite Entente toward Germany and Hungary are not flagrantly subversive of harmonious international relations Czecho-Slovakia ought to feel assured of political and territorial integrity.

The population of the country is about 14,000,000 if one includes Ruthenia, over which Czecho-Slovakia has a mandate, which is regarded by the Ukrainians with aversion. Of this population over 9,000,000 are Slavs. The important minorities are 3,500,000 Germans, largely in Bohemia, and 700,000 Magyars in Slovakia. Despite the location of Bohemia with reference to Bavaria and Austria, the German population of Bohemia has the characteristics of a Prussian colonization. The Magyars in Slovakia are largely of a higher social station than the natives, and may be expected to migrate when they are convinced the new state is permanent. The feelings of the Slovaks toward the Bohemian and Moravian cousins are not so cordial as might be desired; but the idea that Slovakians would prefer to return to Hungarian rule is sheer propaganda. The minorities have particular rights under the treaties and may be expected to combine, under the system of bloc politics, and blackmail the Slavs for concessions.

The foreign debt is owed entirely to ex-Allied countries, commercial obligations to Germany having been repaid. The sums are as follows, as of December, 1922, with accrued interest in part:

Great Britain	£2,500,000
United States	$106,300,000
France	126,000,000 francs
France	$ 1,200,000
Italy	180,000,000 lire

These loans were for support of military forces outside the boundaries of the present country during the war and for supplies since the Armistice. Flotation of a foreign commercial loan of £10,000,000 has been authorized, of which £3,300,000 and $14,000,000 have been issued, the rest to follow during the current year.

Under the treaties of peace, Czecho-Slovakia is liable for a share of the prewar debt of the old Austro-Hungarian Empire, estimated at some 4,000,000,000 crowns, and also a share of the liberation fund created for the Succession States, estimated at not over 750,000,000 gold francs. The state proposes to convert these debts into internal obligations by exchanging the securities for Czecho-Slovakian internal bonds, which has been done already to the extent of 1,000,000,000 crowns of the prewar debt. These obligations may therefore be included in the internal debt. As against these foreign debts, the country is to some extent a creditor, loans having been made to the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes and to Rumania. The extent of these loans is not large, but it produced a bad impression for the country to make political loans to allies in the Petite Entente while interest on the debt to the United States remained unpaid.

The internal debt at the close of 1922 was some 19,000,000,000 crowns, of which two-thirds is funded; the remainder is floating, and represents currency-reform outlays largely. Interest is being paid on the internal debt and the floating indebtedness is being paid off or funded. The note circulation at the close of 1922 was some 10,000,000,000 crowns, resting on a metallic reserve of something less than 70,000,000. It is the policy of the state to cover deficits by internal loans rather than by note inflation. The crown has been raised to a relatively high position by a conservative and consistent, if drastic, monetary policy.

In 1921 the state budget showed a deficit of some 750,000,000 crowns, with expenditures at 18,000,000,000 crowns. The estimate for 1922 was a little higher, the probable deficit something less than 1,000,000,000 crowns. The deficits have been due to allocations of money to local governments and to payment of national debt. Despite high outlays for military purposes, the budget for the last year would have been in balance if expenditures had been restricted to service charges and current needs. It is expected that the budget for 1923 will balance.

Czecho-Slovakia had a positive balance of merchandise trade in 1921 and 1922. The largest items were coal, coke, timber, sugar, iron goods, glassware and porcelains, but with many other diversified exports. In 1922 the weight of exports was three times that of imports. The famous Pilsen beer does not run into much export money.

Czecho-Slovakia has very rich resources and efficiently diversified industries. Bohemia and Moravia are largely industrial, Slovakia mostly agricultural. The country is self-supporting in foodstuffs, being an import state in bread grain, corn and barley, an export state in sugar, potatoes, hops and animal products, including leatherwares that rank high in export markets. Under a land reform act, the large estates, especially those of alien landlords, are to be subdivided into small peasant tracts. This parcellation is to occur in periods, and the law is being carried out in a spirit of wise and chary conservatism that promises to effect the operation without injury to production. The sugar export is capable of rising to 500,000 tons when world markets warrant it. There is a heavy production of alcohol from potatoes. The wines scarcely pass into export; indeed, sweet wines are imported; Pilsen beer is widely, if not heavily, exported.

Czecho-Slovakia has large supplies of black and brown coal, including good coking coal, iron, graphite, kaolin, clays and sands and pitchblende ores. There is some developed petroleum, and indications of large undeveloped deposits. The manufacturing plants are large and efficient. The country is an export state in ironwares, machinery, railway equipment and steel goods, to such an extent that imports of iron ore are required. There are heavy exports of glasswares, porcelains and textiles, for which latter the raw materials must be imported. One-fifth of the imports is cotton from the United States.

The forest resources are sufficient to provide timber for all purposes of buildings and paper. Woodwork goods are exported.

The transportation of the country is well developed, the railways having been designed for industrial rather than for military purposes. The Elbe and Danube are kept open to Czecho-Slovakia by treaty clause.

The country that is now Czecho-Slovakia had before the war a positive balance of trade and of international account. A large part of the political and economic wastes of the Hapsburg régime was paid for out of the earnings and resources of this

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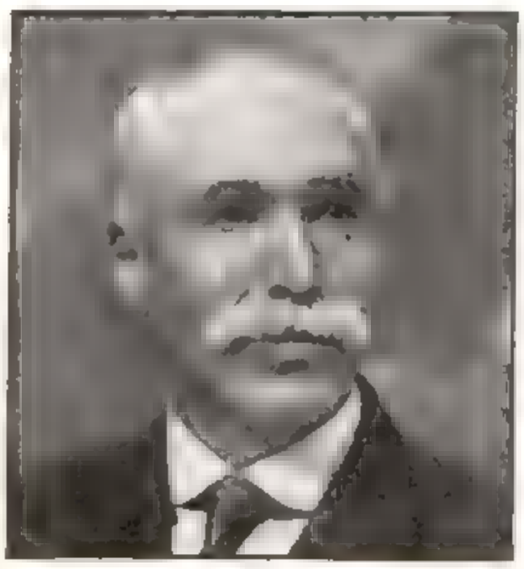

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fraction of the old empire. Within a few years the internal debt will be funded and the note circulation subjected to regular contractions. The monetary policy of the government has been somewhat forced. The crown was brought up too rapidly, resulting in high prices, stagnation of industry and unemployment. The turn of affairs is now approaching a new state of equilibrium. The industrial progress of the country would be enhanced by an early revision of the gold parity of the crown. Czecho-Slovakia should find it relatively easy to pay her moderate foreign debt on the terms extended Great Britain by the United States. Indeed, no surprise should be felt if Czecho-Slovakia is one of the first countries to agree on funding terms with the United States.

What is the condition of Hungary?

Hungary may be defined as an agricultural state shorn of most of her surplus-producing lands. The population of the remaining nucleus of the old state is something under 10,000,000. The prewar Hungary was a rich, intensive agricultural state, with a positive balance of trade. The present Hungary probably has still the potential capacity to remain an agricultural state with a positive balance of trade. The treaty of peace deprived Hungary of most of her deposits of minerals and metals, only coal and iron remaining, and these not sufficing to cover requirements. The state was an exporter of salt, but is now an importer. The petroleum and natural gas have been lost entirely. The remaining timber is scarcely enough to cover needs; indeed, pine timber must be imported, though hardwood remains to export. Nevertheless, in view of the rich soil of the valley of the Danube, Hungary can probably produce enough wheat, corn, barley, sugar, beets, tobacco, wine and animals to make exports of these pay for her necessary imports of industrial materials. The ratio of good land to total area is higher than before the war. The country is top-heavy with a capital city as large as Budapest. The people are virile and able.

The foreign debt is heavy and is in terms of both domestic and foreign currencies. Sums are owed to the following states, in the amounts set down, plus accrued interest since 1921: Austria, 990,000,000 crowns and 225,000,000 marks; Germany, 510,000,000 crowns and 2,350,000,000 marks; France, 105,000,000 crowns and 465,000,000 francs; Great Britain, 6,000,000 crowns and £7,000,000; Belgium, 28,000,000 crowns and 88,000,000 francs; Switzerland, 9,000,000 crowns and 32,000,000 francs; Holland, 110,000,000 crowns and 2,000,000 florins; and the United States, $2,000,000. A part of the prewar debt of Austria-Hungary devolves on the present Hungary. She is also liable for huge but undefined sums in reparation under the treaty of peace, due to Italy, Serbia and Rumania. Hungary has due her uncollectable war debts from Bulgaria, Turkey and Albania, to the extent of some 200,000,000 gold crowns.

The domestic debt is some 17,000,000,000 crowns, the note circulation over 75,000,000,000 crowns. The balance of trade in 1922 was negative, the state budget far out of balance.

Our little loan of less than $2,000,000 was an item in relief. Part of it was for flour sold in the spring of 1920. The United States Grain Corporation had an accumulation of clear flour that could not be disposed of on the domestic market and the permission of Congress was obtained to sell this abroad on credit. It went largely to Poland and Austria; but some went to Hungary, which had suffered severely under the régime of Bela Kun.

It would be safe to accustom ourselves to the idea that this loan will not be repaid. It could be repaid if granted priority over reparations. But for political reasons this is not to be anticipated. Italy may be expected to relinquish her reparation claims on Austria and Hungary. But Czecho-Slovakia, the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes, and Rumania will not give Hungary quitclaims, no matter how impossible the situation of the debtor. The countries surrounding Hungary fear the Magyars in a manner that is at once a compliment to them and an ill omen for their future. We may not expect the legal obligations of Hungary to be mitigated. If Hungary is held to her existing debts, the chances of repayment of the United States loan are so distant that the item may as well be stricken from the account.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of three articles. The next will appear in an early issue

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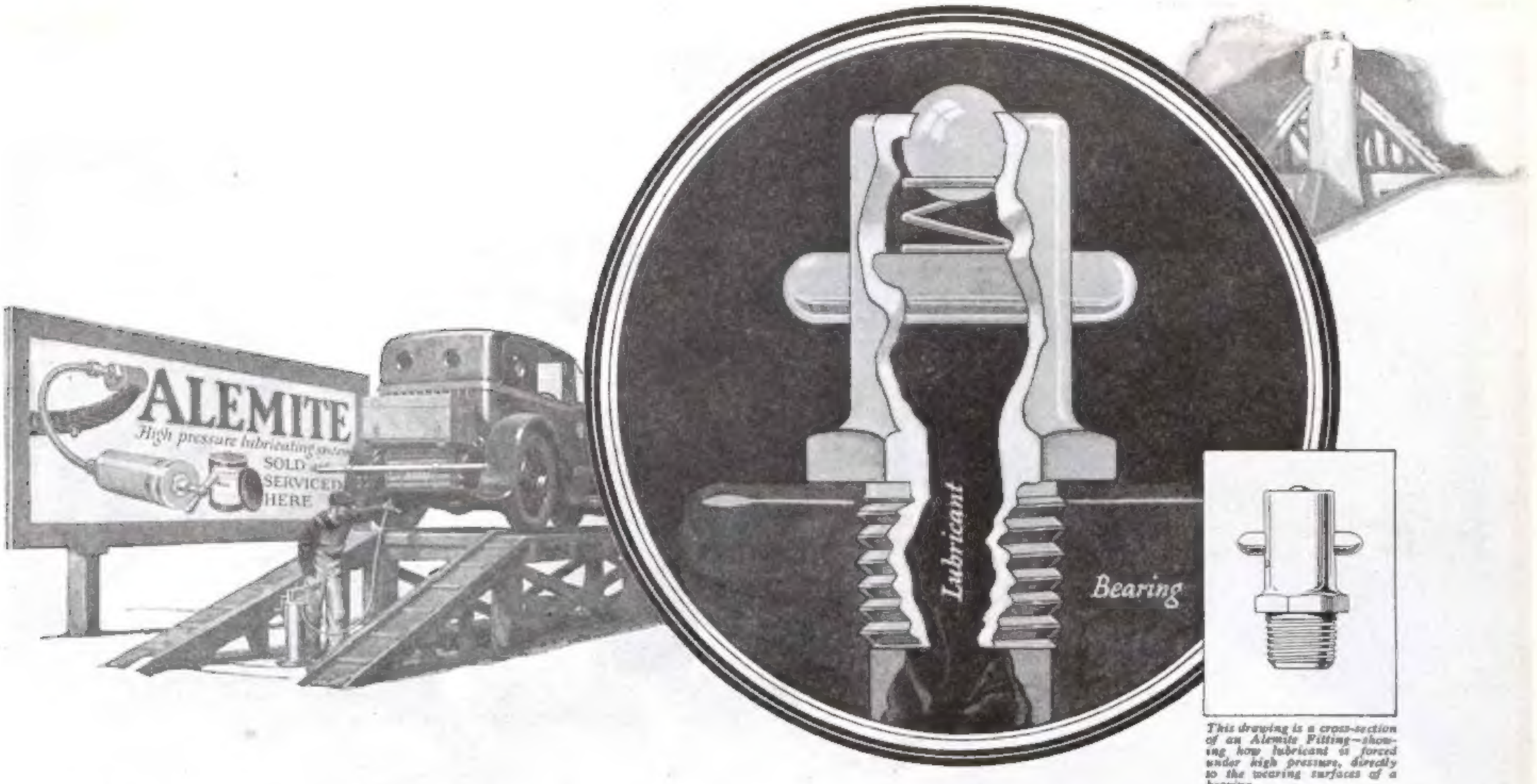

This drawing is a cross-section of an Alemite Fitting—showing how lubricant is forced under high pressure, directly to the wearing surfaces of a bearing.

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A statement by the Yellow Cab Co.—largest operators of taxicabs in the world

Recent investigations have brought to light some rather startling facts regarding motor car repairs:—over 80% come from one cause. A cause now easily remedied.

And these facts should be a sure guide, and a great source of help to individual motor car owners. For they have been worked out by large fleet owners who keep careful records.

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Alemite *invites* lubrication. Makes it easy to lubricate the *hard-wearing* parts of your chassis—usually so hard to get at. And when you turn the Alemite Compressor handle, you are *sure* the lubricant goes clear through to the bearing surface. High pressure takes care of that. Old grease, dust, rust, and grit are forced out.

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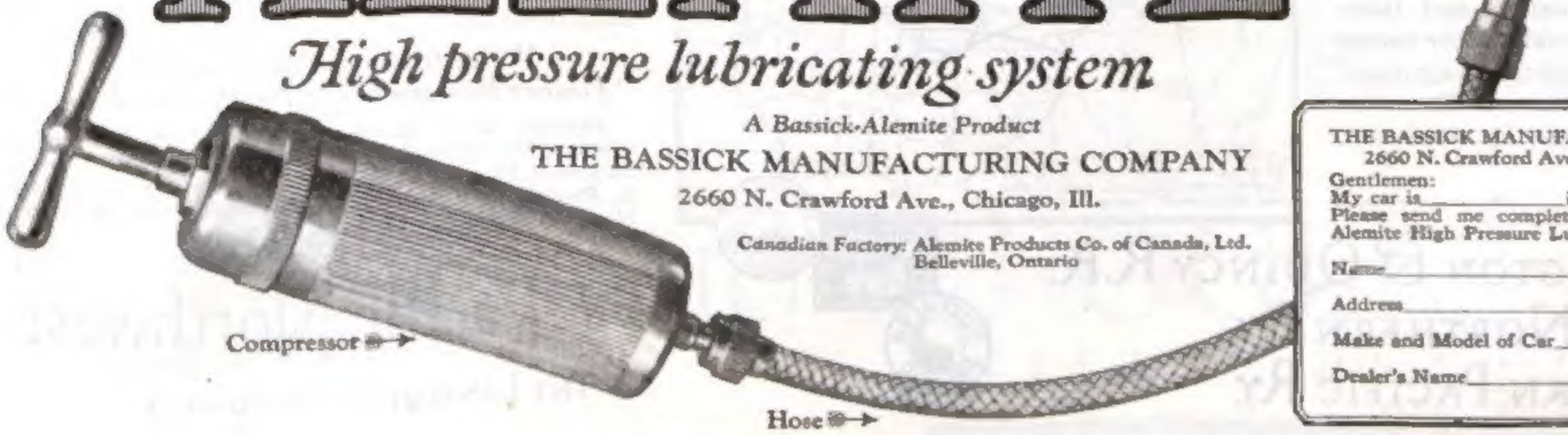

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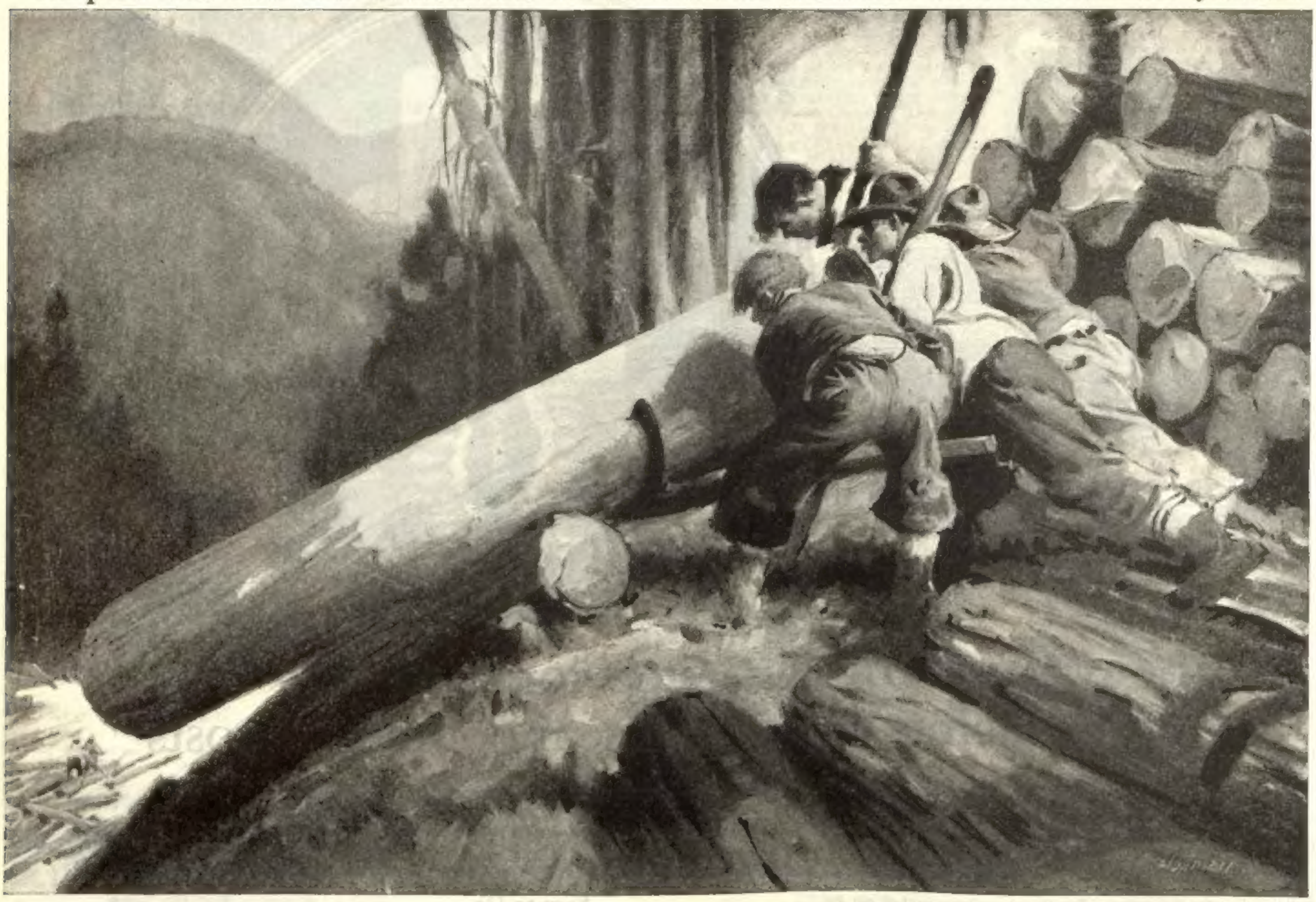

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* * *

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* * *

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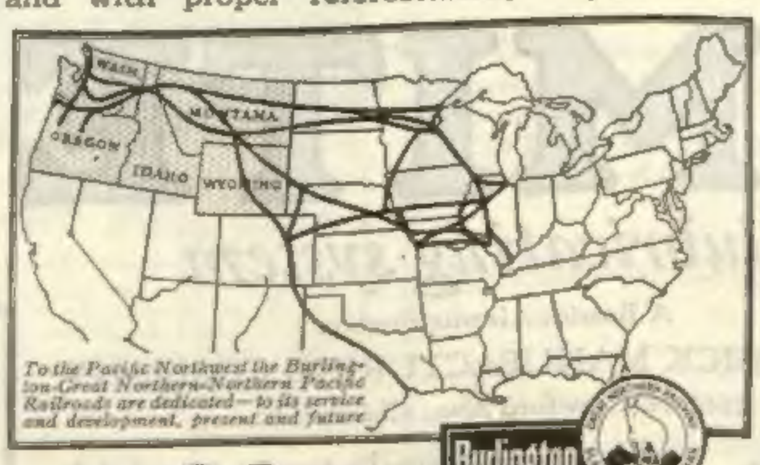

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